PRICE 10 CENTS

SATURDAY NIGHT

MARCH 20, 1943

VOL. 58, NO. 28 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE right of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario to continue in existence until the end of the sixth year from the date of the writs for election, a right which was questioned on very strong grounds by Mr. Evan Gray in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, is now to be upheld or denied by judicial authority; and the question is of such profound importance that we are glad that it is being raised before, rather than after, the province has been committed to the consequences of what may be some wholly invalid legislation.

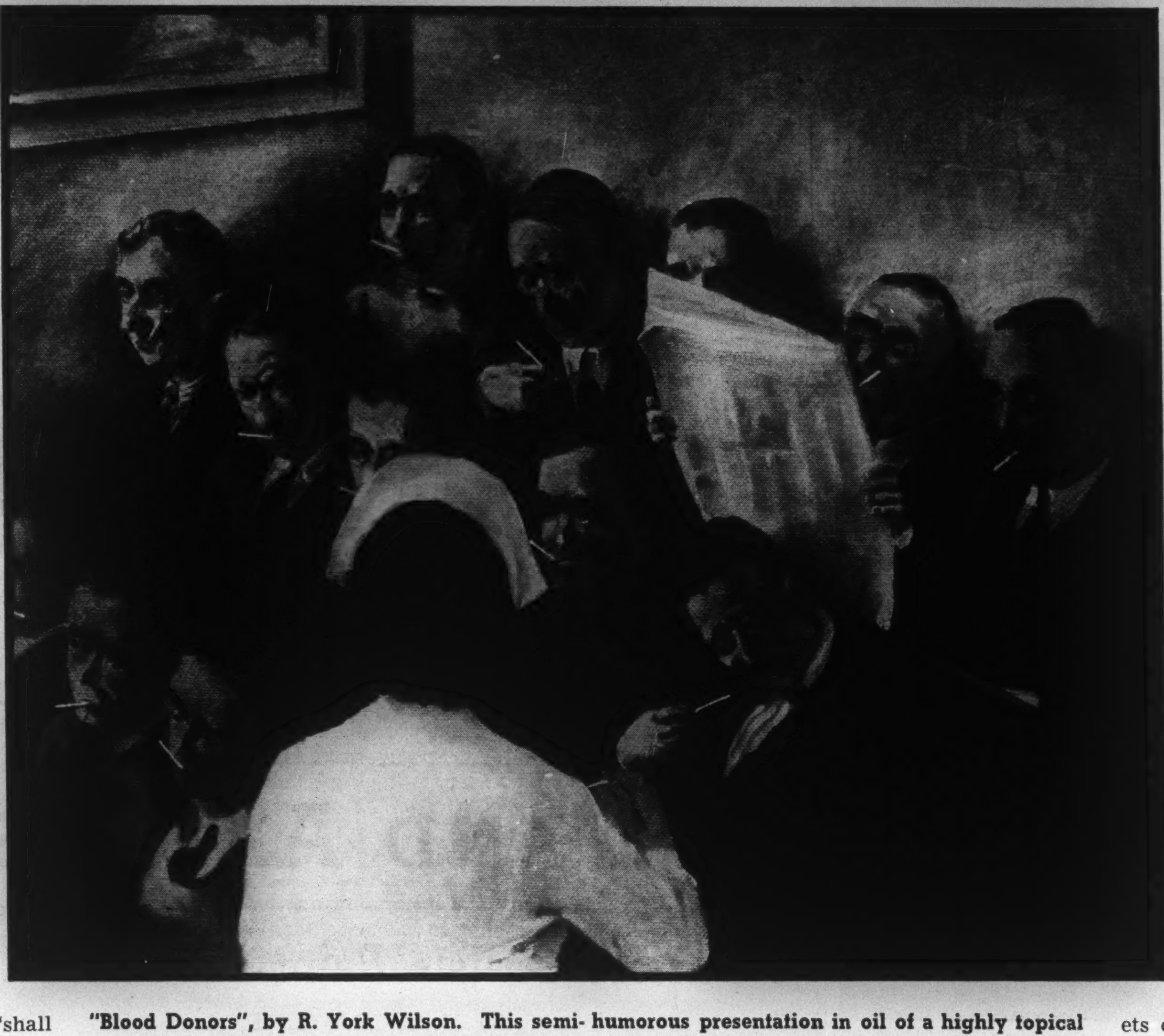
There are two different grounds on which the validity of the extending Act passed last year may be attacked, and we confess to some surprise that the appellant appears to be confining himself to one of them only. There is, we admit, good legal opinion on both sides of either of the two claims, but neither of them has ever been adjudicated to our knowledge, and it is highly desirable that they should be. We hope that the second objection, which is not referred to in the application for the writ, can be also dealt with in the pleadings.

The first objection, which is that raised by the petitioner, is that the B.N.A. Act declares in set terms that the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec "shall continue for four years . . . and no longer." Against this, however, is the fact that the same Act gives the provincial Legislatures the right to amend their constitutions in all respects except as relates to the office of Lieutenant Governor, and gives them that right "notwithstanding anything in this Act." This it appears to us is fairly conclusive against the claim that the provinces have not the right to amend themselves out of the four-year limitation.

The second, and to our mind a far more important, objection is that, even if the Legislature can amend the constitution as to the length of the legislative term, it cannot do so retroactively, and that to declare that an election purporting to be for five years was actually an election for six years is a retroactive act and therefore beyond the power of the Legislature. In other words, a Legislature is limited by the conditions in force at the time of its election, and cannot rid itself of those limitations by its own subsequent act. It can declare that six years shall be the term for which the next Legislature shall be elected at the next election, but not that the term for which it was itself elected shall be six years.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Ontario Legislature has been acting in a very irresponsible fashion in adopting both these successive amendments and making them applicable to the life of the Legislature which adopted them. The voters made it clear enough in 1934 that they would have dismissed the Henry Government a year earlier if they had been given the chance, and their vote was certainly a rebuke to that Government for procuring the extension. If the Hepburn Government had accepted the significance of that rebuke, it would have proposed no new extension last year, and if the Drew Opposition had accepted it it would have given no consent to that extension. Both parties were actuated by fear of a considerable growth of Labor and Socialist representation in the next Legislature, which is an utterly illegitimate motive for an action which may have had the result of leaving the province with no parliamentary body capable even of voting supply, to say nothing of passing valid legislation.

The consequences of a decision supporting the petitioner would be tremendous. Mr. Conant, unable to secure funds, would have to call an election at the earliest possible moment. The power deal with Quebec—which has not been ratified by the Quebec Legislature and may be held up there by this litigation—would be completely wiped out. And all thought of a labor law to be adopted by the present Assembly would of course be abandoned. And Mr. Conant may not be unwilling that all this should happen!



"Blood Donors", by R. York Wilson. This semi-humorous presentation in oil of a highly topical subject is characteristic of the "narrative" type of picture forming the greater part of the current exhibition by the Ontario Society of Artists. For review, see page 2 in this issue.

Of Anti-Semitism

TO OUR extreme astonishment a paragraph in last week's "Passing Show," which was intended as a very emphatic protest against what we conceive to be the attitude of a majority of the Canadian people, and what is certainly the attitude of the Canadian nation as expressed in its laws and regulations, on the subject of anti-Semitism, has been interpreted by some of our readers as a reflection upon the Jews. We can understand this only on the supposition that our views on anti-Semitism are unknown to these readers, or that they take it for granted that no Canadian periodical would print what, if not a reflection on the Jews, must have been (as we intended it to be) a reflection on the public policy of Canada in regard to them.

The entire Jewish race is at the present time being to a large extent exterminated on the continent of Europe, which is almost wholly under Nazi control. The point of our remark was simply that expressions of sympathy with the unfortunate victims of this horrible campaign are hypocritical in so far as they proceed from Canadians who approved of, or acquiesced in, the policies which made it impossible for large numbers of such victims to find an asylum in this country. That a relatively small number of those who sought to do so did find asylum here we admit. That thousands who would have come here made no attempt to do so because of the obstacles erected against them at our borders, we know.

There was a time when, in countries of the British Empire, the right of asylum for the victims of oppression in other countries was recognized as superior to all other considerations. That idea has completely disappeared from our current philosophy; and how much its disappearance has contributed to the present horrible state of the world and the present and impending sacrifice of much of the best blood of our own people nobody can tell. But of this we are certain, that the sacrifices which Canadians are at present making and are about to make will have no enduring value, and will merely be followed after an interval by fresh and greater sacrifices, unless we can get rid of the unreasonable and unchristian racial prejudices which have bedevilled us for more than a generation, and whose recrudescence is mainly due to our economic bewilderment and discomfort. Unless the rest of the world can become as civilized in this respect as Russia is today, it will return to the Dark Ages and leave civilization to be carried forward by the Russians and the Chinese.

Marsh's "Plan"

See article by Anne Fromer on page 6.

Wages and Taxes

THE criticism of the present income tax on wage-earners which was presented by Mr. Joseph Harris in his capacity as financial critic for the Progressive Conservatives seems to us to overlook one grave difficulty. Mr. Harris wants the tax spread down into an even lower rate of earnings than the minimum which is at present taxable, and applied "either on a small percentage basis in the smaller brackets or on a more or less uniform percentage basis of some kind." He thinks that half the wage-earners "in the old standard lines of business"—excluding thus the war industries—are not paying any income tax at all. This is very probably true; but the difficulty is that if they are not paying any income tax it is because their income is below $660 if single or below $1,200 if married, and it is gravely questionable whether a single person can live a decent and healthy life as measured by Canadian standards on less than $660 a year, except in favored localities. And if they cannot, then neither can two married persons live on less than $600 a year each.

What Mr. Harris was advocating—and what we suspect his political leader would be very chary of advocating—was the imposition of income tax on a class of people who are practically incapable of paying any tax without the sacrifice of some elements of a decent standard of living. That some of these people do anyhow sacrifice some elements of decent living by wasting part of these small incomes on extravagances is no doubt true, but we have not reached the stage where we can compel individuals to spend their money in precisely the way that the state thinks is good for them, and if we took the money for these extravagances away from them by taxation they would probably still buy the extravagances and cut down still further on the decencies.

What led Mr. Harris to this view is clear enough. He was not thinking of incomes which are low because the recipient cannot earn any more. He was thinking of incomes which are deliberately kept lower than they could be by absenteeism on the part of the worker—absenteeism which he thinks, and with some reason, is often caused by the desire to avoid taxation. A married man working at $48 a week can avoid all income tax by working only 25 weeks; by working the twenty-sixth week he exposes himself to a tax of $87.36 normal and $49 graduated, except that if he stops there he will be charged only the difference between his actual income and his tax-free maximum, or $48; if he adds two more weeks he will begin to have a very small surplus left him from the wages of these three extra weeks; if he works fifty weeks he will have a little less than $600 left him over and above the $1200 untaxable which he would have had by working only twenty-five weeks. In other words his income tax takes the whole of whatever he earns in the

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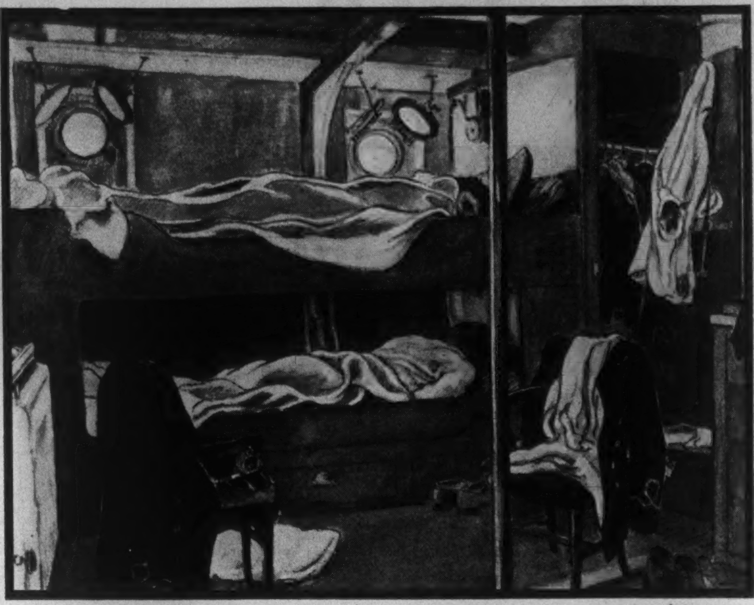
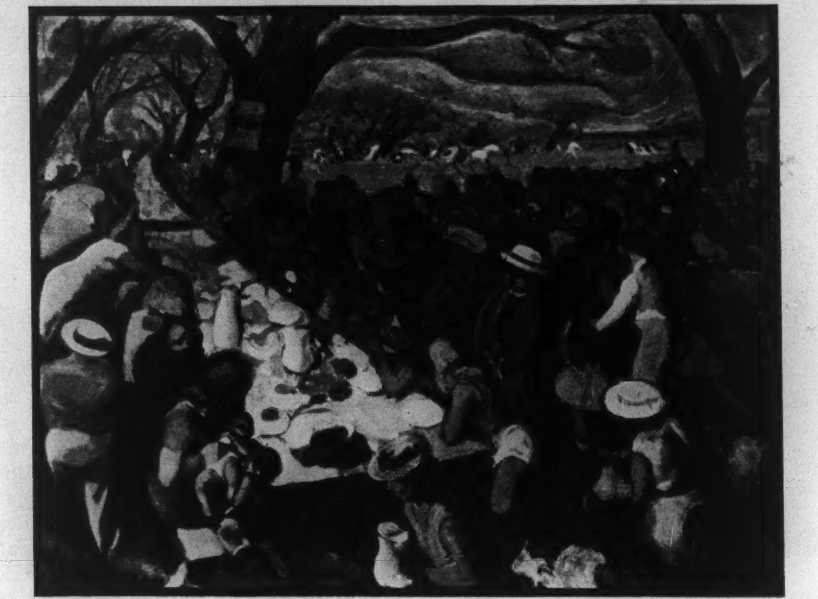
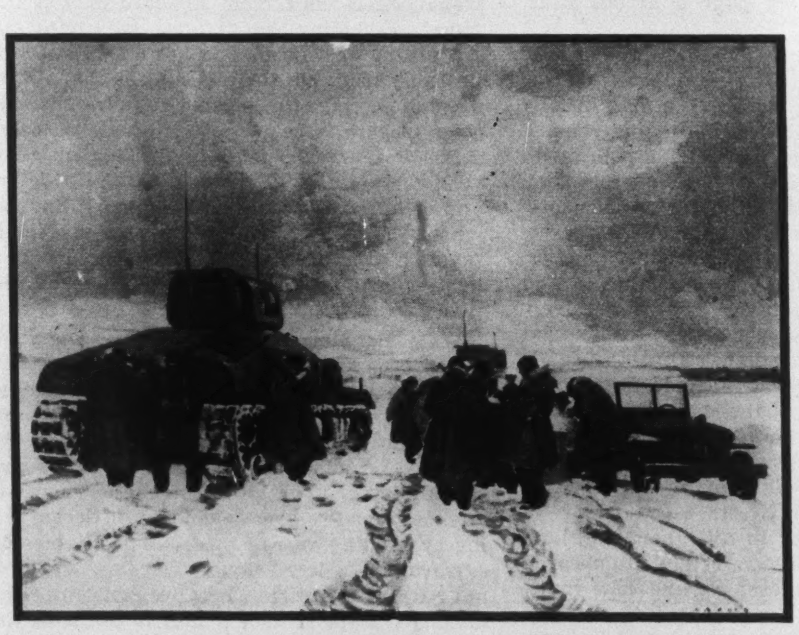


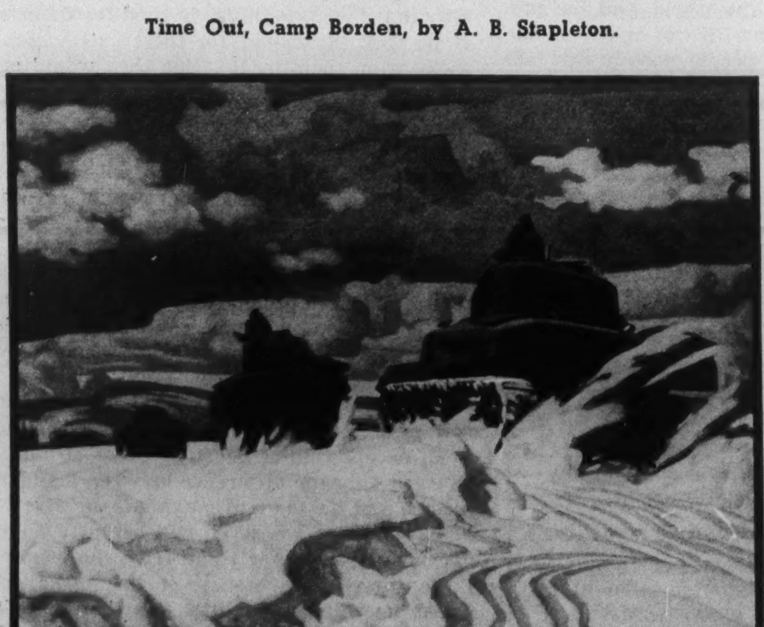
Two Fairmile Officers Off Watch, by Rowley Murphy.



Sunday School Picnic, by W. A. Winter, O.S.A. (J. W. L. Forster Prize 1943).



Time Out, Camp Borden, by A. B. Stapleton.



Tank Manoeuvers, Camp Borden, by A. J. Casson, R.C.A., O.S.A.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Miss Emily Carr and Surrealism

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SINCE seeing several of Emily Carr's paintings in a private home in Toronto some eight years ago, I have been convinced that her art is of the most significant and vital that Canada has produced. An inspection of the canvases at Ottawa strengthened this conviction, and it is a matter of great regret that leave was granted one day too late to permit my seeing the Grange Show.

"Klee Wyck" and at least the first half of "The Book of Small" reveal prose of a quality unique in Canadian letters, unrivalled in its clean and unsentimental sensitivity, in the strength of its unaffected simplicity. Miss Carr seems to me an artist who expresses herself with splendid reasonableness in either medium — painting or language,—and I am certain there are others who will argue the epithet "surrealist" applied by Mr. R. S. Lambert to her work.

Dali, I suppose, is the foremost surrealist; the effectiveness of his painting derives from a brilliant and polished technique and a stimulating and pardoxical association of forms and ideas which are the negation of logic and of human experience, as those terms are generally understood. Of Dali's writing I shall say nothing beyond noting that a comparison between his autobiography and that of Miss Carr would be ludicrous. Great things have come from a rebellion against logic and from an exploration, even *ad absurdum,* into the world of fantastic imagination, and even were I competent to do so, I should not decry surrealism. But I do resent ineptness and what is, even to an amateur, inaccuracy in SATURDAY NIGHT.

Miss Carr's painting is representational; it is inspired by her observation of a world which she chose to become familiar with, and by her deep understanding of and feeling for the people of that world. It is an ancient Canadian world that she interprets and in her awareness of its mystery and majesty lies her special greatness. Her organization of form and color may produce a mystic quality; but if there is irrationality it springs from her subject matter (I am thinking of the totems, of D'Sonoqua, which seemed most to impress Mr. Lambert), which was in turn the expression of a religious faith. One finds the same "irrationality" in the great Christian religious paintings, in the work of El Greco and William Blake.

And why, please, bring in Freud, if not for the love of the name, for the noise it makes? Could it not be that the Indians cut their carvings to fit the trees, the material closest at hand? Or is a fountain pen a phallic symbol?

Great Canadian art is too precious to be wrongly labelled, and Miss Carr's genius is of too high an order to be thrown patly into a school of art which at the moment is highly publicized and fashionable.

F. D. L. STEWART,
Sub-Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R.

• •

Taxes and Child Labor

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LAST August you printed an article entitled "Now we have a tax on children". The writer tried to show that the new scale of income taxes bore far too heavily on the heads of families in the lower middle categories of income, and that children, the real wealth and future owners of the country, were bound to suffer.

In your issue of January 23 you publish a most disturbing article entitled "Where will our child labor problem lead us?"

The writer makes the claim that children as young as eleven years of age are being employed in factories after school hours until late at night, and all day on Saturdays. It is further stated that many boys and girls fourteen and fifteen years of age are being given permission to leave school in order to do "necessary war work".

The truth of this latter statement is evident to everyone who looks about him, and the evils which are bound to result are obvious.

The future health, success, and happiness of thousands of our young people, which means the future wealth of the country, should surely demand more serious and more careful protection.

Is there not a close connection between excessively high income taxes on families, and child labor?

P. A .C. KETCHUM.
Trinity College School.

ART AND ARTISTS

Ontario Artists Paint War Effort

BY R. S. LAMBERT

SO THE members of the O.S.A. have done it at last—taken up their brushes and palettes and canvases (or slabs of masonite) and gone out to find the war, at least so much of it as is accessible to artists who are not lucky enough to be included among the chosen few recently sent overseas by Government. The result—as seen at the O.S.A. annual Exhibition at Toronto Art Gallery—is a sense of novelty and vigor which has been lacking in O.S.A. exhibitions for many years past. At last the ubiquitous landscape has had to take a back seat. In two whole galleries you will find it hard to discover autumnal maples drooping round stilly lakes, or ye olde snow-smothered farmhouse complete with sagging fence and cattle track.

Yes, Camp Borden has displaced the Haliburton Highlands, and the North Atlantic has swallowed up Lake Muskoka. The O.S.A. has gone warlike; and I for one congratulate its President, Mr. A. J. Casson, on the result.

But what sort of subject has caught the artists' fancy? There is a fair sprinkling of aviation, naval, and ship-building themes; a good deal of Camp Borden, particularly in winter; plenty of factory scenes; and a number of excellent figure studies of war-workers. In general, as one might expect, the pictures belong to the "narrative" type; they describe episodes and scenes of military or industrial life. Most of the artists are not accustomed to such subjects; they are groping for a fresh technique to apply to them, but have not yet found it. Touches of modernism are rare; though two or three pictures are rather heavily symbolical or problematical. Most, however, are plain representational recordings.

There are several pleasing portraits, among which I was glad to find one of that noted radio writer, Bill Strange—I beg pardon, Lt. Commander William Strange — cleverly painted in full naval regalia by Hedley Graham James Rainnie. Among the naval pictures as a whole, four by Rowley Murphy are outstanding, especially his *Winter—North Atlan-*

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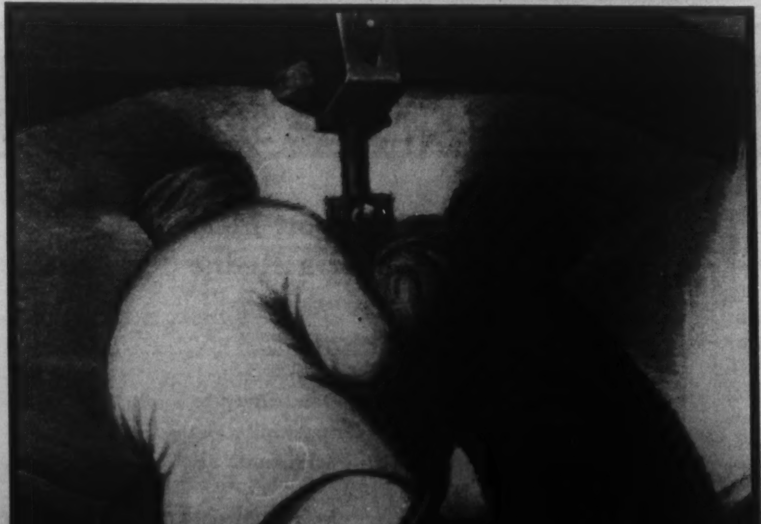

Drilling for a Valentine Tank, Angus Shops, by Frederick B. Taylor.

RATION NEWS

See page 27
for important
information.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor
P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor
WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor
N. McHardy, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland $3.00 per year, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, $3.00 per year; all other countries $4.00 per year.
Single copies 10c.

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Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD
STREETS, TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL................New Birks Bldg.
NEW YORK......Room 512, 101 Park Ave.
E. R. Milling - - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - - - Circulation Manager

Vol. 58, No. 28 Whole No. 2610

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

first three weeks after the twenty-five, if he stops there, and takes almost half of all he earns in the second twenty-five weeks.

Now there are unquestionably a number of Canadians who dislike work so greatly that if they can manage to live on $1200 a year they will refuse to work any longer than is necessary to get that $1200, and they are much more likely to refuse when they find that at the most they are only to get, in the long run, half of their wage rate in the second half of the year and possibly much less than that if their working time is much below the full year. But what can be done about it? A tax on married men earning less than $1200 a year would fall, not alone on men who could, if they were industrious enough, earn $2400, but on men (and women with husbands incapable of earning) who have all they can do to earn $1200 and could not increase it if they worked their fingers to the bone. Is it possible for the income tax authorities to inquire into a man's *potential* earnings as distinguished from his *actual* earnings? If not, how much taxation can they impose on a man with only $1200, and how far down can they go? Wherever they stop they are going to meet the same difficulty of the sudden jump in tax liability from the zero of the exempt income to the substantial rate as soon as the exemption is past. The income tax, especially when collected at the source, is not the sort of thing in which you can begin with an infinitesimal rate; the cost and trouble of collection will then much exceed the yield. Yet it is the jump from zero to a pretty substantial rate that is causing all the trouble.

TEN LITTLE BUREAUCRATS

This poem came to us from an absolutely anonymous source in Brandon, Man. We usually distrust such offerings, fearing that they may not be original, but this is so good that we don't even care.

ONE little Bureaucrat had nothing much to do.
"I must have some help," he said, so then there were two.

Two little Bureaucrats, one each for Air and Sea.
What about the Army? So then there were three.

Three little Bureaucrats, no-one from the Law.
"We've got to have things legal," so then there were four.

Four little Bureaucrats said, "Let us connive
To get a dollar-a-year man," so then there were five.

Five little Bureaucrats were in a nasty fix.
They had no Statistician. So then there were six.

Six little Bureaucrats, with little claim to Heaven,
Got themselves a Clergyman, so then there were seven.

Seven little Bureaucrats, for to make a date,
Had to have a Rubber Stamp, so then there were eight.

Eight little Bureaucrats, for to wine and dine,
Had to have a Treasurer, so then there were nine.

Nine little Bureaucrats, but so far all were men,
Added on a Lady one, and then there were ten.

Ten little Bureaucrats, and 'tisn't hard to tell
That if you give some folks an inch they'll surely go to Ottawa.

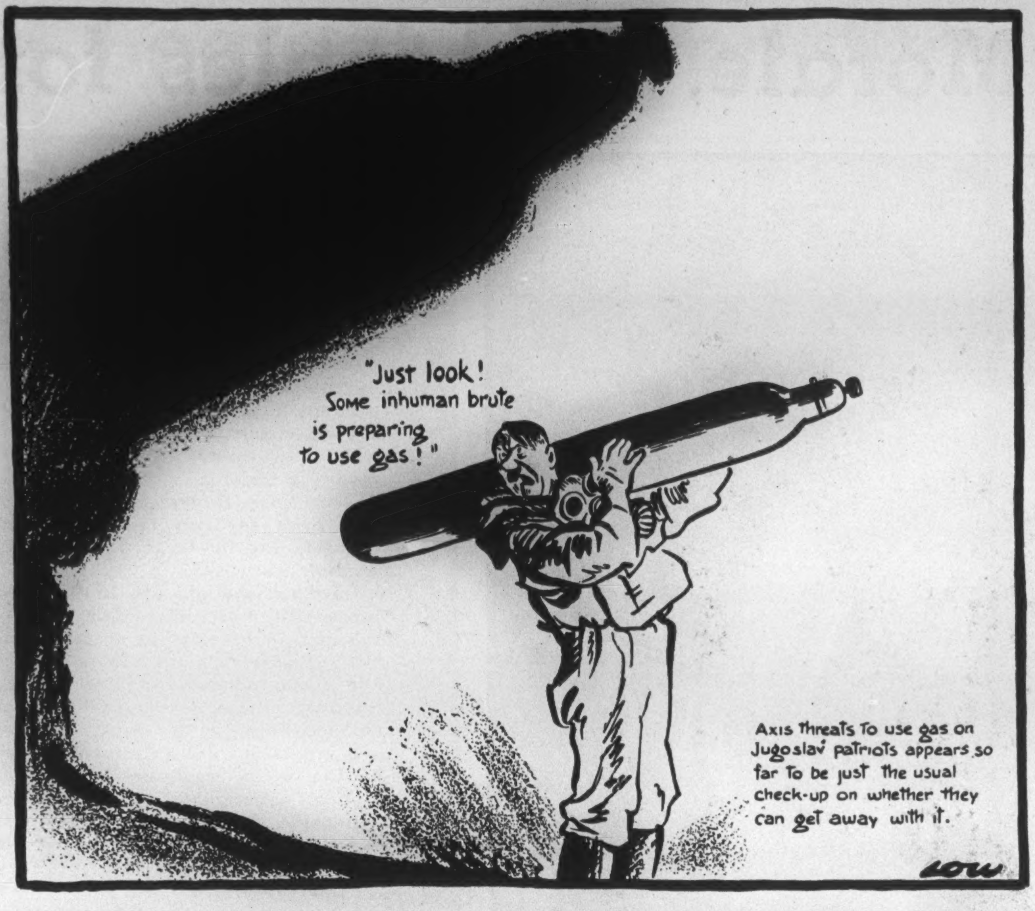
We wish Mr. Harris could have produced a more helpful suggestion, for we should immensely like to see this problem solved. But as it is we do not think he was much more helpful than Mr. Blackmore, who would abolish all troubles of this kind by printing "national" money, so that the government would "have money to spend which would not cause taxation of the people or incur permanent debt."

Emergency Powers

IN ORDER to justify the exercise by the Dominion Government of powers which ordinarily would belong to the province, it must be shown, not only that there is an emergency (which in the case of war nobody doubts), but also that the emergency is such as creates a need for the exercise of these particular powers by the Dominion. In other words, a given emergency does not justify the exercise of any and all provincial powers by the Dominion, but only the exercise of such powers as it creates a need for. It is a valid criticism of the recent reference to the Supreme Court on this subject, that it was framed in such a way as to exclude the question whether the particular emergency justified the particular usurpation of provincial power.

Last month the Norfolk County Court declared invalid Part 2 of Order 108 of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, on the ground that while the war justified the exercise of Dominion control over rent, it did not justify the invasion by the Dominion of the rights accorded by provincial law to the owner of real property regarding termination of lease and repossession of the property. "Parliament," in the words of a summary of the judgment in *The Fortnightly Law Journal*, "had a discretion as to what constituted a national emergency, but the final determination must be with the courts, and the courts should be particularly astute to scrutinize the justification for orders such as this, in which Parliament had no hand, and which were drafted by a group of men entirely outside of Parliament."

About the same time the Ontario Section of the Canadian Bar Association at its annual meeting expressed disapproval of this same Part 2 of Order 108—the year's-notice-of-eviction part—on the ground that, far from improving the housing situation, it was gravely detrimental to it and to the war effort generally, and that its objects could be better attained by provision for special appeal in proper cases. It would seem as if not only the Wartime Prices and Trade Board but all the other government agencies now exercising power conferred by the Dominion Parliament in spheres which ordinarily belong to the provinces would be well advised to restrict their orders to matters which can be clearly shown to be necessary to the preservation of peace, order and good government in the particular emergency in which we now find ourselves, and not to assume that they are entitled to make orders in relation to anything that they feel like making orders about.


"Just look! Some inhuman brute is preparing to use gas!"
Axis threats to use gas on Jugoslav patriots appears so far to be just the usual check-up on whether they can get away with it.
LOW

End of a Manoeuver

THE very startling change in the outlook of the old standbys in the former Hepburn, now Conant, Government of Ontario, which has led them all to discover that national unity is vitally necessary and implies at least a serious attempt on the part of provincial governments to work harmoniously with whatever Government is running the affairs of the Dominion, is not as mysterious as it appears. It is almost wholly to be explained as a delayed result of the defeat of Mr. Meighen and the consequent foiling of the last and greatest scheme for driving Mr. King out of the Dominion Prime Ministership. So long as these schemes had life, energy, and some prospect of success, Mr. Hepburn was at the very core and centre of them. To drive Mr. King out of the prime ministership has long been the chief desire of his heart. We do not suggest that all the old standbys in the Ontario Government were as keen about it as he was; but some of them thought it might succeed and were willing to be around to cash in on the proceeds, and the rest of them did not feel strongly enough about the matter to give up their portfolios in order to dissociate themselves from the project.

The defeat of Mr. Meighen, and the subsequent reorganization of the Conservative party into the Progressive Conservative party under Mr. Bracken, and the continued and indeed increasing control of Mr. King over the House of Commons, have at last put an end to all such ideas, and politicians who for years have been quite willing to lend at least a passive support to the manoeuvers for splitting the federal Liberal party are now extremely anxious to exhibit themselves as loyal supporters of the unsplit party. Mr. Hepburn alone is still animated by a dislike for Mr. King which exceeds his concern for his own political future; and Mr. Hepburn is no longer a safe person to associate with.

To do the old standbys justice, we must add that Mr. Hepburn seems to have had an almost hypnotic control over them until the evidences that Mr. King could not be driven out of the Prime Ministership became too strong to be disregarded; when that happened their political common sense began to reassert itself, and they shook off the spell. Their relief at finding themselves once more free and independent agents has been positively pathetic. The trance has lasted a long time. The manoeuver to get rid of Mr. King dates back to long before the outbreak of the war, and the methods proposed have varied from time to time. When Mr. Duplessis was premier of Quebec the plan was to unite a Hepburn bloc and a French-Canadian bloc with whatever Conservative strength could be brought into the combination. The anti-C.I.O. campaign had considerable importance at this stage, as it pleased the Catholic unions in Quebec almost as much as it pleased some of the employing interests in Ontario. That pattern became unworkable with the outbreak of war and the defeat of Mr. Duplessis, and the shift was made to a design to line up dissident Liberals with the Conservatives against French Canada on the conscription issue. This could not be done so long as Dr. Manion was at the head of the Conservative party, so Mr. King with consummate dexterity called an election before Dr. Manion could be got rid of; the only bad result from his point of view being that he obtained too large a majority and made the removal of Dr. Manion too easy. There followed the long period of uncertainty as to the Conservative future, the disastrous experiment with Mr. Meighen, and the final abandonment at Winnipeg of all idea of a Hepburnian alliance. Mr. Hepburn has now had to line up behind the Conservative party, instead of the Conservative party lining up behind Mr. Hepburn. We cannot but feel that the country is safer with that arrangement.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE view of the temperance people is that the proposal to annex Jamaica to Canada is a rum idea.

•

Glad news for church mice: The rector of a church in Hull, England, advertises his Lenten services with the slogan "Bring your sandwiches to church." The theory is that people are so busy with war jobs that they cannot eat lunch and go to church unless they do both at the same time.

•

Gems From Hansard

I think that of all systems of government, ours, which is copied from the British parliamentary system, is the very worst.—H. A. MacKenzie, M.P. for Lambton-Kent.

•

So the Gallup Poll says that Mr. King shouldn't gallop to the polls.

•

The British millionaires are finding their Beveridge a bitter brew.

•

We are all for compulsory collective bargaining, except that we suspect it won't be compulsory (you can compel people to negotiate, but not to come to terms), it won't be collective, and it won't be bargaining.

•

What with labor and capital and the government, about all the consumer gets now is the right to consume his own smoke.

•

Our heart bleeds for the $25,000-a-year-net-salary man in the United States. Mr. Roosevelt has deprived him of the most fundamental freedom of an American citizen, the freedom to walk into the boss's office and demand a raise.

•

The Cautious Critic

There was much abuse for Lincoln, and some for Washington,
Before their wars were ended and their final vict'ries won.
So now I pull my punches, criticizing Mr. King,
Because, some twenty years from now, his praises I may sing.

NICK.

•

A girl of thirteen can get married in Quebec with her parents' consent, but she cannot go to the movies with or without it. O well, the results of going to the movies are sometimes quite serious.

•

We see no sign that "maintaining domestic employment" after the war will include maintaining the employment of domestics.

•

The world progresses. Ten years ago the Brazilians burnt their coffee; now the Germans sink it.

•

We begin to see signs of a movement for Freedom from Freedoms.

•

Our Berchtesgaden correspondent says that the reason why Hitler can't have the generals on the carpet any more is because he has eaten it.

•

Treasury bench or no Treasury bench, we fancy that where Mitch sits is still the head of the Legislature.

•

Husband Perplexed

I cannot remember the thing
That Althaea besought me to bring
The while I might walk in the Store
After luncheon, and likewise before.
It wasn't a ring,
Or some pearls on a string
Or any such vain, although beautiful, thing.
It was practical, needed for use.
And all I can bring
Is a tatterdemalion excuse.

I remember long stretches of Pepys
For I read that brave Diary for keeps.
Doctor Johnson's retorts I recall
And Romeo's words at the ball,
And Benedick's deeps;
And how Beatrice creeps
Like a lapwing come rocketing down from the steeps.
And yet (an unfortunate thing!)
My memory sleeps—
What *was* it she asked me to bring?

J. E. M.

•

Mr. Aberhart, whose Government can't pay its creditors, wants to annex some portions of the North-West Territories, whose Government can.

Flowers for Morale, Vegetables for Victory . . .

Here a rose-laden arch breaking the length of a picket-fence opens to a secluded retreat.

By Collier Stevenson

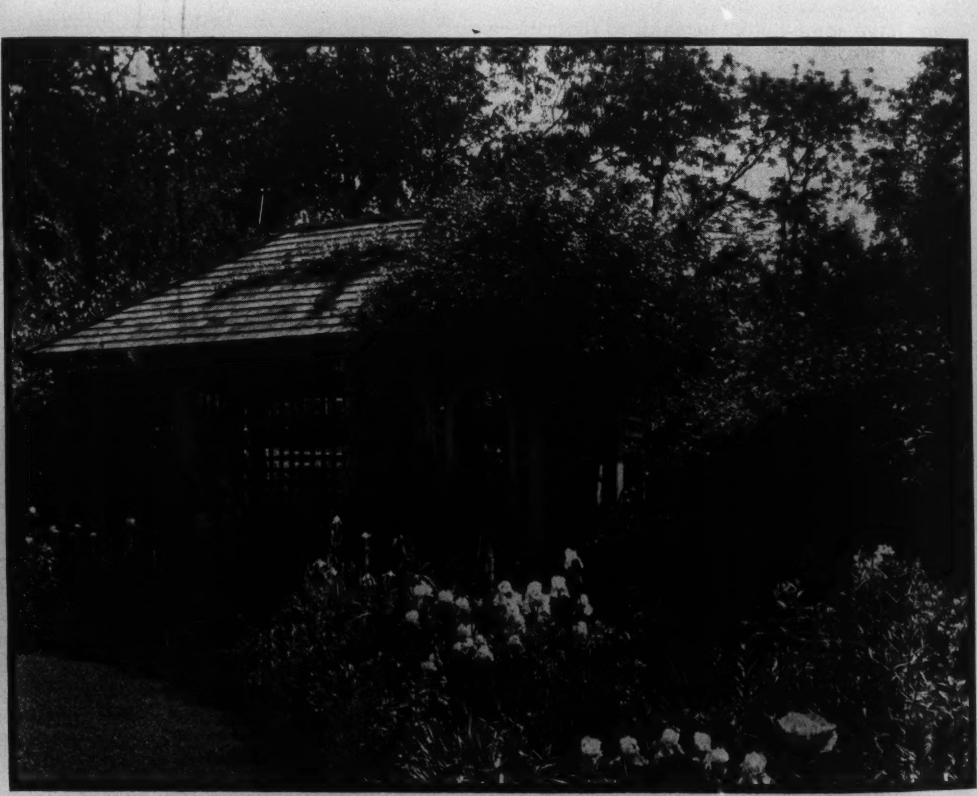
GARDENS are in the news—more so probably now than they have been since the good old "horse and buggy days" when lawn fêtes, strawberry festivals, croquet and slow-paced tennis games were high lights of the summer season. For, with gasoline and rubber shortages holding non-essential driving down to a minimum, many an ardent golfer, many a chronic week-ender, many a long-time summer resorter now will have to turn to gardens and to gardening for fresh air and warm weather exercise.

Gardens, though, are in the news for a still more important reason—the raising of vitamin- and mineral-rich vegetables, both for nutritional and economic advantage to Canada. Physical fitness, developed by a well-balanced diet, is a "must" today—and vegetables are an important part of the diets recommended by our highest nutritional authorities. Economically, of course, the growing of vegetables in home gardens is equally sound, as it releases labor, relieves transportation facilities, supplements our national supply of food-stuffs.

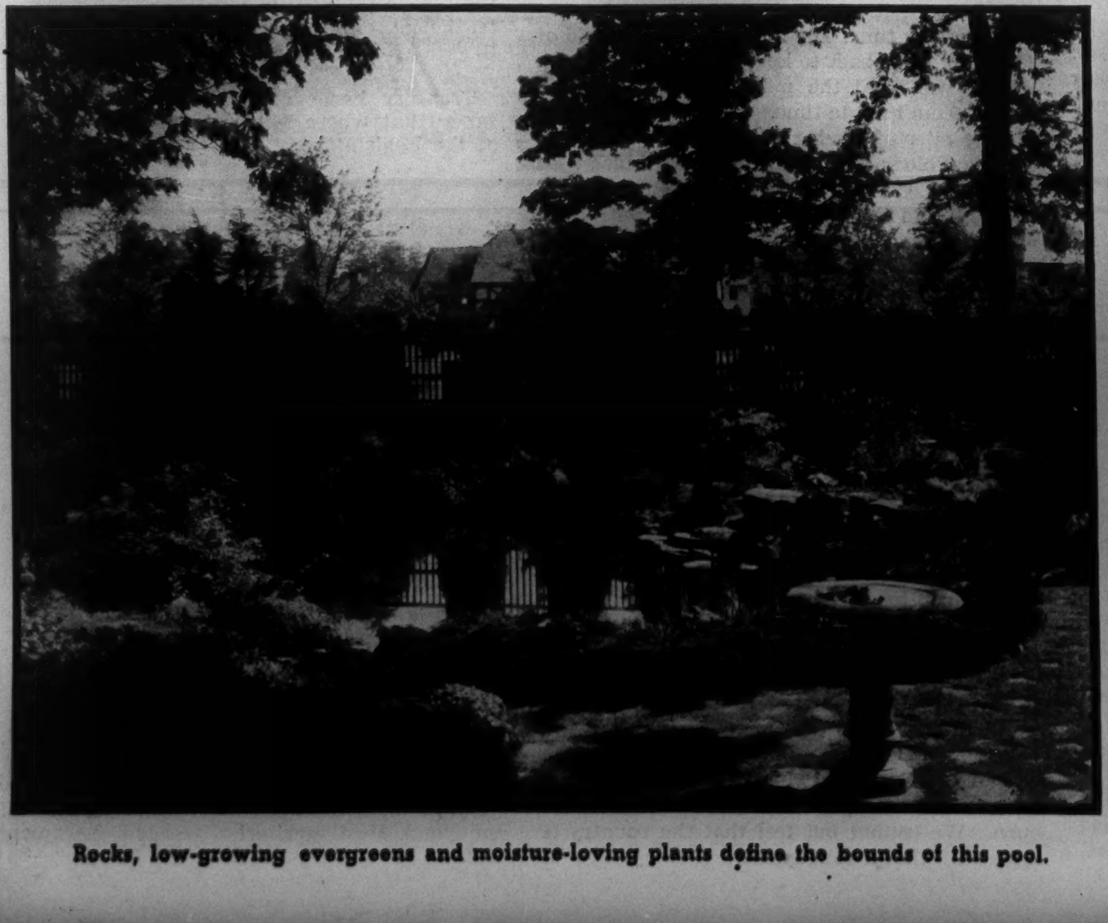
Luxury gardening is out "for the duration"—that's by way of a warning against over-enthusiasm on the part of this year's crop of garden beginners, who may be inclined to plan too lavishly, to buy supplies beyond their actual needs. Canada has a sufficient supply of seeds this year, not enough to justify the slightest wastage. Only home-owners, therefore, who are serious and who are willing to give requisite time and energy to their gardens should attempt to grow vegetables.

Another word of caution is in order here. It is futile to attempt the raising of vegetables in other than sunny, well-drained areas, whether large or small. Under ideal conditions, indeed, the vegetable plot should have the benefit of direct sunshine for a minimum of six hours a day; and, to get full advantage of the sun, the plot should be so planned that rows will run north and south.

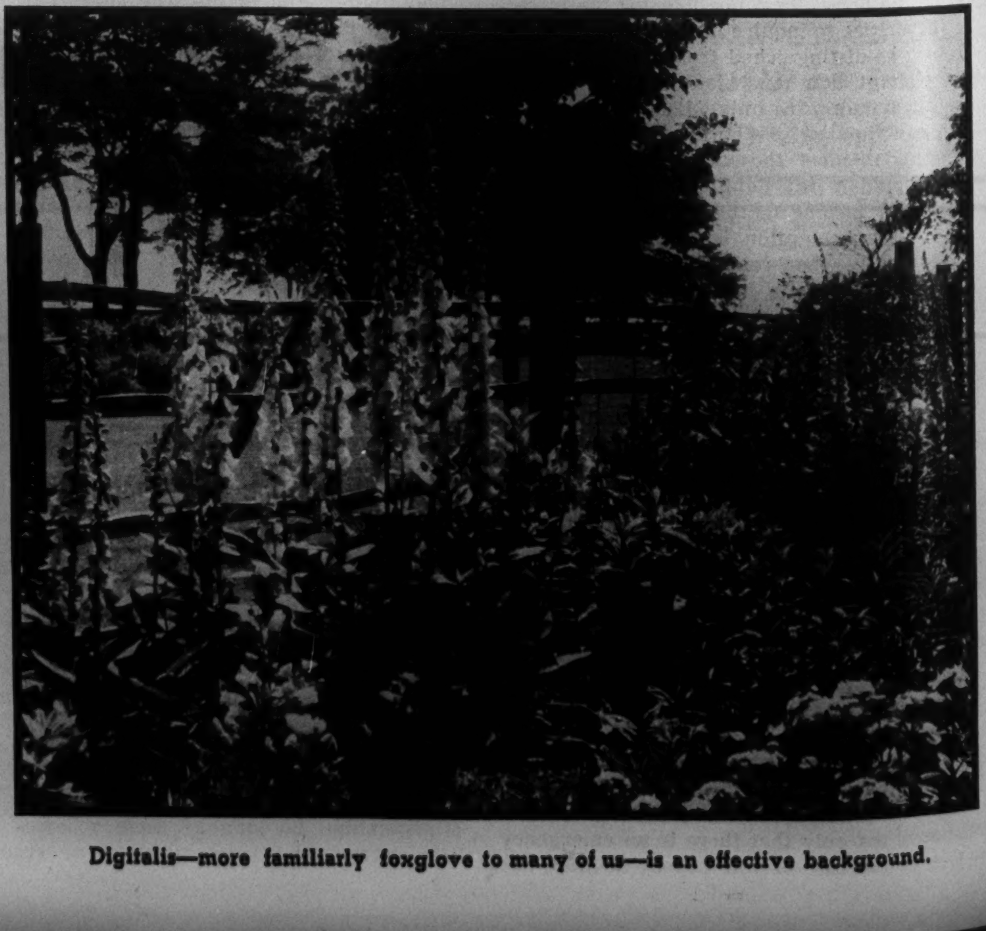
Now, what to grow? That's where the real fun in studying seed catalogues comes in—and it undoubtedly will be a revelation to the garden neophyte when he discovers the variety of vegetables that await his selection for a 1943 Victory Vegetable Garden. So out with pad and pencil, all you budding vegetable growers!



Though tea must be rationed, a vine-wreathed tea-house still is a garden asset.



Rocks, low-growing evergreens and moisture-loving plants define the bounds of this pool.

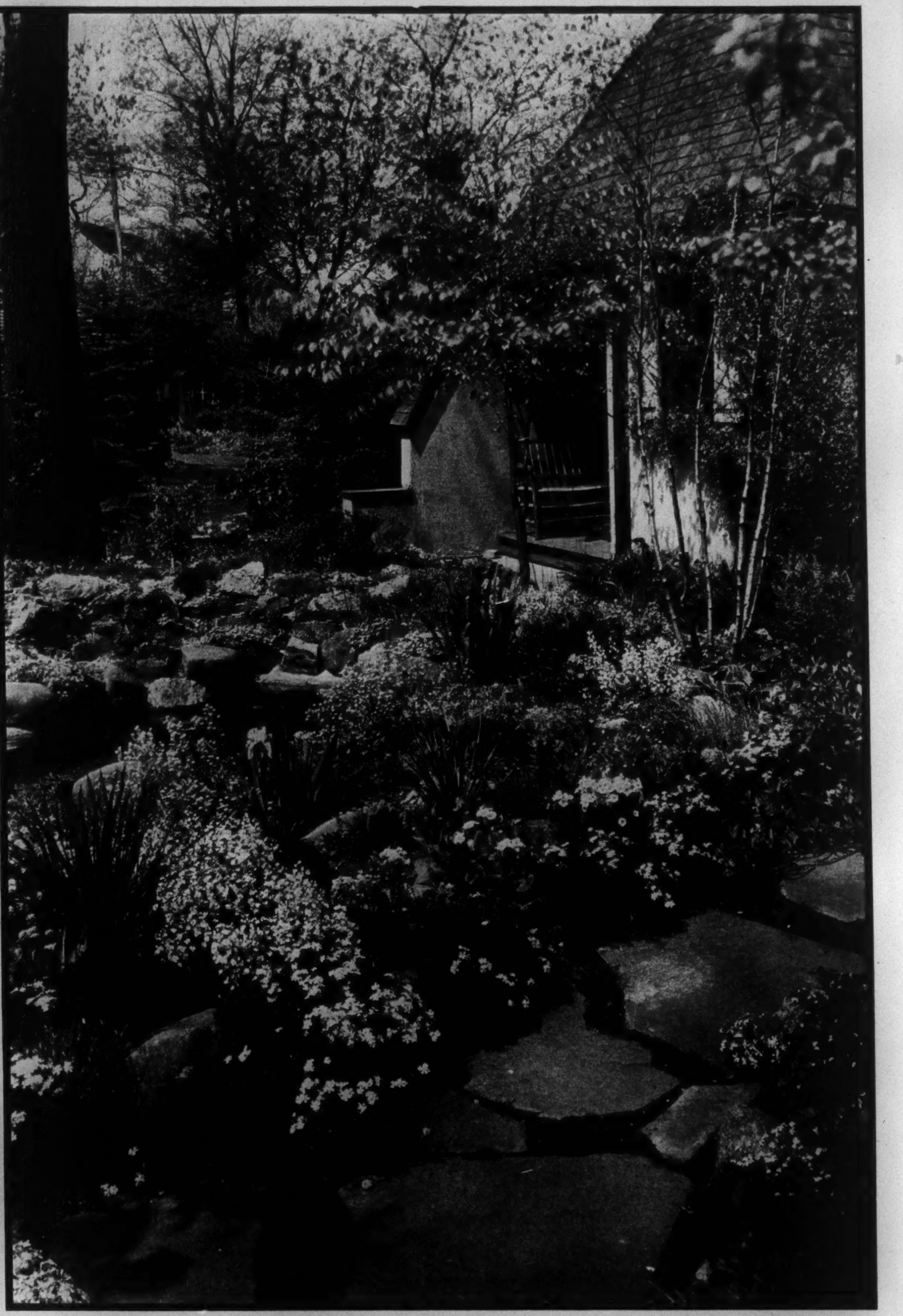


Digitalis—more familiarly foxglove to many of us—is an effective background.

. . . Here's the Logical Garden Slogan for 1943!

Ordered rows of vegetables run a very close second to flowers in attractiveness.

In this grass-pathed formal garden old-fashioned, vari-hued snapdragons hold sway.



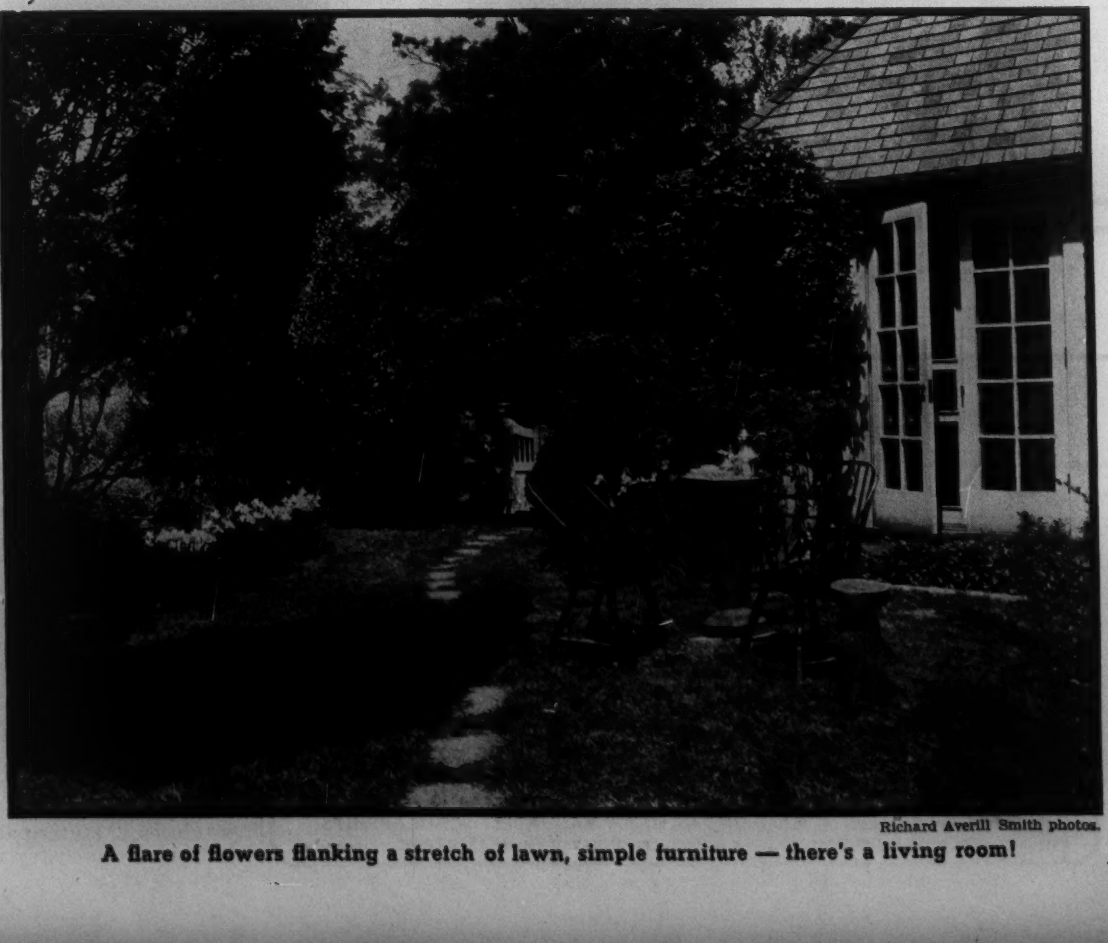
The centre of interest in this intimate little "dooryard" garden is a naturalistic pool.

LUXURY gardening is out. True enough, but luxury in this sense applies chiefly to prodigal wastage of materials and man-power, certainly not at all to the garden beauty which is so efficacious in upbuilding and maintaining morale on the home-front. The inference is clear, however, that to relieve the labor shortage home-owners should take over as much as possible of the actual work required to keep their gardens in good order. And that really ought to be no great hardship—for, after all, a strenuous session with a lawnmower is but the equivalent of eighteen holes of golf, a down-to-earth weeding job a parallel to an hour's work-out in a gymnasium!

Though there still may be snow on "them thar hills," it is not too early to be planning right now this year's garden very carefully on paper. Early planning, in fact, always is advantageous, not only because the memories of last year's mistakes still are clear, but as an incentive to ordering any desirable new seeds, bulbs, plants, shrubs, vines or trees while stocks are ample.

This is a good time, too, to be planning innovations that will enhance the garden as a congregating point for family and friends if this should turn out to be a very much stay-at-home summer. One great focal point of interest that might be added is a lily-pool, which can be achieved successfully with non-priority materials —and without a great deal of back-breaking labor! Such a pool offers a mirrored, goldfish-glinted setting for water-lilies and other aquatics, while its moistured edges invite many very lovely plants of which a garden otherwise would be deprived.

A garden barbecue! That's something which will win the unqualified acclaim of family and of friends from near and far, something that will help to banish any nostalgic regrets for the outdoor haunts and picnic jaunts of the days when gasoline flowed as freely as water. As in the case of a pool, priority materials are no bugaboo; for a barbecue can be constructed satisfactorily of either brick, cement or stone. Preferably, a barbecue will be made an integral part of a comprehensive setting—a stone-paved terrace, sturdy chairs and benches, perhaps even some "man-sized" tables, collapsible or fixed. So there's the garden theme for 1943!



Richard Averill Smith photos.

A flare of flowers flanking a stretch of lawn, simple furniture — there's a living room!

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Social Security for Canada

BY ANNE FROMER

Canada has a plan for social security. Drafted independently of the Beveridge report or the United States proposals it nevertheless arrives at the same objectives: freedom from want, opportunity to work, and promotion of the health of the people.

Compared with the other two plans the Canadian scheme incorporates most of the best features of both, makes its own unique contributions to social welfare, but contains its own share of shortcomings and omissions.

CANADA got her "Beveridge plan" this week. No matter what title the federal government gives to Dr. Leonard Marsh's report on social security if, as and when its provisions are implemented by legislation in part or in whole, it is likely to remain, in the minds of the public, "Canada's Beveridge plan".

Actually work on this 150-page document released by the Prime Minister on Tuesday, was begun before either the Beveridge plan or its United States counterpart, the "security, work and relief policies" report of the National Resources Planning Board, were made public.

A capsule appraisal of the program is: The Marsh report, based on objectives identical with the British and United States plans—"freedom from want, opportunity to work and promotion of the health of the people"—incorporates most of the best features of both, makes its own unique contributions to social welfare, but contains its own share of shortcomings and omissions.

Any assessment of the Canadian scheme is almost certain to be based on comparisons with the other two, and in general it may be said to stand up well under this test.

Briefly, the Marsh plan would inaugurate a nation-wide federally administered or supervised program in two complementary parts, each with a billion-dollar budget for the first post-war year. The social service or "passive" billion-dollar allotment calls for unemployment insurance more generous and broader in scope than at present; health insurance and illness benefits for all; allowances for children under 16; maternity benefits to working women; pensions for widows and orphans, permanent disability, old age retirement; and funeral costs.

The "active" part of the program entails a vast "national investment" in public works designed to "make work available for all—in other words offer wages rather than subsistence maintenance."

In this aspect the Marsh plan is on a par with the United States proposals and surpasses the Beveridge report. It has the advantage of providing the "prime mover" for the entire operation of the program. Beveridge frankly makes no provision for assuring work. The difference between the British and the North American objectives might be stated thus: "The former plans for economic breakdowns, the latter against them."

Not "Stop-Gap"

Dr. Marsh insists that works programs must be of a constructive, anti-depression rather than a "stop-gap" nature, with "projects like the redevelopment of congested terminal facilities, replacement of slum dwellings, extension of rural electrification, rehabilitation of eroded and cut-over areas."

"These", he maintains, "will not only provide employment but open up opportunities for private investment. The mobilization of these projects is an economic security measure for the future."

Work classed as "constructive" does not mean it must be utilized immediately. Its contribution may also be one of "long run" social welfare as would be provided by ". . . the full protection and utilization of Canadian national resources in forests, mines, water and soil."

In addition, the very implementation of certain parts of the Marsh plan will provide "self-contained" employment—the building and staffing of hospitals, clinics, schools, libraries, recreation facilities, community centres, youth hostels, nurseries, research stations.

In a comment on the mechanics of putting his works program into effect, Dr. Marsh indicates that his entire report has been based on hard, actuarial facts and is not a visionary dream without consideration of such mundane things as administration and money. He writes:

"It demands first a coordinated effort of mobilization in which provinces, municipalities, utilities and private industry must be invited to join. It involves secondly the organization of all appropriate technical aids in the engineering and physical features of the program. It involves thirdly much closer attention to long-term budgeting on capital account, on the part of all governmental authorities than has yet been achieved in Canada. It is not enough to be satisfied that a project can promise certain economic results, or even that it has been the subject of an engineer's report and worked out to the blueprint stage. It is necessary also to project into the future the actual costs of the projects, their relation to the normal revenue available annually and the conditions under which the five, six, ten year plan, or whatever it may be can be accomplished or accelerated.

"It involves too, the formulation of a low interest rate policy and its injection into all the sections of the national program in which it has any justifiable place."

Minimum Provision

Dr. Marsh's dual program does not represent a blueprint for the entire structure of national post-war prosperity. That, probably, was not his intention. What his proposals resolve into is, at best, a "floor" of minimum provision, a floor perhaps unsound and unsafe in spots but nevertheless in general providing a firm foundation on which to build an equitable economic structure.

In computing a minimum scale of benefits for both contributory and non-contributory insurance, he took for his standard an approximation of Toronto's Tisdall-Willard-Bell report, which provides, he maintains, for a minimum living standard of health and decency, allowing $44.50 a month for two adults and $14.50 for each child. This standard, he states, is "conceded rather than recommended", admits it would not cure "crowded housing accommodation, make no allowance for advancement expenditures at all, but it allows at least room for safe economy on food."

In prescribing the scope of risks covered by security insurance, the Marsh report sides with the Beveridge plan, which provides eight categories: sickness, old age, disability, unemployment, loss of breadwinner, costs of childbearing, costs of rearing children and funeral expenses. The latter three items are not included in the United States report.

Social workers have long seen the absurdity of the government subsidizing inanimate national assets such as the products of mines, forests, farms and fisheries, while failing to subsidize the nation's prime living assets — children. And in recommending tentatively a payment to Canadian families of $8 to $9 a month for each child, Dr. Marsh points out that the government has long recognized the fact that it costs money to rear children by allowing $108 a year for this purpose through income tax exemption.

Chief change from current practice in old age pensions would be the reduction in eligible age to 65 for men and 60 for women, and making such pensions a right instead of a charity, and giving it the new dignified name of "retirement insurance".

The rate of payment would be $30 a month for the first pensioner in a household and $15 for the second. In the case where a couple received together $45 a month, and the man died, his widow would automatically continue to receive the $30 payment. Grouped under the same scale of benefits are the loss of the breadwinner or his permanent disability, even though under pensionable age.

The foregoing allowances are on a "flat rate" to all, no matter how small or large the contributions based on income have been.

The principle of fixed payments regardless of variations in contributions in the case of "long term" pensions, coupled with graduated benefits, based on the amount of premiums paid for "short term" emergencies such as unemployment or sickness, is a unique feature of Canada's plan, and eliminates shortcomings in both the English and American measures. The former is entirely "flat rate", which forces a worker to lower his standard of living abruptly when earning power is cut off even for a few weeks or months.

Administrative Problem

The United States plan recognizes the weakness of this, but in remedying it goes to the other extreme in providing that virtually all benefits be on a graduated scale. This gives rise to a gigantic administrative problem, since separate detailed records must be kept of every premium paid and an individual might easily experience 20 changes of income in the course of his working life.

In the Marsh plan, benefits based on contributions for unemployment are increased by upping the "dependent's rate" from 15 percent of the basic allowance to 50 percent. Classifications of those eligible for insurance are widened and sickness is regarded as "legitimate unemployment" as is the imminent motherhood of a working woman.

When a worker exhausts his unemployment insurance benefits, after a six-month layoff, he will not, as now, have to apply for municipal relief. Instead he will drop down a notch to "unemployment assistance" pay, approximately 10 percent less than his insurance income, and will be required either to take training in an occupation with better prospects or to work on a government sponsored project.

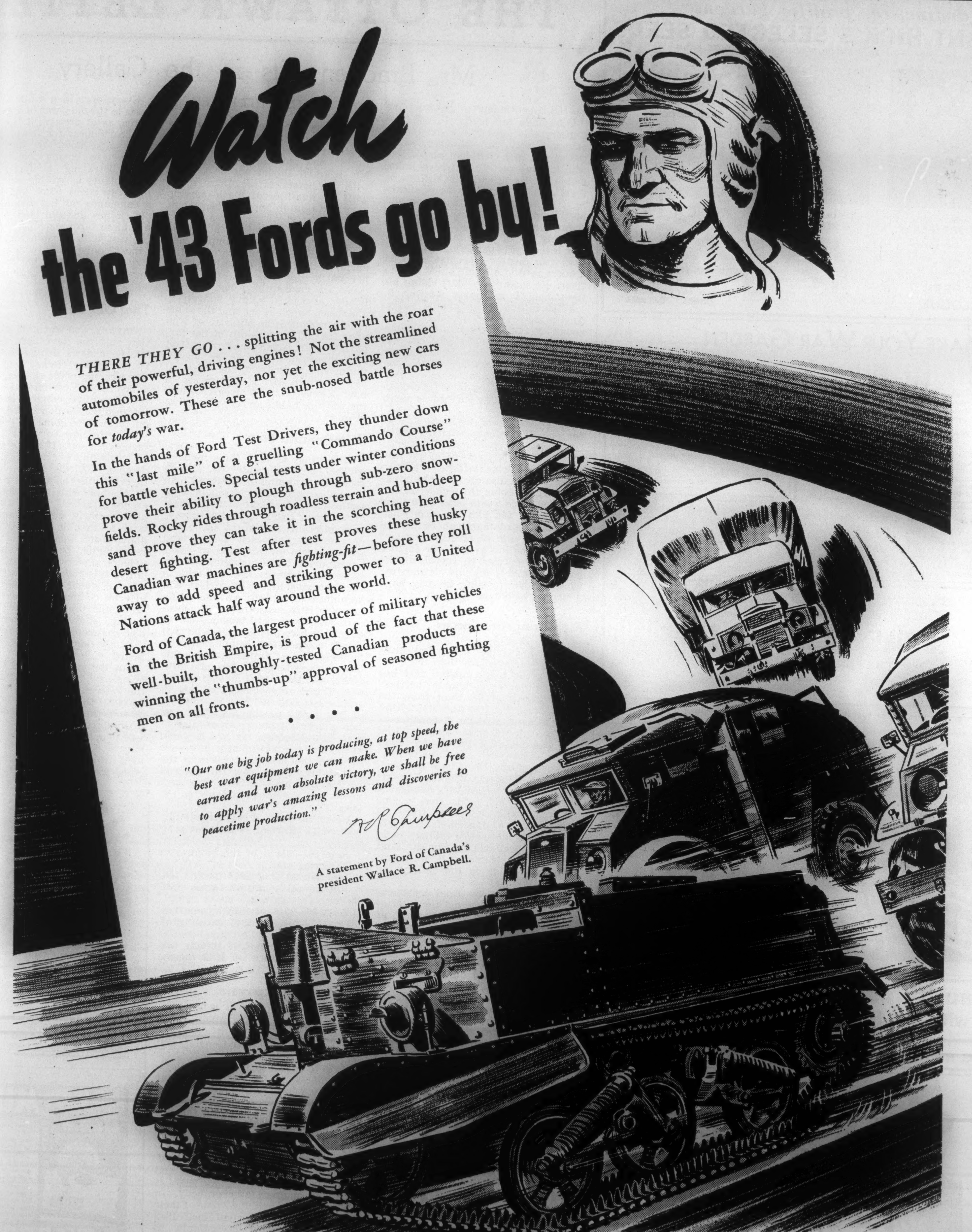
But the chief weakness of the present unemployment insurance system—limitation of coverage—still remains in large part. Both the British and the United States plans have been able to include "everyone", but Dr. Marsh while he admits the existence of "gaps" has seen fit to base his program on the assumption that large groups of workers will remain outside of unemployment insurance — agricultural workers, fishermen, domestic help, and all self-employed persons.

Separate Administration

A practical disadvantage of this exclusion is that it requires two separate administration systems for unemployment and health insurance since the latter has universal application, and many who come under it are not eligible for the former, whereas Britain and the United States will be able to integrate both under a single department of social security.

The proposed health insurance set-up covering both medical attention and preventative measures, is an example of the "payment according to means—benefit according to need" proposals inherent in the report. Flat rates of premium are suggested for family units whether the "unit" is a single man or a married man, his wife and unlimited children.

Financing of the Marsh program, which like those of Britain and the United States calls for a potential expenditure of approximately 12 per cent of the national income, will be divided roughly in half between government on the one hand and employer-employee on the other.



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CANADA'S GREATEST
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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Mr. Bracken Sits in the Gallery

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

WHILE continuing to go about the business of being Progressive Conservative Leader in a strictly unorthodox way, Mr. Bracken wears the serene and confident air of one who knows exactly what he is doing and why. He attends the sittings of the House of Commons as regularly as if he had a seat on the floor and his presence were required there. His countenance betrays no consciousness of being out of place in the gallery. Nor is there any more indication now than two months ago that he is in a hurry to find himself a seat on the floor. He seems to be just biding his time—but by no means wasting it.

Wisdom is to be found in his course. Any urgency there may have been about his early entry into the House was removed when the King Government, following his induction as Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party, proceeded to move step by step, and rapidly, in the direction of doing everything he had declared should be done.

By staying out of the House he has, for one thing, foiled what appeared to be the design of the ministerial strategists of putting him in the position of battering against an open door. He has also escaped the initial handicap of going through a session in which there would have been little opportunity for him to accomplish anything more than can be accomplished by the Opposition without him. And he has avoided the further damage of having to reveal, at the commencement of his leadership, whatever shortcoming he may have as a parliamentary speaker.

Measuring the Forces

At the same time, the gallery must be a far better place than the floor for mapping the campaign that lies ahead. From the gallery the perspective is much better than from the floor. From his seat above Mr. King he can see the whole disposition of the forces he must challenge, and he can also measure the forces upon which he himself must initially rely. Relieved of the immediate responsibilities of House leadership, which are being discharged very admirably by Mr. Graydon, he is free to plot the action that he plans from all angles much as the chief of a general staff would plot a military campaign he proposed to launch. And one fancies he is doing it. Certainly he is not sitting in the gallery for nothing.

Then there is the final consideration that, while eluding any plan of the Government to prejudice him at the very start, he also dodges responsibility for any blunders his own people may make before he has time to assert his mastery over them.

Perhaps because of a new sense of confidence resulting from their reorganization, they have kept pretty well to a true course so far this session, but who is to know that some one of them won't run off the track and upset all calculations just when everything seems most promising? The penchant for the *faux pas* is strong in them, and it is as well for the new political movement that Mr. Bracken should not be saddled with any mistakes they may make until the qualities of his leadership have had time to impress themselves on the country.

For some reason not patent outside their own caucus, for example, they put Mr. Joe Harris up as chief financial critic for the Opposition, and it could hardly have done the young cause any good to have had the new Leader associated with a budget examination which at one and the same time condemned the Minister of Finance for taking more out of the taxpayers by his pay-as-you-earn method and complained because he wasn't taking enough to dry up the "carnival living" which Mr. Harris seems to have discovered in his researches into the wartime habits and conduct of the people.

Ilsley's Ruml Plan

This brings us back for a moment to the budget, because Mr. Ilsley's peculiar adaptation of the Ruml plan is gradually unfolding itself. Owing to the varying weight of the impact on different categories of taxpayers any generalization as to the effect of the pay-as-you-earn system and the attendant over-lapping of taxes leaves much to the imagination. In some cases the change wrought in the taxpaying life of the citizen will be quite considerable. An interesting example is the case of the business man who pays his income tax in quarterly instalments and who, not being incorporated, is automatically liable for excess profits tax when his income exceeds $5,000. He paid 25% of his estimated 1942 income tax on Oct. 15 and another 25% on Jan. 15 and he has paid two 25% instalments of his excess profits tax. The last two quarterly instalments of his estimated 1942 income tax are forgiven but he has to make up any difference between the estimated tax and the actual tax. From now till the end of the year he will have nine payments to make on seven dates, as follows:

March 30—20% of 1943 income tax.
April 15—25% of 1942 excess profits tax.
June 30—33⅓% of the balance of 1942 income tax.
June 30—25% of 1943 income tax.
July 15—25% of 1942 excess profits tax.
Sept. 30—25% of 1943 income tax.
Oct. 15—25% of 1943 excess profits tax.
Dec. 30—30% of 1943 income tax.
Dec. 30—Balance of 1942 income tax.

Gladsome Taxpayers

Perhaps taxpayers in this particular class, after having filled in nine more forms and made out nine more cheques to the Receiver General, will be able to celebrate on next New Year's Eve with unaccustomed lightheartedness in the knowledge that they are square with the tax collector except for three-quarters of their 1943 excess profits tax and the difference between their estimated and their actual 1943 income tax. Again, perhaps not.

In any case, the easiest way to figure the over-lap is to take 1942 and 1943 together. For the two years it is about squared for everybody. In 1942 taxpayers paid the whole of their 1941 taxes and a part of their 1942 tax which varied accordingly to whether they were in the deductible class or the instalment-paying class. In 1943 they have paid or will have to pay any balance remaining of the half of their 1942 income tax which is not forgiven and the whole of their 1943 tax. Thus, in the 24 months of the two years they will have paid taxes on 30 months' income. Pretty smart, Mr. Finance Minister! Pretty smart indeed!!

Every once in a while Ottawa reverts to the old game of appeasement. Often, as at present, it is out of tender-heartedness for the people's feelings. Just now Mr. Gardiner and others are crying Plenty, Plenty, while betraying the fact that there is no plenty by calling on the people to "grow their own" and launching a campaign for the making over of old clothes and old household equipment and farm machinery. This is in contrast with Washington's "preparedness" policy of giving it out that shortages are such that food rations may go down pretty close to the British level.

That Old Suit

Anyway, you would do well to hide that suit you have been keeping by you for a day's fishing and that outfit of evening clothes you don't feel like wearing while the war is on but which may be permissible again even if the era of the common man arrives. Because the Gordon Board has its eye on them. It's going to try to teach your wife how to make skirts and jackets for herself out of them

Officialdom's traditional way of dodging difficult issues is to keep them moving about from one office to another with little notes of reference attached. In the case of such an extremely difficult and delicate issue as that of the luring of Canadians from their regular jobs for more highly paid jobs on the joint defence undertakings being carried out in this country by our American friends, about which protests from affected communities have been numerous, the process is likely to be enduring. And there seemed to be a nice chance of stretching it out with the induction of the new War Labor Board.

But the gentlemen of this Board, being new to Ottawa, assumed when the reference duly arrived on their doorstep that they were expected to do something about it. And to the no little alarm of some who have been side-stepping the issue, something may be done. Perhaps the setting up of a transborder commission to exercise jurisdiction in the matter.

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Being a Foreign Correspondent

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

NOT having written a book on my experiences, I cannot call myself a foreign correspondent. I claim certain minor qualifications including almost nine years of foreign residence on behalf of my newspaper, the production of about half a million words a year in daily doses, and many thousands of miles of travel between capitals of the western powers—but I lack the major qualification. I have not written a book about my experiences, not even a Penguin on "How to Win the War."

This puts me at a disadvantage in social spheres of journalism. When the foreign correspondents gather each night, the talk is mostly about "my latest book" or "my literary agent" or "my royalties." All I have to squawk about is my managing editor. One night I made a grave error. I brashly confessed to a colleague that I had never written a book. He gave me a superior look and hasn't bought me a drink since. He was of course perfectly justified because after he had been in London six weeks, experienced one minor air raid and talked to the pretty stenographer of an under-secretary of a minor ministry, he wrote a best-seller called "The Inside Truth About the War."

My advice therefore to budding foreign correspondents is to write a book forthwith. It doesn't matter what's in it so long as whatever's in it is incisive. Call Anthony Eden a third-class intellect, make passing reference to Cordell Hull as a doddering idiot, reveal with immense authority that Hitler dealt Goering a clout in the eye on the night of August 16, 1940, damn the British for not knowing the first thing about war and—voila!—you are a foreign correspondent.

Don't worry about finding a publisher. Just go ahead and write. The other day at a large luncheon I was introduced to a London book publisher. He didn't catch my name the first time; I had to repeat it and finally spell it. Then he said, "What do you do?" I said I was a newspaper correspondent from Canada. "Oh," he rejoined, "would you like to write a book for me?" I said not this week, maybe next.

HAVING written his book, the foreign correspondent then proceeds naturally to the next step which is lecturing to women's clubs. If there is anything easier than getting a book published, it is finding a lecture agency. The now famous foreign correspondent travels the smaller communities of the nation frightening sewing circles in the afternoons and making the literary clubs to tremble at night.

Indeed, the most famous correspondents have spent the last two or three years commuting between Peoria and Sioux Falls. They certainly haven't been seen often around London. Now and again, when they find their box-office lagging, they clipper to England, spend a week in the Savoy bar, and dash back for another two years of lecturing on a new circuit between Grand Rapids and Tallahassee.

This article, however, proposes to deal with the minor species of foreign correspondent—the man who writes for newspapers from the source of the news. When a foreign correspondent establishes himself in London, his first task is to acquire proper contacts. He must find someone who knows the story behind the story and is willing to spill it. A foreign correspondent is only as good as his contacts which is why so many foreign correspondents are bad.

There are three common types of contacts which are of no use at all to the foreign correspondent. The first is the calamity hound. He is usually a well-dressed, well-heeled individual and he may be found in the better bars drinking Napoleon brandy at 10 shillings a throw. His line is like this:

"I TELL you, it's disaster. You won't get confirmation of this, but the secret report on our tanks is that they're absolutely useless. They break down in action. . . . Don't be silly. We didn't beat Rommel in Libya. Mark my words, he scored one of the greatest victories of the war by racing to save the Tunisian bridgehead. . . . The Russian victories are a lot of nonsense. Hitler is merely following the precepts of Frederick the Great, baiting the Russians for a terrific attack. . . . There's absolute chaos in the war cabinet. . . . Do you know that this island has a food margin of only two days? I've got the inside figures—absolutely fantastic. The next U-boat push and we're done for. . . . Why do you think we haven't opened the second front? Because our war factories have broken down almost completely. . . . It's a mess, I tell you, it's a mess. . . ."

After ten minutes of this you peek out the window expecting to see the Reichswehr marching down the Strand.

THE calamity hound's opposite number is the constant cynic. He rolls along something like this:

"Of course it's a shame the way the people are being fooled about the war. It could be over tomorrow morning if we really wanted it to be. The Germans are done for, finished, through. They would collapse the minute we showed up on the coast of Europe. . . . The trouble is, as anyone with brains will recognize, that the vested interests don't want the war to be over tomorrow morning—or any morning for a year or two. What will happen to the munitions factories? . . . Have you ever stopped to think why we don't have any more thousand plane raids over Germany? Of course you haven't. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Because a dozen of those would destroy every factory in Germany. You don't suppose, old man, that the vested interests want to destroy German industry. Don't be a fool. . . . Stop worrying about the war and have a drink. We can win it by crooking our little finger. . . ."

THE third type of contact is the yes-and-noer, usually the most boresome of the lot. He proceeds this way:

"Yes, we have a very good chance of making a second front stick, but the Germans have immense defences along the coast and our attack may not succeed. Then again, it may. One never knows in war. . . . Tunisia is quite serious, although not too serious. Rommel is a fine tactician but he is no superman. Actually Tunisia doesn't make any difference one way or the other. . . . The situation in Russia is very good for our allies, but the Germans may very well stabilize the front and then it's anybody's guess. I wouldn't put too much stock in Russian claims but the Germans are obviously losing considerable forces. Hitler has plenty left, however. The situation is fluid. Or one might call it obscure. . . . My guess is that the war may be over in 1943, but I am inclined to favor 1944, perhaps 1945. Of course, it wouldn't be far wrong to bank on 1946. . . ."

By this time you wonder how you came to talk to this fellow in the first place—and you've got to make an important phone call.

All in all, it isn't a great life.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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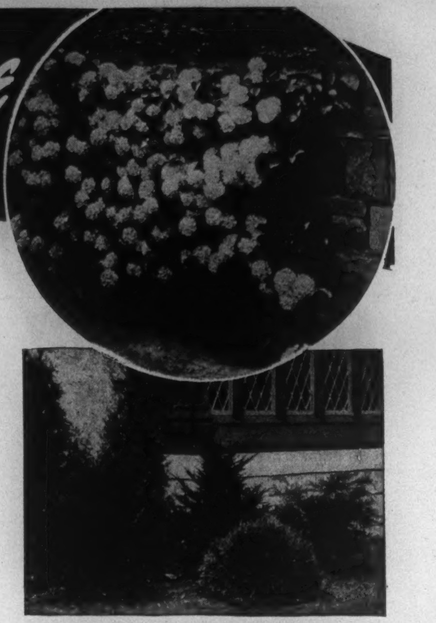

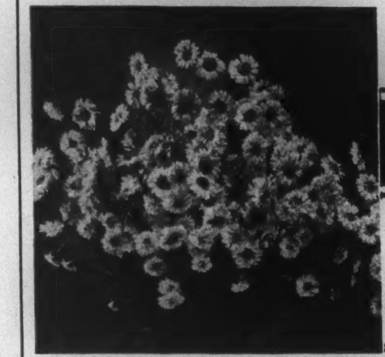

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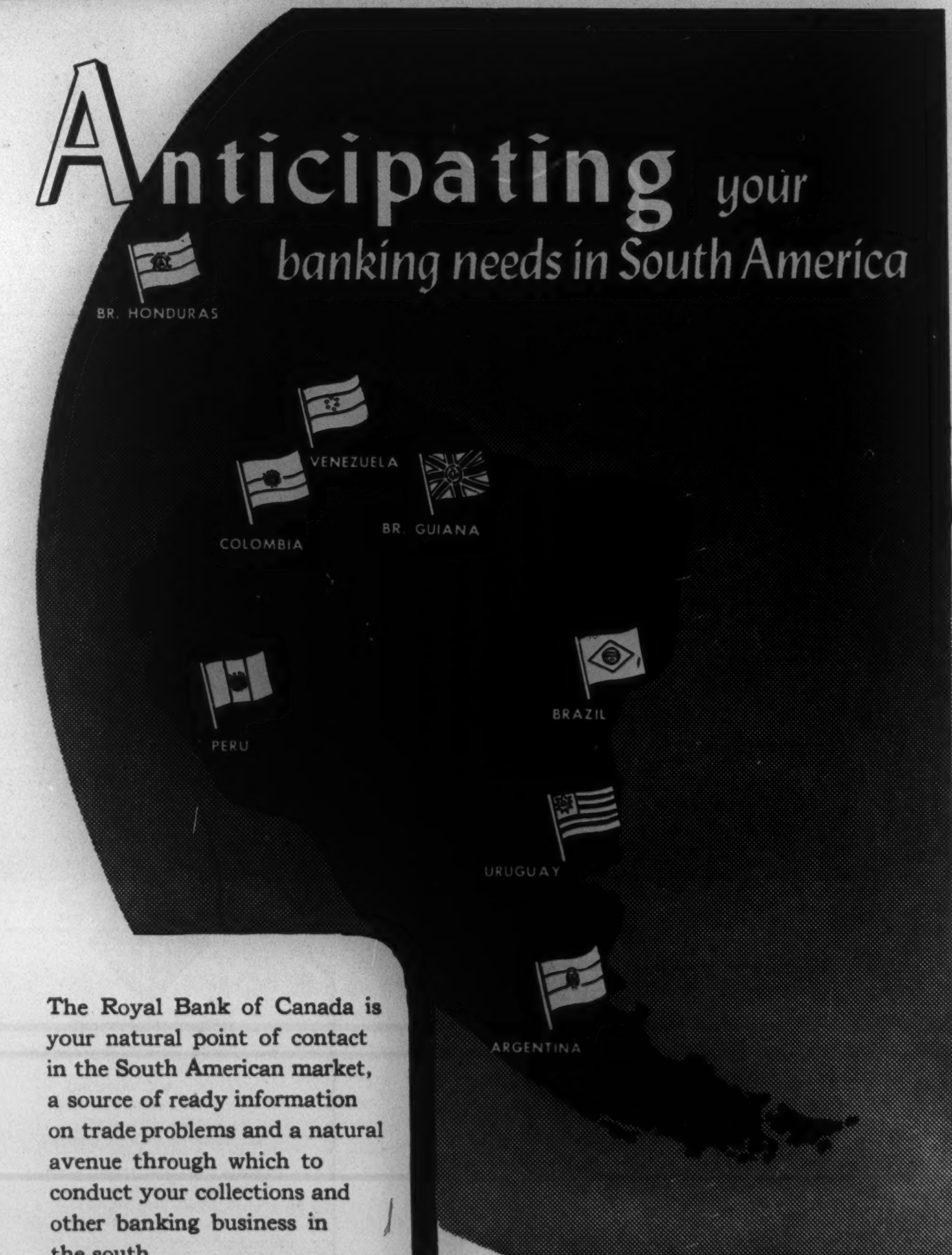

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Will the New Poland Be a Democracy?

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

Should East Prussia be given to Poland at the end of the war? Mr. Burpee takes issue with a recent contributor, Jack Anders, and maintains that any Polish Government headed by Sikorski will be "representative of the Polish people" and can be relied upon to deal justly with the Germans.

Mr. Burpee sees in the Poles "a nation of intensely patriotic individualists, traditionally democratic and . . . rebuilding their shattered homeland socially, economically and politically."

IN AN article in the January 30 number of SATURDAY NIGHT, Mr. Anders discusses a proposal to hand over East Prussia to Poland after the war. He argues—if I rightly understand his argument—that the purpose such a transfer of territory is supposed to serve is the crushing of Prussianism, but that "that barbarous system" of colonial feudalism cannot be stamped out, or even diminished, by the transfer of East Prussia to Poland, because colonial feudalism, or Prussianism, is common to Poland and Germany.

Mr. Anders takes the transfer of Pomorze the so-called Polish "Corridor", as an example of what might happen to East Prussia if it were added to Poland. As Pomorze was, in his opinion, the immediate cause of the outbreak of the present war, so the transfer of East Prussia to Poland would "loom large in the genesis of a third world war." The Corridor, politically a disaster, "did nothing to change the social and economic conditions prevailing in that part of the world." In other words, Poland, as Mr. Anders sees it, carried on in the Corridor the obnoxious methods of her predecessor.

But did she?

I saw something of Poland in 1935, and, although it was only a short visit, was fortunate in having rather unusual chances of meeting Poles of all classes, from Moscicki, the scholarly President of the Republic, to village folk, and of seeing something not only of the monuments of that venerable land, but also of its amazing transformation, in a short time and with very inadequate means, into a modern nation, with excellent educational, industrial and transportation facilities.

The impression I got—and it was confirmed by what I learned from other visitors from outside who had had much better opportunities of studying modern Poland and its people—was of a nation of intensely patriotic individualists, traditionally democratic and still democratic, who had survived ordeals no other country had had to face, and were now, with very little encouragement from other democracies, rebuilding their shattered homeland, socially, economically and politically. Political mistakes were made—Poles were the first to admit it—but the purpose was unmistakeable, to make Poland a republic in reality as well as in name, a country in which every man would be free and would have a chance to stand on his own feet.

I FIND it difficult to understand on what possible basis Mr. Anders builds his conclusion that the transfer of the Corridor to Poland—actually the return to its rightful owners of a region that had been Polish for hundreds of years until stolen by Frederick the Great in 1772, and that, in spite of determined efforts to get rid of them, still showed a Polish majority in 1918, and sent only Polish deputies to the German Reichstag at every election between 1871 and 1912,—did nothing to change its social and economic conditions. That is almost grotesquely wide of the mark, as anyone familiar with the literature of the subject, other than German propaganda, should know.

The educational system was changed from one that was completely German, in language as well as spirit, to a democratic system that would not suffer in comparison with our own. Economically the Corridor benefitted enormously by the change, as did also that bitter hotbed of Naziism, Danzig, in spite of the competition of the new Polish seaport of Gdynia, itself a splendid tribute to Polish determination and modern spirit. Politically the Germans who condescended to remain under Polish rule were treated with far more generosity than the Poles had enjoyed under German rule, if their treatment can be even thought of in terms of enjoyment.

IT IS perhaps easier to understand what the Corridor meant to Poland if we think of it in terms of Canada. Suppose Ontario for hundreds of years had extended to Montreal; that its eastern portion had been grabbed by a powerful and unscrupulous neighbor, with the result that Ontario had been completely shut off from the sea; and that at a later date three powerful and unscrupulous neighbors had, with no better pretext than their own colossal greed, divided the rest of Ontario among themselves. And suppose that, as the result of a great war, the three robber nations had been compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. Would you think it just that the most thoroughly unprincipled of the three should be left in possession of this "corridor" to the St. Lawrence, and Ontario forever shut off from the sea and from her trade with overseas nations; particularly if throughout the period of foreign rule, and in spite of all attempts at colonization by the foreign power, the population of the "Corridor" had remained overwhelmingly Ontarian?

As for East Prussia, neither Mr. Anders nor I, nor indeed anyone else, knows whether or not it will some day be offered to Poland. Of this, however, I now am sure. Any Polish government of which Wladyslaw Sikorski is the guiding spirit—which is the same as saying any government that is representative of the Polish people—can be relied upon, Mr. Anders to the contrary notwithstanding, to deal justly with the Germans.

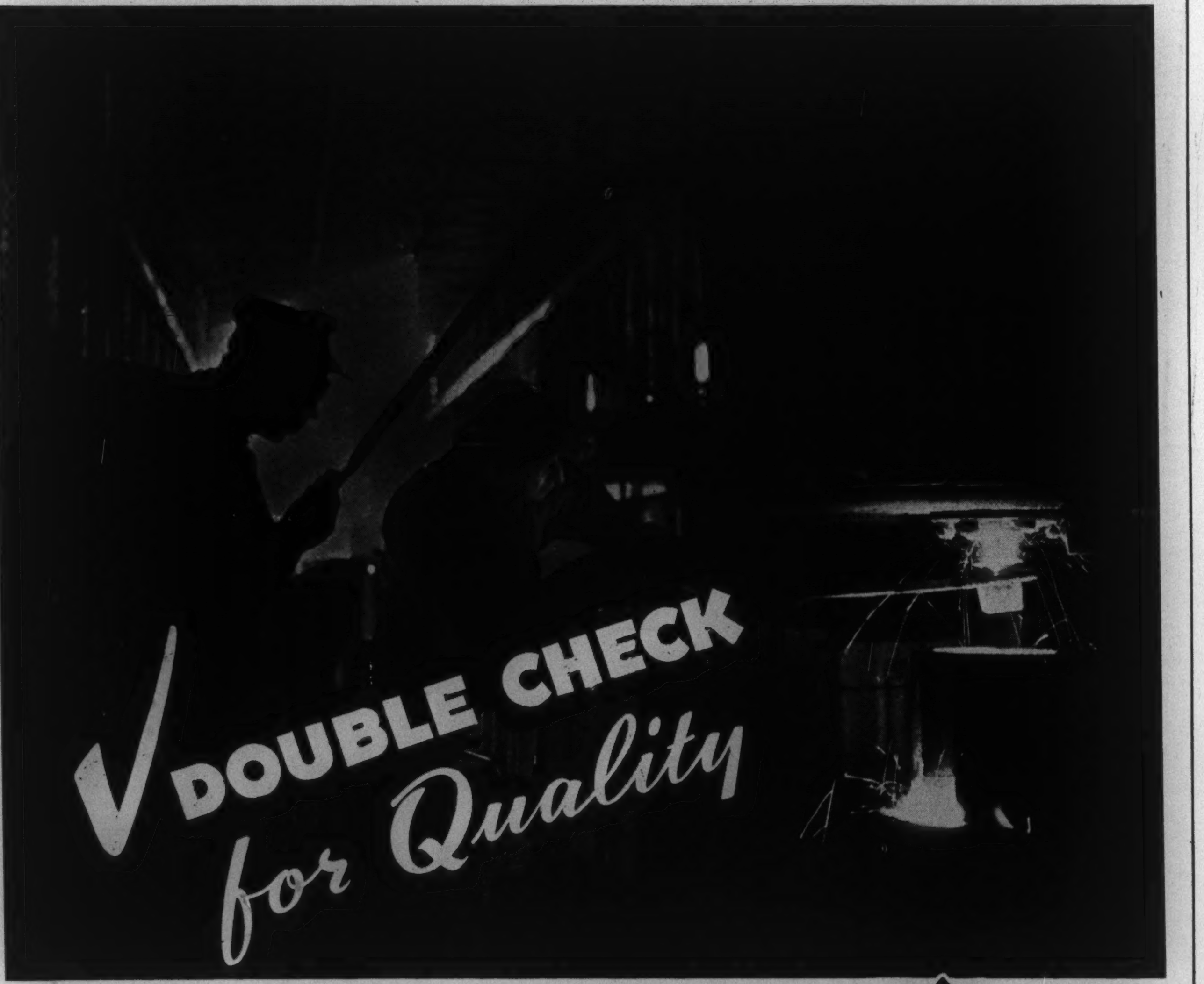
Mr. Anders tells us that it is the alliance between the industrial magnates and the Junkers, and that alone, which "has been a menace to the world and will remain so unless Prussianism is stamped out", and that the German people have had nothing to do with it. And in his closing words he warns us that "if we do not want to stamp out Prussianism where alone it can and must be stamped out"—apparently among German and Polish Junkers and magnates—"we should at least not hamper those who will do it for us if we only leave them to it: the Polish, the Russian, and the German peoples."

THAT is all very fine, but who are these Polish and Russian and German peoples? And why drag in the Russians, who so far have played no part whatever in Mr. Ander's argument? We know who the Polish people are. They put up a most gallant fight against overwhelming odds in their own country, and by holding the enemy there long enough to give Britain a breathing-space may very well have saved the world from a German victory. For that, and what they have done since, even Canadians owe them something more than thanks.

But what about the German people? Are they not those who have made Hitler and Hitlerism possible; who have tolerated if they have not enthusiastically supported the man and his evil cause; who have made up the rank and file of his armed forces, of the foul Gestapo; who have tortured Jews and Poles and Czechs and Greeks, or looked on while others tortured them; who have machine-gunned women and children in village streets; driven tanks over harmless refugees; turned their guns on men and women escaping from a sinking ship. If these are not the German people, who are they? And if they are the German people, what have they in common with the people of Poland?

•

(Editor's note: Mr. Anders feels that the argument of his January 30 article is not fairly presented by Mr. Burpee, and urges that readers who are interested in the controversy will be good enough to look back in their files and read the two articles together; and he particularly repels any suggestion that he is influenced by "German propaganda." "I condemned," he says, "the pre-1918 policy of the German Empire infinitely more strongly than does Mr. Burpee; but no reader will remember the details of my article so well as not to infer from Mr. Burpee that I condoned it. He says that the Germans who remained under Polish rule were treated generously. That is exactly my point; but I confined it to German landed aristocrats and millionaires, while lesser Germans were mercilessly driven out. That is the central point of my article." As for the responsibility for this policy, Mr. Anders feels that Mr. Burpee has overlooked the implication in his article that a nation is as good or as bad as its ruling class. The behavior of Poland was that of the ruling class of Poland, not of the common people. "Mr. Burpee rejects such distinctions. To him all Poles are 'gallant.' And Sikorski is his hero—Sikorski, who started as a Marxist and gained his spurs in the wanton aggressive war of Poland against the Soviet Union in 1920! He speaks similarly of the Germans, depicting them in such a way that many Czechs and Jews would think they saw a picture of the Poles. When I speak of the Polish, Russian and German 'peoples' I do not mean a generality but the common people. . . . About General Sikorski, does Mr. Burpee know that a number of his Government in London are virulently anti-Soviet, and that their paper *Mysl Polska* is a constant source of embarrassment to the British Government because it demands an anti-Soviet cordon of European powers as the nucleus of United Nations post-war policy?")



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The Strangest Artillery Battle Ever Fought

BY PAUL NORTON

The mathematics of war come to their peak in the calculations required for a gunnery range of 21 miles. For more than two years great guns on the coast of France have been dropping shells in the Dover area, while an answering bombardment of equal or greater effect tears-up the French coast.

The shell from such a mighty weapon rises over seven miles high. Wind velocities at all levels, temperature, humidity and even the curvature of the earth enter into the calculation.

If the German hope was to close the Channel to shipping by these big guns that hope has faded. In truth the initiative has now passed to the English artillerymen.

"GERMAN long range guns fired across the Channel for two hours this morning." This brief communique with minor variations was issued almost daily for many months after August 22, 1940 when the German batteries mounted on the coast of France where it is only 21 miles from Britain began shelling Britain. It was the first bombardment by land artillery that Britain had experienced in her long history.

To-day, it is British guns mounted on the Channel coast that take the initiative and when German guns fire it is in reply. In a recent "duel" British guns opened up, it is believed, on German ships hugging the coast of France and fired about 60 rounds. But it was not until a quarter of an hour later that the Germans replied and they contented themselves with a rate of fire about half that of the British guns.

Considerable secrecy has rightly surrounded both the effect of the German shelling and the British guns mounted to reply. But it is now no secret that some of the biggest guns in the world are now concealed on the Channel coast with all the elaborate apparatus required for using them. Some of the guns have been "christened"—"Boche Buster", "Winnie" and "Winnie the Pooh" are some of the better-known giants. How many guns there are and their calibre and range is a matter which must be left for the Germans to discover for themselves.

The Nazis, realizing the excellent propaganda value of the bombardment, were less reticent. Radio listeners were taken on "conducted tours" of the gun emplacements, photographs were published and films released. One of these showed a railway-mounted gun with an incredibly long muzzle, so long that it had to be supported at the end by a steel tripod. The Germans say the guns are mounted in steel and concrete pits from which they are elevated to fire by power provided by Diesel engines underneath. The statement was made that the shelters to give protection against shells fired in reply and bombs from the R.A.F.—many thousands were dropped on the gun positions in 1940 and 1941—are so deep and well protected that the sound of the giant gun firing above can only be heard as a dull thud.

From the Maginot Line

Much of the material and many of the guns were brought from the Maginot Line. According to the Germans 1,600 trains each of fifty trucks were required to bring the guns and materials and many thousands of men employed to construct the emplacements and fortifications. Construction and repair still seems to be going on and the Germans may be now regretting the huge expenditure of men and materials which, after 2½ years, has produced no notable military result.

Their original purpose was probably to close the Channel to shipping, thus striking vitally at supplies for London which have to be largely waterborne. There was also the terror and propaganda effect. But they have never managed to close the channel. The convoys of ships have gone through, the little vessels sometimes dwarfed by giant spouts of water from the guns, but still sailing on. The inhabitants of the bombarded area refused to be terrorized, even though the guns made them as much in the "front line" as was, for instance, Ypres in the last war.

Shelling took getting used to, and of course there have been damage and casualties. But experience showed that shells, even the big ones, did not cause so much damage as bombs of equivalent size. This is partly because the casing of a shell has to be very much thicker to withstand the tremendous shock of the propellant charge and therefore contain less explosive for a given weight. The shells produce more splinters, but less demolition and blast effects.

Firing these giant guns at extreme ranges requires a considerable number of specialists and experts—men the Germans may have wished they had before Stalingrad. Although on a clear day through powerful glasses an object as small as a tank can be seen across the Channel, the guns are fired by calculations. At these long distances they have to include allowances for the temperature, humidity, barometric pressure and possibly also the rotation of the earth during the flight of the shell, as well as the wind. A 20 m.p.h. wind can carry a shell more than 300 yards out of its course at the extreme ranges and, since the shell may ascend to 40,000 feet in its journey the wind may vary in direction and velocity at different points. Then again, wear on the barrel must be allowed for.

It was "Big Bertha's" voice which eventually gave away her position. However well concealed and protected a gun may be, it is impossible to hide the flash from the muzzle or the sound of the shell. Both are used to range and place the gun and it is pretty certain that British experts now have the exact position of every German gun that has ever fired marked to a few yards on their great maps.

"Sound ranging" is carried out by delicate and ingenious apparatus which consists essentially of a number of microphones placed at some distance apart and connected with a photographic recording instrument. As the shell passes over the microphones, its sound is picked up, Plotting the difference in time between the sound being received by the different microphones enables the gun firing to be "placed". The mathematics involved are exceedingly intricate, but the beauty and delicacy of the photographic apparatus delivering the data within a minute and elaborate calculating instruments enable the result to be obtained in a few minutes. The work is carried out by the highly specialized Survey Regiment.

Fight in the Dark

Guns on both sides fired heavily during the famous passage of the German warships Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen. The German fire was, no doubt, a barrage intended to intercept any British warships which might go into attack as well as counter-battery work. Whether the British gunners, firing into the darkness, made any hits may remain unknown until the end of the war. The Germans in the middle of 1941 installed searchlights on the same scale as their guns. Each searchlight was estimated at 300,000 candlepower. Probably they were intended to "blind" possible invasion craft as much as to help gunners.

The cross-Channel duel, one of the strangest artillery battles ever fought, has now lasted more than 2½ years.

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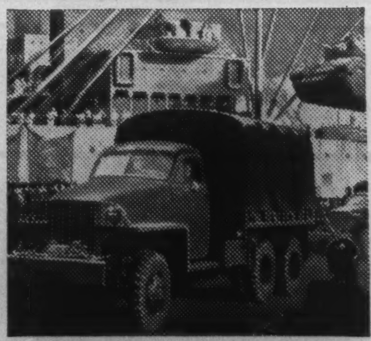

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THE HITLER WAR

German Strategy in Russia, and Our Opportunity

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AS THIS article is being written in Calgary, it must necessarily leave my hands a few days earlier than usual. Normally The Hitler War, through special dispensation or unusual tolerance, is sent to press at the last possible moment. However, it is only too certain that the fluctuating situation in Russia and the question of a "second front" will still be with us when this reaches the reader.

The powerful German drive back to Kharkov and the efforts to hold on to the Kuban bridgehead lent support to rumors which up to then had gained only mild credence, that the Germans would stage another great offensive in Russia this summer and were gathering four million men for the purpose. I find it very hard to believe this. In 1941 Germany, at the peak of her strength, carried on an offensive along the whole length of the Russian front. In 1942 she was only able to stage an offensive in one sector, the southern, even though that was a broad sector and the punch a mighty one.

Does it therefore stand to reason, after the severe losses of the past winter, with the necessity of disposing more forces in the West to meet our threat, and with the Luftwaffe notably weakened and forced to divert an ever larger number of squadrons to the day and night defence of the homeland, the base of Germany's war strength, that the High Command will be able to launch even as great an offensive as last year's in Russia? Do not the Germans themselves admit this by giving up their long-held spearhead aimed at Moscow, the Rzhev-Gzhatsk-Vyazma salient?

What could they hope to achieve by a new offensive? They already hold the bulk of the Donbas coal, at Stalino. They hold the Kerch iron mines, and withhold from the Soviets the beet sugar and wheat production of most of the Ukraine. The recapture of the Maikop oil field would not hurt the Russians much; it never yielded more than 7 per cent of Russia's oil production, and today is yielding practically nothing. Baku, still intact with all its great refineries, will adequately supply Russia as long as the Volga can be kept open.

Cutting the Volga, which has been called "Russia's jugular oil vein", is indeed a worthwhile objective. But is it to be thought that Hitler, or his generals, would really try to smash through to Stalingrad again, after their recent experience?

One Objective

When it comes down to it there is only one worthwhile objective which the German Command could pursue in Russia, and that is the destruction of the Red Army. It may be doubted whether, in the first place, they have new tactics by which they could grip this hitherto elusive opponent; and in the second place, whether they could destroy enough of the Red Army in the southern sector of the battlefield, to which their action would be limited, to decisively weaken the Soviet Union.

Considering these factors I believe that the Kharkov counter-offensive is really a defensive operation—of the type which military people call the "offensive-defensive", and which the public might understand better if it were called an "active-defensive". That is, it was a grand scale version of Rommel's punches in Tunisia, intended to upset our plans for launching an offensive.

The heavy German concentration of reserves in the western Donetz Basin must have been planned at first to save the large armies between there and Rostov, with very limited facilities for escape, from the fate of the Army of Stalingrad. Then, when the Russians over-extended themselves in their eagerness to complete the winter's work and reach the Dnieper bend, and when an unseasonal thaw mired their long lines of communications (they had, of course, not had time to widen the railway gauge), the Germans saw and seized their opportunity for a sharp counter-blow.

Such a counter-blow held out the possibility of cutting off and destroying the advanced Soviet units, and, as it progressed, of upsetting the whole Soviet plan for rounding off the winter offensive with smashing blows at the German central and northern fronts. Then, the recapture of Kharkov could alone permit the Germans to stay on in the Donetz Basin, where they are able to deprive the Russians of invaluable coal, iron, sugar and wheat. If they do subsequently evacuate this area, we may be sure that it will be after the spring planting season is well past.

Time for Withdrawal?

This brings up another possibility of the Kharkov counter-offensive: that it is intended to gain time for the Germans to carry out an orderly withdrawal to a much-shortened, well-prepared line well to the west. It is, after all, significant that while the Germans are advancing in the south they are retreating in the centre. Closely as the Red Army may be pressing on Nazi heels, the evacuation of the Rzhev-Vyazma pocket has all the marks of a planned front-shortening operation. This could be the first step backward to a Riga-Kiev-Odessa line; but it would also fit in with a stand on the present line, if local counter-offensives could retake Kursk and Velikye Luki.

The shift of troops from Western Europe, including four tank and numerous infantry divisions, which has made possible the counter-offensive to retake Kharkov, is being increasingly emphasized from Moscow, coupled with queries as to whether we realize the unique opportunity which now faces us.

There can be no doubt of this opportunity. The Germans and their allies have unquestionably suffered severe losses of men and material in Russia. They have shifted important reserves eastward to save the situation there. And they have not yet had time to train the manpower scraped from factory and shop by their "total" mobilization of last month. Now would be a wonderful moment for us to spring across the Channel, if we were ready.

German Gamble

Does the German shift of reserves eastward indicate enemy confidence that, held up in Tunisia and hampered by shortage of shipping, we are still *not* ready to open the main front? Maybe it does. But it may indicate no more than that the German leaders, faced with the choice of holding firm in the east or the west, will always choose to maintain their strongest forces in the east, to keep the Russians out of Germany.

Perhaps we are accepting too blindly here the premise that the initiative must be ours in the west this year. Undoubtedly the Germans have fixed on a general war plan for 1943, and it is their tradition to try to hold the initiative. I have argued above that there was nothing which another

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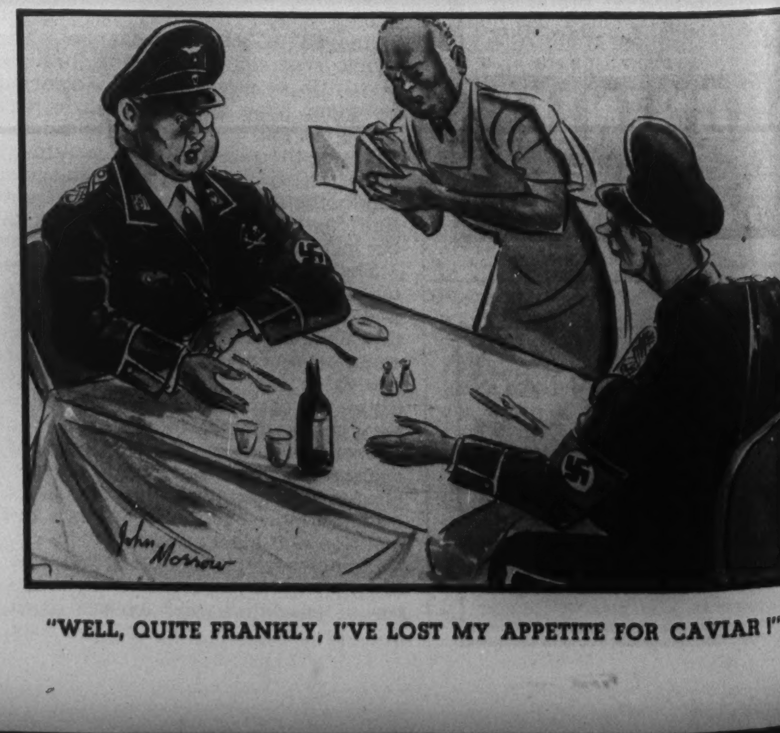

"WELL, QUITE FRANKLY, I'VE LOST MY APPETITE FOR CAVIAR!"

great offensive could gain them in Russia, and that their experience with last year's costly effort must have convinced them of this. Could they seize and hold the initiative in the west?

They couldn't do this, in any case, until early summer, after they had consolidated their position on a shorter front in the east, and brought back powerful tank and air forces to the west. Then how do they get at us? For if it often seems difficult for us to get at the Germans, it should be remembered that it is even more difficult for the Germans, with inferior seapower, to get at us.

There is an adventure in Spain, which can never be quite ruled out and which would be intended to couple up with a drive by Rommel in Tunisia to trap and destroy our whole army in North Africa. But such a move would leave Germany most vulnerable to a landing across the Channel, and should, I think, be welcomed. An adventure in Turkey holds no prospect of a decisive victory; the time for that passed last year.

Luftwaffe Weakened

There remains a renewed blitz against Britain. One occasionally meets people who aver darkly that the Luftwaffe must be holding back a large part of its strength. I think that the truth of the matter is quite plain to see here: and that is that since the Battle of Britain the German eagle has lost a great many of its feathers. In the drive from Alamein to Tripoli it left no less than 1500 wrecked machines behind to count; and what must have been the losses on the immense and primitive front in Russia? No, the Luftwaffe can never again blitz Britain even on the scale of 1940, not to speak of the scale on which we are now bombarding Germany.

The initiative in the air war in the west is firmly in our hands. Not only does our tremendous and ever-mounting bombing offensive force the Germans to produce more fighter planes with which to defend the Reich, the Channel coast and the U-boat bases, at the expense of bombers with which to blitz Britain; but I think that we have proven to the Germans in Tunisia, as they did to us in Flanders in 1940, that no successful land operations can be carried on without air control.

We hold the initiative in the west and south. Rommel's jabs in Tunisia are no more than a delaying action—an all too successful one—intended to postpone our invasion of Italy and the reopening of the Mediterranean to our shipping. The Germans have always shown the keenest appreciation of the value of keeping the Central Mediterranean closed to us. I saw printed calculations of theirs long before the war, of the millions of tons of shipping of which this would effectively rob us. They know that the freeing of this short route for our shipping to the Middle East, Russia and India would wipe out at a blow many months of their greatest U-boat successes.

Victory in the Central Mediterranean has been postponed by several months. What one begins to wonder is whether delay here, and the diversion of larger forces than we had planned, have held up our plans for the grand offensive of 1943. That this must be across the Channel there can be little doubt. Go over the map as you will, here is the only place where we can bring the main weight of our air power to bear. And we will need all of that air power to hold the bridgeheads which we can surely win by surprise attack, against the armored counter-attacks which the Germans will certainly launch, in the hope of throwing us back into the sea.

The spectacle of the present German lash-back at Kharkov ought to be very sobering as to the difficulties which face our landing. Yet I believe that with our air and sea power, and our present equipment, we can do it. It will be very different from Dieppe. The paratroops which we were saving then will be used by the thousand, and glider-borne and air-transported troops will quickly follow them by the many thousand, with anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, to hold the landward approaches to the chosen harbor.

Then our medium and heavy bombers will flatten the water-front houses and blot out the German pill-boxes (if possible sparing the docks), as was not done at all at Dieppe. Dive-bombers will almost certainly be available to support the troop landing, together with the smoke-screens and fighter support used at Dieppe. Tanks will probably be landed on the flanks, instead of squarely in front of the most heavily defended section. And—a vitally important part of the operation—our dive-bombers, fighter-bombers, and other tank-busting and troop-strafing aircraft will seek to prevent the Germans from counter-attacking effectively from the rear.

This is the way I visualize our Channel landing. There is nothing in the picture which is not self-evident from various battles already fought. It is the extent of our equipment superiority and the quality of our generalship which will decide our chances of success. Of the morale of our troops there need be no question.

Are we ready? Our leaders must have seen the present opportunity even before the Casablanca Conference. Both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt have declared since then that our plans have been expedited to the utmost. With that we shall have to rest content.

For them, the "glorious" road of invasion is ended. Weary, dejected, these German prisoners are typical of the thousands captured by the Russians in recent fighting around the Vyazma area from which the Reds were this week moving on Smolensk.

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WORLD OF SPORT

The Eyes and Mouth of Texas

BY KIMBALL McILROY

IN TEXAS the wind blows. It blows so hard sometimes that a considerable pressure is set up on the eardrums. For this reason Texans have long since developed the habit of keeping their mouths open to equalize the pressure, the way in Kansas they open all the windows when there's a tornado coming. Well, when you open a mouth words come out. This is inevitable and has always been true, especially in Texas.

Very recently there was a big blow and the president of the Texas Baseball League opened his mouth and words came out which said very much as follows, that all the baseball leagues should follow the lead of the Texas circuit and suspend operations for the duration on patriotic grounds or face the charge of ignoring the war to protect their investments.

Now there is a hell of a lot of truth in these words and everyone, especially everyone in sport, knows it. So it follows that it is a remarkably silly thing for a ball magnate to come right out in the open and say, even if his league has put the turnstile away in mothballs until happier days. Naturally the Texan was spat upon from a dizzy height. The president of the Southern Association came back and asked if it was a great wrong to protect one's investments in baseball or any other business. That was foolish, because there are millions of soldiers and sailors and such-like around whose investments are in very bad shape indeed.

There is much to be said on both sides of the wartime sports question, and most of it has been said over and over again, ad nauseam and for all practical purposes ad astra. Those who are for it base their claims on the proposition that sport bolsters morale. There is some question as to whose morale: the guy who is getting fifteen grand for the season or the guy who pays a buck and a half to watch him or even the league president who receives large bundles of moo without having to play a minute for it. Presumably the fan is meant, and there is no doubt that sports are great for morale. The only catch is that this applies to amateur and junior sport as well as to the big time.

Those who are against have ammunition of somewhat more substantial calibre. They claim that ball clubs and hockey clubs and others take up a lot of Pullman space when they travel, that the fans use up rubber and gasoline flocking to the big games, and that anyway there are better occupations for grown men these days than propelling small white spheres or small black discs.

The whole thing really doesn't matter an awful lot. Time will supply the solution to a lot of problems. And there's always the possibility that the clubs will begin to lose money, in which case professional sport will cease abruptly to be so good for civilian morale.

ONE will get you ten that a considerably larger number of Americans have heard of Private Johnny Greco than ever heard of the Toronto Maple Leafs (hockey or baseball varieties). And that same ten will get you a hundred that up to a month ago practically no Canadians at all had heard of Greco, and that even today his name will be unfamiliar to most. It is a failing peculiar to Canadians that they will raise a great hullabaloo about a visiting star in any line of endeavor whatsoever, while giving the cold shoulder to a talented local of a good deal more ability.

Johnny Greco is a lightweight. A week or so ago in Madison Square Gardens, he hung a tidy pasting on one Cleo Shans. As a direct result of this he finds himself a leading contender for the lightweight title. If his army duties permit, he may some day be the champ.

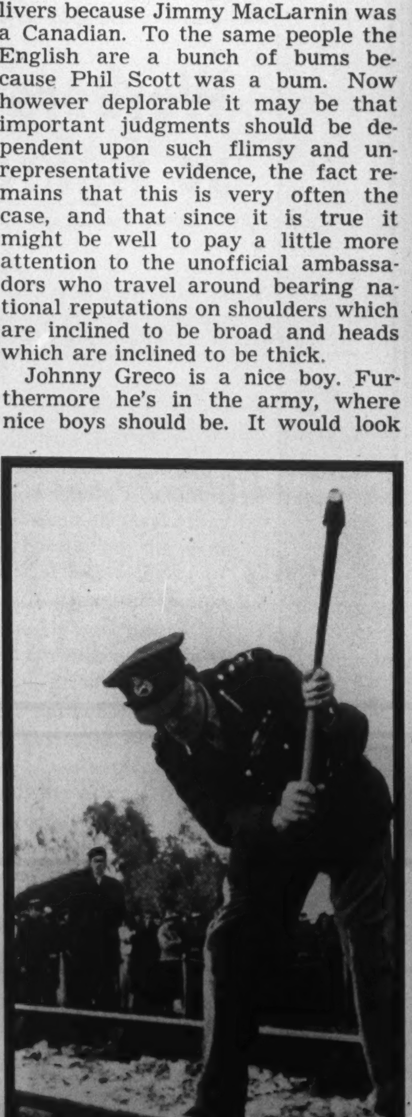
To a lot of Americans who couldn't tell you whether Ottawa is a city, a province, or an Indian game, Canadians are good fighters and clean livers because Jimmy MacLarnin was a Canadian. To the same people the English are a bunch of bums because Phil Scott was a bum. Now however deplorable it may be that important judgments should be dependent upon such flimsy and unrepresentative evidence, the fact remains that this is very often the case, and that since it is true it might be well to pay a little more attention to the unofficial ambassadors who travel around bearing national reputations on shoulders which are inclined to be broad and heads which are inclined to be thick.

Johnny Greco is a nice boy. Furthermore he's in the army, where nice boys should be. It would look better if people started paying him a little more attention up here. It would look especially good if Johnny were to win himself the title, because the minute he does that everybody will jump on the bandwagon and it would be very embarrassing to have to ask the name of the driver.

THE business of rating a hockey player by the number of goals he scores or assists he makes is very much like rating a politician by the number of speeches he makes. There may be something in it but the basis is not sound. The best way of running up an impressive point record for a hockey season is, as any player knows, not to get yourself all tired out by backchecking. This may even look good to the fans, but it looks terrible to the coach and even worse to the other players on the team.

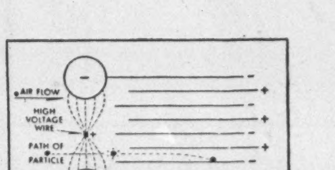
Very often the man whose name leads all the rest on the scoring records is the best there is and very often he isn't. The same thing holds true in other sports. You can't judge a halfback entirely by the number of touchdowns he scores nor a ball player by his home runs.

THE fellows who write these witty little paragraphs for the papers missed a honey the other day, when a boxer with the improbable name of Lou Transparenti got knocked out in the sixth round by another pugilist with the equally improbable name of Willie Pep. Even this column could make something out of that.



Important supply factor in allied Tunisian operations is the Beyrut-Tripoli Railway. Officially opened recently, the honor of driving the last spike went to Britain's C-in-C in the Middle East, General Harold Alexander, shown with upraised maul.

Where a speck of dust *could hide a Nazi airdrome*



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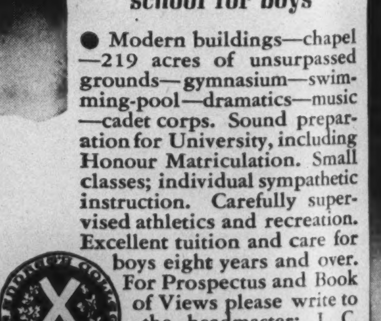

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Give the Bond-Buyer a "Hedge"

BY B. K. SANDWELL

HAS Mr. Ilsley, I wonder, given consideration to a device which might have a very important psychological effect on the sale of his government securities?

One of the most important deterrents to the purchase of bonds, governmental or otherwise, in these peculiar times is the apprehension that it may not be possible to prevent something fairly substantial in the way of a rise in prices at the end of the war—a rise which, for the purposes of the common man who wants money only in order to exchange it for commodities, is "inflation" whether the economists call it and the politicians admit it to be that or not. Mr. Ilsley himself admits that it is difficult to prevent such a rise.

Now why should not the government give the purchaser of a certain class of bonds—the purchaser who buys this particular class of bonds because he wants what they carry with them—a sort of "hedge" on this chance of a price rise, by guaranteeing him the right, within a certain period after the close of the war, to purchase a certain standard article of household equipment, or motor vehicle, or furniture, or building materials, or perhaps even a certain amount of railway transportation, at the price at which these are now obtainable or at which they sold when they last were obtainable?

THIS option need not, indeed could not, be attached to all government bonds just in virtue of their being government bonds. It should be attached to only a limited class of them, and since those who would be interested in them would in most cases attach relatively small importance to the rate of interest this class could bear a lower rate.

It will be argued that the government would run the risk of losing some money if prices actually rose and it became impossible to procure the article for the stipulated price. But the answer to that is that it would lose only an insignificant fraction of the profit which it would make by the rise in prices. Inflation is a priceless boon to debtors, and the government is immensely the greatest debtor in the country. Let us suppose that it has to raise a service charge of half a billion dollars yearly on the national debt; it is vastly easier to raise that amount from a national production valued at twenty billions because of a rise in prices, than from the same national production valued at ten billions because prices have stayed low.

IF PRICES stay low the government has to pay to the holders of the national bonds the equivalent of a certain quantity of wheat, of automobiles, or refrigerators, of transportation. If prices rise, the government has to pay these same holders only three-quarters, or two-thirds or one-half, of that quantity of wheat and automobiles and so forth. By undertaking to pay a small portion of the debt in wheat or automobiles or what have you, it merely undertakes to distribute to these particular bondholders a small portion of its profits arising from this writing down of its debts. If the debts are never written down—as we hope they will not be—it loses nothing; if they are written down, it loses only a part of what it gains.

No private enterpriser would dare to take this risk. No private enterpriser would enter today into a contract to deliver automobiles or refrigerators not yet made, to people who do not yet want them, at a price based on today's cost levels. But the government can dare. That is because no private enterpriser stands to make an automatic profit on inflation as the government does; and the private enterpriser who by means of some speculative transaction does arrange to make a profit on inflation has no interest in sharing that profit with anybody else. It is nothing to him whether John Smith saves his money now in order to buy a refrigerator at the end of the war, or spends it now on four-dollar ties and seven-dollar whiskey. But to the government it is all-important.

Note that the bond must be redeemable in cash as well as in refrigerators. If refrigerators actually go *down* after the war, the bondholder will have to have the right to redeem his bond in cash and buy his refrigerator at the lower price and have some cash left over. But that is a contingency so wildly improbable that I do not think Mr. Ilsley need worry about it in the least; and anyhow it is only the same thing as will happen to all the bonds that Mr. Ilsley has issued. They will all have to be redeemed in money that represents more wheat and more automobiles and more refrigerators than when they were bought. That, as a matter of fact, is exactly what happened when, through an excessive and unreasoning devotion to the gold standard, Great Britain and Canada went back on gold in 1925, only to find in 1929 that the process was ruinous—that gold, and therefore the pound and the dollar if they remained pegged to gold, had become too valuable because of the small amount of it that was available for the settlement of international obligations. It will not, I predict, happen again.

Suppose that Mr. Ilsley issued a hundred million dollars of these bonds at one per cent interest, redeemable at any time during the first two years after the end of the war in dollars or in standard motor-cars or refrigerators or wheat or what have you at the option of the holder. (I am not suggesting that each individual hundred-dollar bond should carry an option on *all* these commodities at the same time; the purchaser, I think, should give some indication of at least the general kind of goods that he proposes to invest in.) There would be one hundred million dollars of purchasing power which would infallibly be put to work within that period, if the goods in question showed a price rise of even so little as three per cent—and one hundred millions of purchasing power which would be withheld from being exercised until the war is at an end. These are exactly the two things that Mr. Ilsley wants to have happen to our purchasing power; he wants it turned over to the government now, when the need is for munitions, and he wants it spent on civilian goods then, when the need for munitions comes to an end.

I am not at all sure that the government need enter into the business at all, except to sign its name to a contract guaranteeing John Smith, the purchaser, the right to purchase a 1945 standard motor-car at the 1941 price for approximately the same grade of car. If John Smith pays cash for the full amount of this contract, it can be handed over to him right away. If he wants to pay in instalments, it can be left with the bank and John Smith can open a special account for it, which should be non-withdrawable; failure to pay in the instalments on time would cancel the contract but would at the same time leave him free to withdraw what he had paid in. I wish I could feel sure that the motor-car producers could "sell" their future output before its pattern has even been designed, and could thus pin John Smith down to a preference for this or that make; for that would immensely increase the selling power at the disposal of my scheme. But I fear that the post-war motor-car is too much in the future, and that it will be difficult to get anybody to say *now* that he prefers the F-rd of 1945 to the Ch-vr-l-t of 1945, to the extent of backing his fancy with a definite contract in 1943.

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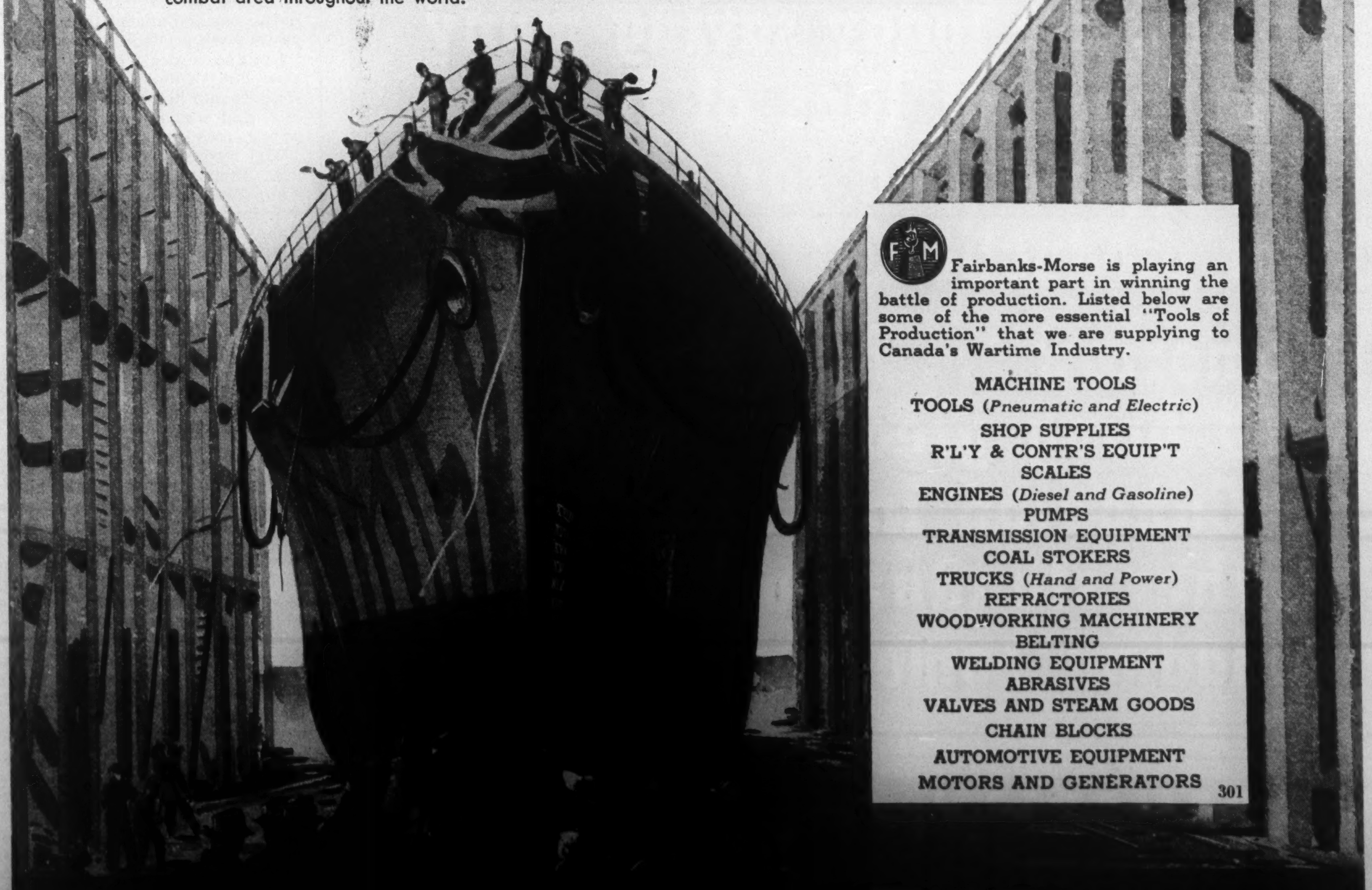

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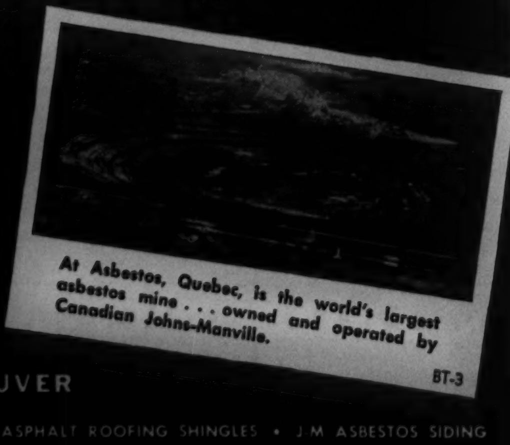

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Optimism for Wartime: Good News! A New Party!

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"The old-time Canadian parties, gentlemen, have had their day. What we need is new life, new energy and, above all, if I may say so, a new Working of the Spirit."—From any soapbox, Halifax to Vancouver.

* * *

IT IS a great pleasure—indeed it gives me a thrill—to be able to announce to the public through the kindly medium of this journal that at last the New Party has come! The hope, the promise, contained in such words as those above is fulfilled. The thing is here. I saw its inception. I was present at it myself no later than last night. All that is now needed is to keep it incepted. . . .

* * *

Now, please, don't ask me for details, for names and places and all that; everything will appear in the full publicity of the newspapers.

* * *

It came about this way. I'm not in politics but I have many friends who are,—some on one side, some on the other, some on both . . . . naturally I hear of the new movements. So when Hoggitt called on the phone to me to come down and join him at the Piccadilly I knew that the big stuff was on.

I found him there at a table and he began to talk, right away and with the greatest enthusiasm, about the new Party. You know Hoggitt. He's all right. He's got a sort of fierce way of talking, but he's all right. He's a big dark fellow and he always seems to be threatening but he isn't,—that is he *is* in a way, but he's all right. Anyway I'd no sooner sat down than he was talking full speed of the Party,—with a sort of inspiration.

"It's the real thing," he said, "it's based on human sympathy and equality,—where's that damn waiter?—We're aiming at what the old parties never had,— social cohesion,—I'd like to fire that fellow,—and the right of every man to a voice. . . . Gimme that check and don't talk back to me. . . ."

He was still muttering at the waiter when we left. . . .

"We'll drive along to the meeting," he said.

But of course we couldn't get a taxi; we waited,—say, we must have waited four minutes; anyway Hoggitt said "Oh come along. There's no use waiting for a taxi; these taxi fellers just go beyond all limits . . . and *money!* What they're making now! I don't know what they get, but, by gosh, a mighty comfortable living, I'll say! It's a scandal."

SO WE walked. In any case it was only four blocks and I was glad because it gave Hoggitt a chance to explain to me all about the new party. I must say it sounded fine,—no more of that miserable intrigue and crookedness of the old parties . . . things done in the dark . . . no more leaning on the "interests" for money; just straight honesty. Hoggitt said that when we got to the hall he'd introduce me to the chairman, but not to pay too much attention to him as they were going to ease him out. Of course he doesn't know it. They'll keep him while they still need him. Hoggitt said he's not sufficiently genial,—that was it,—or, no, I've got it wrong,—*too* genial.

The meeting was in a pretty big hall. There must have been well over a hundred, most of them smoking and standing round. They looked all right, too. I've been to a good many political meetings but I couldn't see anything wrong with them. Some of them looked mighty decent fellers, you know,—educated,—not like what you'd imagine at all. It seemed a kind of free and easy crowd. The chairman was just going to the platform so I only had time to shake hands with him, a middle aged looking man, quite well dressed,—in fact I couldn't see a thing wrong with him.

Anyway he got up to talk, but they didn't listen much; they went on talking in groups round the room. Hoggitt said that's the way they do; they find they can get through more business if they don't listen. Hoggitt says that's the curse of Ottawa,—one of them; he named quite a few.

The chairman was talking about the name of the party. He said, "Gentlemen, you'll be glad to know we've succeeded in getting a name for our party. You remember last week our difficulty over the proposal to christen the party the Forward Party. . ."

There was noise and applause which Hoggitt explained to me was because some of the members,—people of fine old U.E. Loyalist families who'd never moved since they came—thought that the Backward Party would be better, a finer ideal.

"We tried," the chairman went on, "both the name Forward Party and the name Backward Party, and, as you recall, the name Backwards-and-Forwards Party. We wanted something that would mean progressive and yet mean conservative . . . but we couldn't get it. . . . We left, as you will remember, a committee sitting on it and they sat, at the Piccadilly, all that night but failed to find it. I'm glad to say that there has since come in the brilliant suggestion of a member,—I won't name him,—but you all know him, who gives us the title *The Non-Party Party. . .*"

Great applause . . . and cries . . . "Carried! carried!"

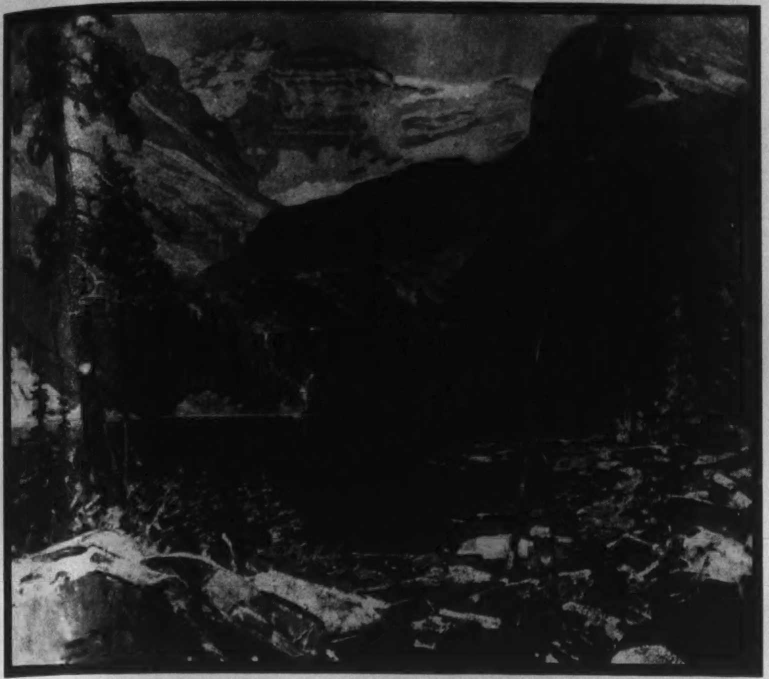
Hoggitt explained to me on the side that the name came from Prof. Woodstick, professor of Greek, who's in the party. In fact some of them call him the "brains of the party." Hoggitt thinks they'll probably have to drop him. People don't like the idea of brains running a party. Look at Ottawa,—at the successful parties. . . Still I'll say in favor of Professor Woodstick, he doesn't *look* educated. . .

THE chairman came and sat with us, while a man,—I didn't catch his name,—was talking on what shall we do to get the farmer's vote. It seems he's a member of the platform committee (subsection farming), but Mr. Mills the chairman says they'll probably have to shift him off. He looks too countrified. Anyway nobody listened much. He was talking mostly about his own little place out near Knowlton,—no, I've got that wrong,—out past Knowlton;—he said he wouldn't call it exactly a farm, but we could call it a farm if we liked, so I called it a farm.—It appears he grows a lot of stuff on it, more lettuce, for instance, than his wife can eat, in fact, nearly enough for the horse. . . . Well, you know what farm talk is at political meetings; he asked how many had seen the new type of dry silo? They hadn't. . . .

But what he got to at length was the committee platform to catch the farm interest. I saw right away it was certainly good,—"to give to all farmers a proper aggregate share of their own produce." That's the very thing to attract farmers. Some one wanted to insert the word "just", make it read a "just share". But it was explained that the Liberals gave them that. They've had that since 1896.

There was a lot of unanimity and good feeling over that but on the other hand a lot of difficulty over the question of labor. The man who got up to talk (I didn't catch his name, something like Fitkin, or Delbosse,—a name like that)—anyway, he said he was a lawyer and couldn't pretend to speak of labor but he said he had the deepest sympathy for labor but all the same it was hard even for a lawyer to get a formula to satisfy labor. A lot of the labor men now, he explained, are mighty well educated and it's hard to put anything past them; difficult to find words for a platform that they wouldn't see through. He'd made, he said, a conscientious attempt at some honest direct statement but everything seemed to have the same fault of giving away

Canadians who've had to shiver this winter because of inability to get fuel are familiar with the explanation, "Lots of coal, but not enough men to deliver it." In Britain, the problem is solved by womanpower, as above: Mrs. F. Pittock, of Essex, at her wartime job of helping the local coal company with deliveries.



"Lake O'Hara", by Carl Rungius. Typical of the work of the prominent American landscape and animal painter, this colorful production of a lake familiar to visitors at Banff in the Rockies is now in possession of the National Gallery at Ottawa. Described by Director H. O. McCurry of the National Gallery as one of Mr. Rungius' best works, "Lake O'Hara" previously held a place of distinction in the Biltmore Galleries of Los Angeles. A member of the Trail Riders and Sky Line Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, the artist has a summer home in Banff near the lake that inspired this and other Canadian landscapes and nature studies.

its meaning. He had had with him on the committee, he said, the Reverend Canon Sip. . . .

There was applause at that, because everybody knows the Canon, and he was sitting right there anyway. Hoggitt explained that they had tried to keep him away but they failed; Hoggitt says it's all right to talk of popularity but the Canon makes a bad impression,—too damn simple and friendly, Hoggitt said. "It won't go over with the plain people. . ."

. . . Well, he'd had with him, the lawyer said, Canon Sip and their friend Mr. Vault who as they all knew was a bank manager, or rather an ex-bank manager, whom we were all glad to see back again with us, but with all that the three of them could do, it was hard to find any adequate words that wouldn't right away show what was meant. It was no use, he said, to advocate a "just reward" for labor. That might be all right for farmers, probably too much, but labor would see through it right away. But he was glad to say that Canon Sip has suggested a labor platform that he believed would carry the country. "We propose to give to labor everywhere an entire freedom from work."

There was a lot of applause, and I must say I realized the party had hit it this time,—here you had all the old slogans, "freedom to work" and "freedom of work" subsumed—that was the word the speaker used—into one lucid thought.

IT WAS a great hit for the Canon—no wonder he's popular. You see he's not a bit like what you'd expect from a religious man,—he's always cheerful, takes a drink any time, in fact he was quite tight at Peggy Sherar's wedding the other day,—smokes a cigar, indeed as some one said at the meeting, he just seems the ideal of an early Christian, you know, the kind they used to burn at Rome. All the same, some of them are a little afraid of it. They say if people get the idea that a party stands for religion, it's all over with it. So Mills and Hoggitt both talk of easing Canon Sip out of the party. They would, except that having him may help to bring in the liquor interest. It seems you can't possibly hope to get anything out of the liquor interest unless you have with you some sort of showing of clergymen and professors. Lawyers don't help much for that.

Mentioning that reminds me of the main thing of the evening, the really crucial stuff, when they all sat and listened,—the discussion of ways and means, how to get money to carry on.

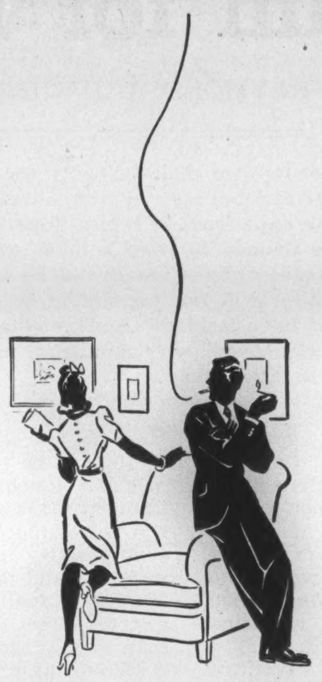
The chairman of the interim finance committee read a report which he prefaced with a repetition of last week's general resolution in favor of fair and open means of raising funds, without secrecy or subservience to monied interest. He said the committee had been at work. But he said, gentlemen, before you can get to fair and open means you've got to do a good lot of spade work underground in the dark. The committee, he said, had been hard at this. The time, he said, was not ripe to say what they had been doing. But they had not been idle. They had approached already three of our largest banks for financial support, with gratifying results. The first had invited them to come back in a month; the second, to come back in three months; the third had invited them never to come back. This, on the whole, was gratifying. They had got in touch with several manufacturing interests; one of the members of this committee knew personally very well the head of one of these interests,—or rather, knew a lot about him,—and had already obtained in this way his pledge to give as much as he has to.

They had done their best in the direction of both the liquor interests and the churches. But as members present would realize, it is very hard to attract the interest of these unless you get them together. They go, as we all know, hand in hand. Any large, really large, contribution from a liquor source will bring the clergy round us at once.

Meanwhile any members who would care before they passed out to leave a small party donation would find Mr. Sibley the treasurer at the table here. He added that Mr. Sibley had ink and a blank cheque book. But it was too bad. A lot of them were moving out already and I don't think they heard about Mr. Sibley having the cheque book.

I WAS driven home after the meeting by one of the younger members who had a car,—a college boy, keen as anything on politics, enthusiastic and, I could see by his talk, straight as a string. He said he thought there were too many older men in the thing; he was trying to engineer an inside group of young men to get them out. That was queer, wasn't it? Because Hoggitt had told me they'd have to get rid of a lot of the younger men. . . .

Anyway, there's no doubt what the party means.



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Program for Labor Majority in a City Council

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

During the next year or two we shall probably see a considerable increase in the number of labor men in city councils. It is of interest therefore to study the experience of Prince Rupert, B.C., which is the only sizable city in Canada to have a labor majority in the city council. From personal observation it can be seen that the main problem of labor unity with the population as a whole including businessmen has not been tackled. And yet there is no reason in Prince Rupert (and elsewhere) why municipal unity for municipal progress should not be established.

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C. is an interesting exception in Canadian political municipal life. Here at the last election the Civic Labor Federation placed six of the eight councilmen into office. The mayor and the other two councilmen are representatives of the Ratepayers Association. Since the labor vote in municipal elections throughout the country is becoming more and more significant and there is a likelihood that labor majorities will become better known during the next year or two it is interesting to review the Prince Rupert situation.

The town is booming. Instead of the former 6,000-7,000 people there are now 22,000. Building continues without a stop and a great industry has been developed employing thousands of workers. And yet the increase in population, the vastly increased turnover of funds and growing deposits in the banks have neither become reflected in greater prosperity of the town itself nor even of its businessmen.

How is that, you will ask.

Prince Rupert's problem is (and it is reflected in many communities) that thousands of newcomers are in the nature of being transients. They live in town, but they pay no taxes in town. They purchase their clothes and even furniture outside the town. They send their money home. They could, would like to, purchase more in the town itself but due to wartime restrictions Prince Rupert merchants are limited to a proportion of goods sold during the previous year so that with the best will they can only supply a minute portion of the existing demand.

The city itself, anomalous though it seems, has been hard hit by the influx of newcomers. The tax rolls are very low. Increased taxation receipts are the rule but only bring in a small amount of money. Total business taxes are less than $20,000!

And yet the city is called upon to supply water to new and numerous essential and most important installations. Canalization is a constant worry. Street repair is more needed than ever due to the passage of heavy machines associated with the new industries in the city. Always pressed in the struggle against the muskeg which underlies most of the city, Prince Rupert is almost throwing up its hands today when the number of streets is increasing and when heavy traffic drives whole pavements farther into the mucky soil below.

The Mayor, a youngish and capable haberdashery merchant, does not know where to turn in his quest for a solution for the pressing problems. His job is all the more difficult because his council is the first Prince Rupert has had in 10 years. During that period of time it was under provincial tutelage for having forfeited payments on its bonds.

What kind of problems face the council at its meetings? When I was in Prince Rupert the council was heatedly discussing the case of the City vs. Construction Companies and Government for having occupied the city's sole recreation ground. The result has been that Prince Rupert children and adults have left no place at all in which to play games—hockey, baseball, football, tennis. This is all the more grave because the town has only one motion picture theatre and few other recreation facilities.

Will Industries Continue?

But underlying everything was the one cardinal question: Will the city survive after the war? Will its industries continue? Will it continue at a steady pace of growth or will it return to the sleepy existence of the past decades?

I talked to many leading citizens in Prince Rupert—a banker, businessmen, newspaper editors (the two of them who also do most of the work in setting, writing and selling the papers) and labor men—officials of unions which are the strongest single united force in the community.

I was interested in the City Council set-up.

"What does the labor majority in the Council do?" I asked.

The impression I received from the replies was that it did not quite know what to do in view of the new and great problems. But strangely there was evident the spirit of division—"we" the labor men, "they" the ratepayers association men.

We talked about this for a long time. It was clear that in Prince Rupert the labor leaders had not as yet grasped the fact that as representatives of a wide body of citizenry that elected them it was up to the labor majority in the Council to ally itself with the ratepayers' representatives in fighting for municipal improvement. What does this mean in the case of Prince Rupert?

It means pressing upon the Government to allot more funds to the city to compensate for services given (water, lands, canalization, police). It means arranging some form of compensation for taxes which cannot be collected from official installations. It means arguing with the various organs of government to get more machinery for the water and canalization system. It means, above all, a constant struggle to plan for the future—that the city shall live and advance.

The problems to be dealt with by the council must even include the fight for another motion picture theatre, for playgrounds, etc., etc.

It is clear that these problems affect all citizens. Homeowners and businessmen are interested in keeping down their taxes as much as possible by getting funds from other sources — government, for example. But the workers, too, are interested in increasing the town's income by obtaining funds from other than the few businessmen who are heavily overloaded now.

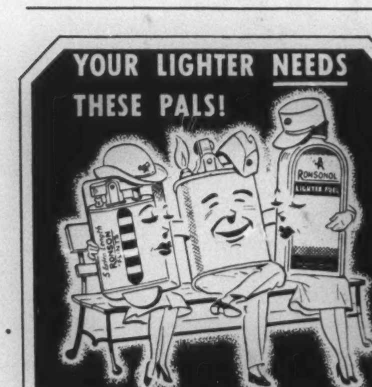
Affect All Citizens

And the future of the city interests the restaurant and haberdashery owners as much as the workers.

So there is every reason for complete municipal unity in the town.

In fact, now that labor representatives form the majority in the Council they should set an example of loyal work for the improvement of everyone's community life — businessmen's, workers', soldiers'.

The Civic Labor Federation is made up of union men, (both A.F. of L. and C.I.O.), C.C.F. members, members of the Communist-Labor Total War Committee. In itself it is an example of praiseworthy unity. Now the Federation should set an example of community leadership by working not *against* or even apart from, but *with* the ratepayers' association to improve the city.



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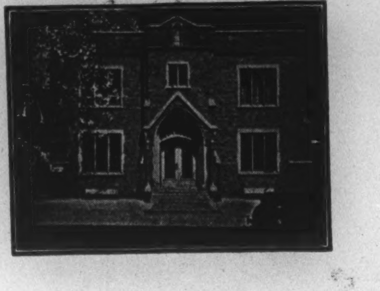

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LONDON LETTER

Reforms in the Foreign Office

BY P. O'D.

EVER since the days when the practically unrestricted rule of kings gave way to the rule of aristocratic oligarchies—what might be called the era of "Great Power" internationalism—diplomacy has been one of the impressive mysteries. All those suave, handsome gentlemen, all that gold lace, all that dignified ceremonial—and what else? Not very much, one suspects, in the case of most of them. Men of perception and force here and there, but otherwise merely ornamental figures playing an elaborate game in a state apartment, while just outside their windows vast tides of international destiny and development swept by almost unobserved.

British diplomacy has been as open to this reproach as any other. Plenty of distinguished gentlemen, with charming manners and a complete knowledge of diplomatic procedure, but only a few who really knew what was going on in the countries to which they were accredited. Most of them were apparently too busy watching other diplomats to be able to watch anything else.

The war, which has changed so much, is now changing even this. Far-reaching reforms are to take effect in all three services of the Foreign Office, the administrative, the diplomatic, and the commercial and consular. Perhaps the greatest reform of all is that these three services are to be combined, and so far as possible exchanges of personnel are to be made betwee them.

In this way shrewd and hard-working men in the consular service—of whom there have always fortunately been many—will be given the larger opportunities they deserve. And in the same way the merely decorative young men of good family and social connections, who have been going into diplomacy because there was little to do and a very pleasant time to be had, will be kept back where they belong—or more probably won't get in at all. People in the foreign service will be really expected to serve.

All these and other reforms—entrance examinations open to all, vocational training at the expense of the state in economic and commercial affairs as well as in languages and history, the abolition of the present Foreign Office Selection Board—all this is outlined in the White Paper presented by Mr. Eden.

The proposals have been welcomed on every side, except perhaps in those very select clubs and drawing-rooms where diplomats get together. These will probably have a good deal to say about "shirt-sleeve diplomacy". But nobody else is likely to share their forebodings. Most people feel that it is high time our diplomats took off their coats and did some real work.

Originals of "The Card"

Many years ago Arnold Bennett wrote a novel called "The Card"—published in America, if I remember, as "Denry the Audacious". It was not first-vintage Bennett, but good stuff as a humorous study of life in the Midlands. Its central figure, a successful business man, was a good deal of a bounder and more than a little of a rogue, but with a vitality and resourcefulness that made him an attractive companion — at any rate, between the covers of a book.

The other day at Shepperton near London there was a boating accident on the Thames, in which a man named Harold Hales was drowned. He had formerly been M.P. for Hanley, which is, of course, one of Bennett's "Five Towns" in the Pottery district.

As a young man Hales is said to have formed three ambitions — to save £10,000, to represent his native town at Westminster, and to give a trophy to the country holding the Atlantic speed record. He achieved them all. But one wonders a little if it was also his ambition to be known as the original of "The Card", for he certainly achieved that, too. In fact, he was so described in his obituary notices. It may even be true.

To me the interesting thing about all this is that, in my rather limited acquaintance with business men from the Midlands, I have met two who each confided to me that he had sat for the portrait of the audacious Denry. They had both known Bennett as a young man. One of them had been to school with him.

There was nothing particularly card-like about either of them, but each was quite convinced that Bennett had had him in mind when he wrote the book. I was very much surprised, but probably not nearly so surprised as Bennett would have been, if he had been told.

It must be that in the Midlands Denry is regarded as rather an admirable character, tough and humorous and resourceful, and never to be taken in by anything or anybody, the Midland idea of a go-getter. No doubt there are thousands like him, and perhaps even more thousands who fancy they are like him—and that Bennett must have had his eye on them when he drew Denry. Human vanity takes some queer forms. But it is, none the less, the sort of compliment that should warm a novelist's heart.

Meals at School

One of the amazing educational developments of the past few years has very little to do with education—except indirectly. But it has a lot to do with the health of the children of these islands; and that is the provision of a midday meal at schools.

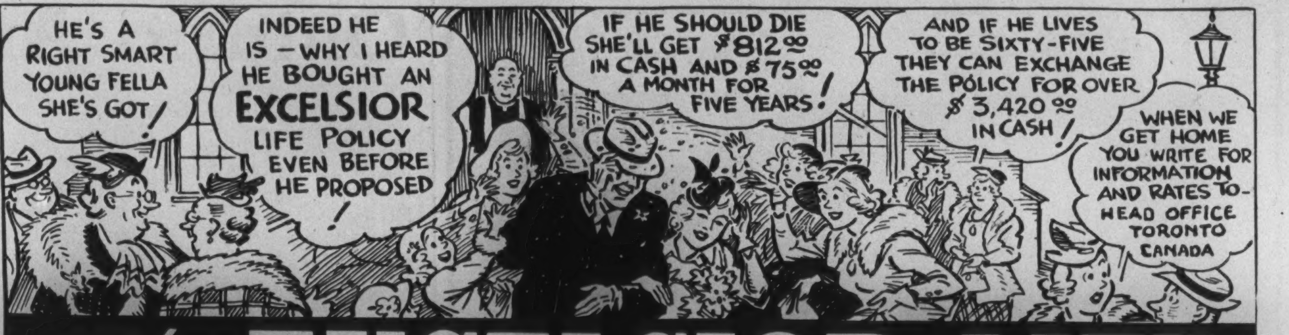
It began here and there in a small way as a bit of local enterprise or philanthropy, largely with voluntary workers, until now more than 850,000 children get a hot meal at school in the middle of the day, and plans are said to be under way for the feeding of another 400,000. It is, in fact, intended to make it a permanent feature of the educational system.

The needs of war-time have naturally had a lot to do with this remarkable and beneficent development—all those evacuated children throughout the country, all those mothers on war-work—but the midday meal at school had become a recognized institution before the war. What the war did was to give a new and powerful impetus to the movement, and to force local authorities to take action, which might otherwise have been on a much smaller scale or much longer delayed. Now there can be no question of going back.

The Board of Education is doing a great deal to encourage local authorities to set up school-kitchens, but one of the great difficulties just now is the finding of the necessary equipment—even cutlery and crockery, for instance. Another is the matter of staff. Good cooks are not easily come by. They were never too plentiful at any time in this land of indifferent cooking, and now they are in greater demand than ever, and so more difficult than ever to find. There aren't even enough bad cooks to go around.

In one way and another these various difficulties are being overcome, as is always the way when so much good will is being put into the work. Every week more and more children are fed at school, and thus are sure of getting at least one good, plentiful, hot meal in the day.

Some of them get it for nothing. Others pay a trifling sum, two or three pennies. The decision is left to the local authorities. But, whether they pay or whether they don't, the burden on the community is very light, and no one grumbles. It is realized that this is an investment in future well-being, which will in years to come pay handsome returns.



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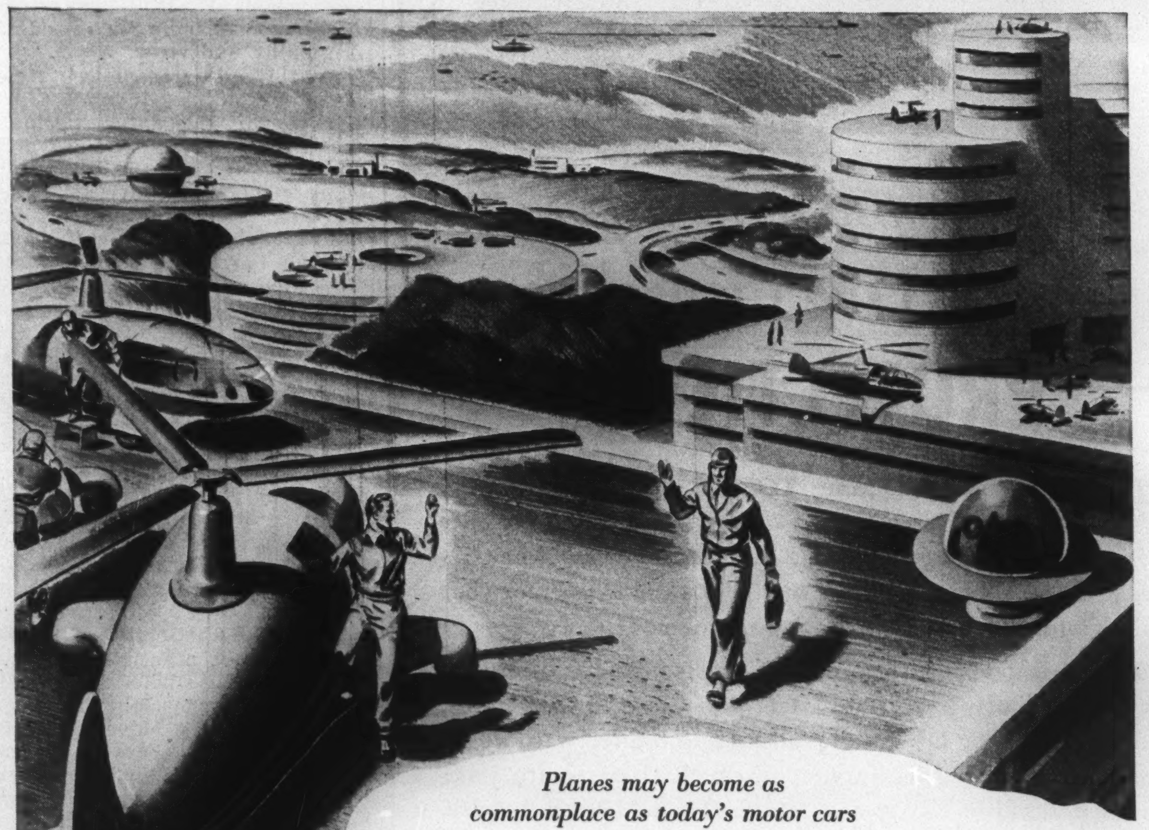

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1-43

Ontario Artists Paint War Effort

(*Continued from Page 2*)

tic, with its dashing destroyer breasting a huge foaming wave—an epitome of speed and combativeness. His crayon-wash study of "Two Fairmile Officers off Watch" delights by its quiet tones and rhythmic pattern. Then Frederick B. Taylor has produced some notable figure-studies of steelworkers, among them *Drillers, Teamwork,* in which two figures, clad in blue and brown overalls, are drilling in the armored steel nose-casting for a Valentine tank at the C.P.R.'s Angus Shops. Caven Atkins' *Arc-Welders by Night* presents a simple yet rich pattern of human shoulders hunched over, and outlined against, a hidden blowtorch. Sydney T. Watson has found an original theme for his *Midnight Shift,* a procession of autos driving down a winding road to a distant factory; the yellow lights, ghostly car-bodies, and indigo night make an arresting combination of color. Another night-piece worth examination in the exhibition—not a war picture, however—is W. R. Beny's *Summer Lightning,* a painting of considerable originality and vigor.

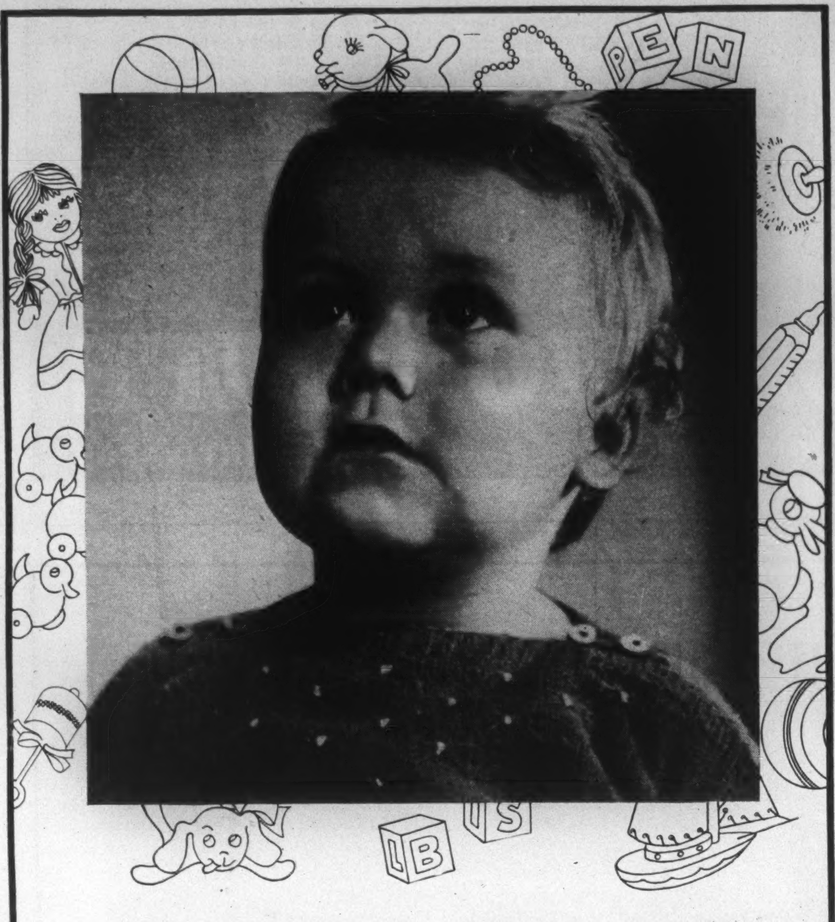
Fred Haines tries a new style in his simply-outlined *War Worker No. 1,* a woman engaged in sewing for the troops; touches of light orange and blue against the predominant white of her dress give his figure a startling, almost severe, brilliance. Russia finds a place in the exhibition, in Paraskeva Clark's *Twenty-fifty Anniversary of the Heroic Red Army,* a city-hall celebration visualized with a touch of humor, from behind the broad back of a speaker flanked by two enthusiastic Canadian soldiers. Among the war landscapes, I admired the "snowy" feeling of A. J. Casson's *Heavy Going in Camp Borden,* and the clarity and dignity of Mark Carmichael's *War Village, International Nickel at Willisville,* depicting a circle of half-finished frame buildings crouched at the foot of massive purple and blue mountains.

In the non-war section of the exhibition, do not miss two expressive and contrasting studies of an old salvage man, one by John Alfsen, the other by Stanley Moyer. There is also the J. W. L. Forster prize-winning picture, *Sunday School Picnic,* by W. A. Winter—a satirical study of humanity on holiday cutting short grace after an alfresco meal, to mob a distant game of baseball. A word, too, is due in praise of the coloring of H. McClain's solitary *Flower Study,* with its three papered bunches grouped against a background of green and blue curtains.

Upstairs in the Toronto Art Gallery, the "Under Twenties" have a room to themselves. Here is much more experimentation than among their elders below—also a striving after effect, considerable cleverness, and some impertinence, as is expectable and reasonable in youth. I commend Bruno Bobak's well-balanced *Sketch of Scarboro Bluffs* and William Roberts' careful Chinatown interior *Twenty-two A.*

JOHN HALL'S portraits and sketches at 4 Hayden Street, are worth visiting. His style of portrait painting is *à la Rouault*—with heavy outlines, strong coloring, elimination of petty detail, and exaggeration of typical characteristics. The result is always arresting, if not always pleasing. His landscape sketches are chiefly from the Peel County area of Ontario. Mr. Hall likes this hilly country, with its unexpected ridges and hollows. Working chiefly with a palette knife, he is successful in making his colors convey atmosphere, mood and weather to a remarkable degree.

CAVEN ATKINS is showing, at Eaton's Art Gallery, a collection of his most recent landscapes and still lifes, in watercolors. Many of his subjects are trees, painted singly or in groups, as part of a landscape of undulating farmland. Mr. Atkins likes to paint his trees either in winter, when their outlines are spiky and harsh, or in very early spring, when the buds are swelling, and imparting a touch of softness to the branches. In both cases the vertical tree-stems, with the horizontal contours of the land, provide him with a basic pattern, of a geometric kind, for his picture. Not that there is anything formal or abstract about these landscapes. The pattern is always pleasing and invigorating, never obtrusive. Each tree, or group of trees, is treated as a nucleus of color, separated from its neighbor by a broad wash of faint color. This gives emphasis to the main features of the landscape, and imparts a touch of brilliance, without taking away the romantic or idyllic quality. These landscapes are vivid, decorative, clear-cut. The most ambitious painting in the collection is *Around Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, U.S.A.,* which has unusual depth and opacity for a water-color of such size. In *Spring Landscape, Ancaster,* the artist has employed a skilful association of subtle and delightful spring colorings—light brown and fresh green. In *Victorian Survival* he gives us a characteristic red brick Ontario farmhouse, in its setting of heavy green shrubbery.



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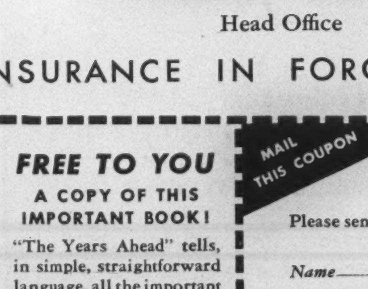

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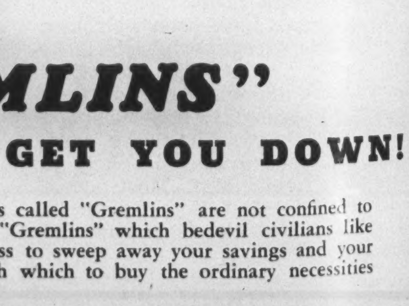
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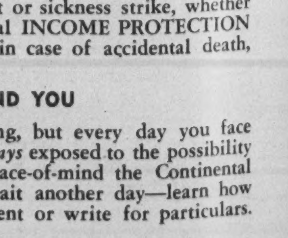

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THEATRE

Great Ballet

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

I HAVE seen practically all the more important performances of "Russian" ballet which have been given in Canada since the first visit of the Pavlova-Mordkin troupe before the First World War. With the exception of those Pavlova performances, none have given me so great a thrill as those of the organization of Mons. Hurok entitled "The Ballet Theatre," which was seen here last season and is again with us this week at the Royal Alexandra. Writing early in the week, I have as yet been able to see only one of this season's novelties, the highly interesting "Pillar of Fire" to Schoenberg music; but in both Monday's and Tuesday's performances it seemed to me that the company was even more technically perfect, more imaginatively handled, and more keen and disciplined than it was last year. The company is now so well supplied with accomplished "leads" that the absence of Baronova, while regrettable, did not seriously impair the ability of the performers to do justice to a large range of both classic and mimetic ballet.

The notable quality of this organization as compared with most of its predecessors is its all-round completeness. Money has been spent upon more things than the dancing—and ballet needs more things than dancing. The orchestra is excellent, a pleasure to listen to even if one were blind, but an exquisite pleasure when so dexterously correlated with the movement on the stage. The *décor*, both scenery and costumes, is rich, imaginative and perfectly tuned to the character of the action. Finally, the use of the chorus to constitute a lovely stage background for the dancing of the principals has never, to my mind, been more perfect since the Pavlova days than it is in the "Sylphides" and the "Swan Lake" of this company.

I AM not trying to suggest that the Ballet Theatre has a Pavlova. The brilliance of the group of principals whom it does possess is that of supreme technical dexterity rather than that of poetic genius; one is fascinated by their cleverness rather than reverent towards their evocative power. (And yet even as I write this I am conscious that I may be doing less than justice to today's dancers. I was a good deal younger when I saw Pavlova, and the Russian ballet came to us then as an utterly novel art form, and with the advantages of a tremendous and worldwide acclaim. Comparisons ranging over thirty years are very risky.) Let us say merely that Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin are as great dancers as any we are likely to have on our stage in these days, and that Karen Conrad and Rosella Hightower are not far short of them. In the more purely mimetic line Lucia Chase and Nora Kaye are very clever artists. And their talents are all blended together by masterly direction in which the influence of Michel Fokine is clearly enough discernible.

Monday night's performance had a special quality. It was a benefit night for the Western Hospital, and it attracted what was for wartime a very large and brilliant audience, including the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Matthews. The Royal Alexandra Theatre was made for that kind of audience and for that kind of show on the stage; and it seemed to me that the performers and the conductors—Dorati and Zlatin—realized it and enjoyed it. The whole house constituted a picture of a kind which has become more and more rare in these latter days of drabness and informality.

"Balletomanes" are no doubt a very worthy class of people, but an audience almost wholly made up of them has never seemed to me the proper audience for ballet, which is a highly artificial form of entertainment developed primarily for the delight of courts and other circles where the vogue is for formal manners and some degree of what Veblen used to call "conspicuous waste." In the same way I suspect that grand opera with nobody in the house but grand opera fans would not be quite grand opera. The "official summer residence" of the Ballet Theatre, I learn from the program, is the Palacio de Bellas Artes, Mexico. The Mexicans are a democratic people enough, but they have the Spanish sense of public dignity, and I will wager that the brilliance of the audience at the Palacio materially helps the effect of the performances.

"Princess Aurora," to my mind the greatest in spectacle of all the Hurok offerings, will be repeated on Saturday evening, along with "Pillar of Fire," and the third item will be "Helen of Troy." On Saturday afternoon the charming "Peter and the Wolf" will be on the bill along with "Petrouchka" and "Bluebeard." Fourteen different ballets of wide range are in the week's repertoire.

F. L. C. Bond, Vice-president and Gen. Manager, Central Region, Canadian National Railways, confers with R. S. Lambert, art critic of Saturday Night, Ron White, secretary of the Writers, Artists and Broadcasters War Council, John Collingwood Reade, broadcaster, and Raymond Arthur Davies, writer, on the war murals project for Toronto Union Station. This is to be a co-operative project, on which twenty to thirty artists can work in relays. It is to occupy four large panels and each panel is to deal with a different branch of war service—air, army, navy, auxiliary. Seven leading art societies are joining in the work. The idea originated in a suggestion made in "Saturday Night" last November, by our art critic.

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Fugitive Mayor of Narvik

THE MOUNTAINS WAIT, by Theodore Broch, illustrated by Rockwell Kent. (Oxford, $3.75.)

A RADICAL law-student at the University of Oslo determined, on graduation, to start practice in a small town. He went to Narvik in the far north and found a moderate success and so warm a favor among the people that he was elected Mayor at the age of thirty. Four years later, on April 9, 1940, the Germans came and the placid and happy life of Norway vanished with the explosion of the first shell.

During the occupation the Germans tried to "use" the Mayor but with no success. All his old ideals of peace-at-any-price were no longer valid. Resistance, passive, when the active sort was impossible, was his new imperative, as it was of all his neighbors. The plundering of the town and countryside by buying with worthless reichsmarks made a confusion beyond straightening.

Then came the British and the Free French, when ten German destroyers were smashed and the Germans had to withdraw. But the rescue force was inadequate to meet the German reinforcements pouring northward and had to evacuate. Narvik was destroyed by air bombs and artillery and the Mayor was arrested and booked for the firing-squad. But he escaped with his wife and little daughter into the northern fastnesses and he, alone, took a mountain path into Sweden. Thence by way of Moscow and Vladivostok he came to Los Angeles and Washington.

He found among the Norwegian folk of the northwestern States something of the atmosphere of Norway before the invasion; the feeling that such insanities as had been reported from Poland couldn't be real. These quiet, peace-loving people could not see the necessity of the United States going to war. But then came the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the change in their outlook was instantaneous. Meanwhile Mr. Broch had visited the Norwegian air-training camp in Toronto and found here a patriotic spirit beyond price.

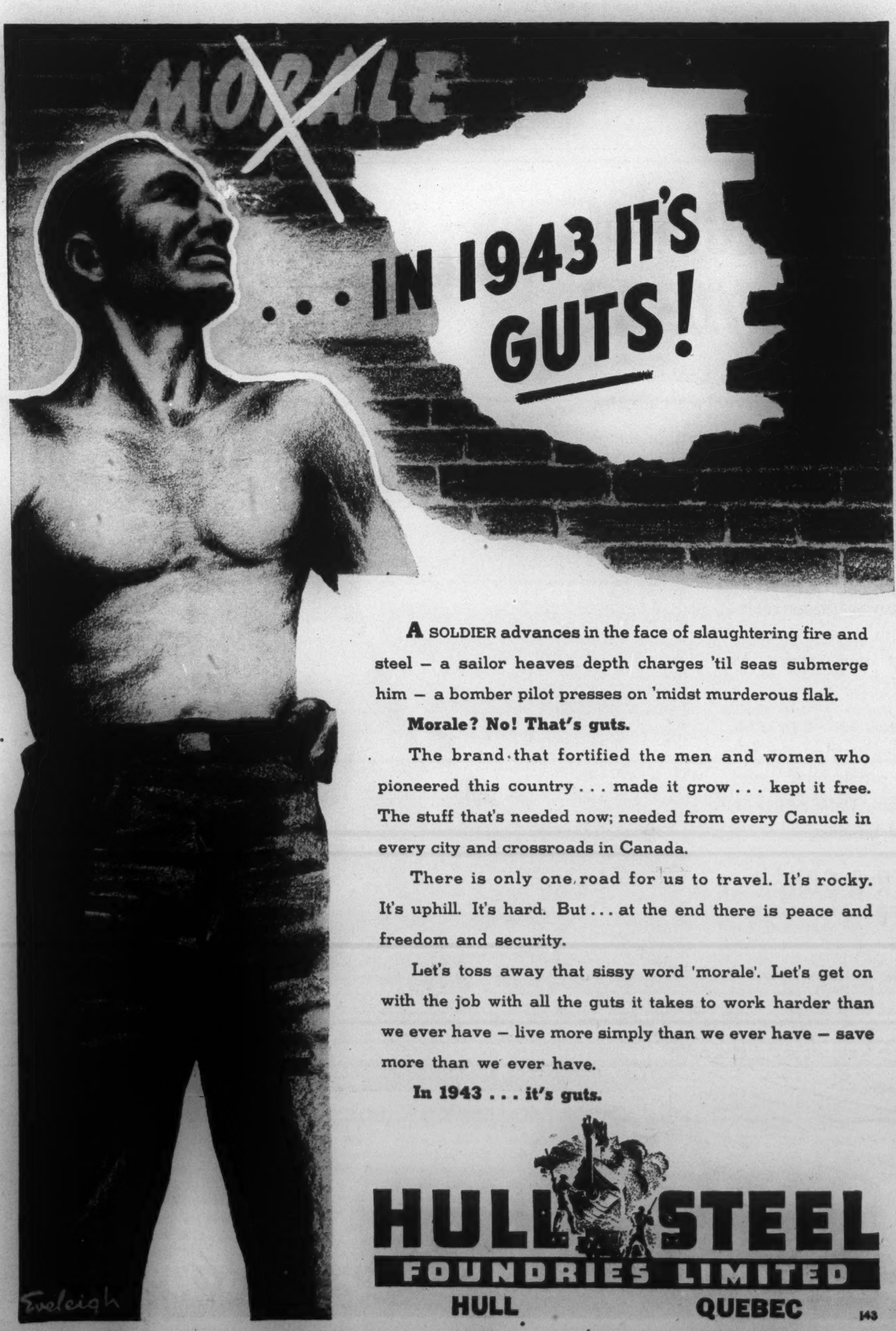
As a story of adventure the book is fascinating. But as an example of distinguished feeling and writing it is better still. Rockwell Kent's noble woodcuts are on a level with the literary quality of the text.

CANADIAN COSSACKS, by William Paluk. (Ukrainian *Review*, Winnipeg. n.p.)

A SERIES of essays and brief tales tending to reveal the "atmosphere" surrounding this group of New Canadians, with special attention to their interest in choral singing and folk-dancing.

LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY, by H. Allen Smith (McClelland & Stewart, $2.75.)

PEOPLE interested in the kind of anecdotage heard in Room 801 after midnight during the International Convention of Coal Shovel Manufacturers will enjoy these essays.



A SOLDIER advances in the face of slaughtering fire and steel – a sailor heaves depth charges 'til seas submerge him – a bomber pilot presses on 'midst murderous flak.

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Let's toss away that sissy word 'morale'. Let's get on with the job with all the guts it takes to work harder than we ever have – live more simply than we ever have – save more than we ever have.

In 1943 . . . it's guts.

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A Great Russian Novel

THE FALL OF PARIS, by Ilya Ehrenburg. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

POLITICS, played by men bankrupt in character and in intelligence, destroyed France. The fact has been stated and proved again and again, by newspaper correspondents, British and American, and by indignant Frenchmen now living as refugees in Allied countries. The author of this novel, a Russian, long resident in Paris, tells the story once again with a power that no one else has approached.

He follows the course of an ambitious lawyer, Deputy Paul Tessa, who dickers with this group and then with that, who supports the Popular Front in public but assures the "Rightists" in private that it is the only means of dishing the Communists, and who is continually purchasable by Big Business. In brief he's a rat without either the finesse or the courage of that lowly but clever animal. In private life he is a sentimentalist slushy with his love for an ailing wife but maintaining a mistress.

His son is a wastrel partly redeemed by his contempt for his father. His daughter joins the Communists and finds her happiness with a young comrade who has fought in Spain. She is a girl in love with truth and honor, freedom and courtesy and the smell of her father and his associates to her is a sewer-reek.

For the French fascists and their imitators in civilian and army life the author has similar contempt. The measure of his scorn is infinite. His record of the infatuated ignorance of the general officers after the Germans came surging through Holland and Belgium—and he names names—is next to incredible.

Meanwhile he is creating a whole galaxy of unforgettable characters; Desser, the weary capitalist, buying politicians at wholesale rates, Jolioy the journalist, corrupt as a maggotty meat-bone, Andre, the artist, Pierre the southern Frenchman with the *Marseillaise* in his blood, his wife Agnes, loyal and realistic, Clémence, whose son is killed in a sit-down strike, and Jeanette the promiscuous, but despairing, actress. Unhappily some of the Communist characters are too lacking in faults to be convincing.

The writing is clean and powerful, although its abundance of detail makes it leisurely and tries the patience of the reader. Nevertheless it is a notable novel and deserved the Stalin prize of 1942.

While Ryersons are handling the book in Canada, the original publisher of the English version is Hutchinson & Co. of London. Scarcity of paper makes the type too small and unfortunately it has a mere rivulet of margin in a vast expanse of text. Therefore it is hard reading, but worth the effort.

The Thunders of Irony

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID, a novel by Barry Fleming. (Collins, $2.50.)

IF YOU are really hot under the collar about some public scandal make fun of the people who feel as you do and you may get some action. That's the principle followed by the author of this alluring and merry tale.

Colonel Effingham, retired, comes to live in Fredericksville, a lazy Southern town, owned body and soul by a crooked municipal "machine." The citizens won't even take the trouble to vote. They have no interest in improving their community. Each of them hopes for a personal dip into public funds and shudders at the thought of offending anybody, particularly the barber who is the Party Boss and controls the patronage. The leaders in business, in politics and in the Church are full of greasy platitudes about saving the world for democracy and freedom, but see no reason for saving their own town. The newspapers follow the old-time journalistic motto, "Raise hell with the Czar of Roosia, but go easy on the boys at home."

The story is told by an embarrassed reporter hoping for a whoop in his salary of $2.50 a week — if things go right with the "machine" and advertising improves. The Colonel, who is a distant cousin of his, and therefore, in southern custom, is worthy of respect, undertakes to do a column of Military Comment, and in that column upsets so many apple-carts that every suffering individual in support of the *status quo* sweats day and night picking up apples. Ultimately all the apples get picked up, the Colonel is routed, horse, foot and artillery, and the leaders blather of democracy and freedom to the National Guardsmen going off to active service a half-world away. For all the grace and charm and humor of the writing the book is savage to the last limit and ought to wake people up, for, if you can't govern yourself and your community with honesty and intelligence what price Democracy!

Human Tempest

PARDON AND PEACE, by Hilda Vaughan. (Collins, $2.75.)

BY MARY DALE MUIR

THE scars of war, more deeply felt than physical wounds, bring the hero back, after a lapse of years, in quest of an emotion roused by the touch of a hand and never forgotten. Skilfully the writer picks up the threads from there, weaving her story of human turbulence against the beauty of the Welsh countryside and the calm of the Squire's beloved hills that "also shall bring peace."

Love that defies loveless bonds, desire that recognizes no laws, and sacrifices that warp, all play their part in this tangle of seemingly frustrated lives. Clever novelist that she is, Hilda Vaughan carries her characters beyond this. With sympathetic understanding she leads them through to where they cease to blame others for the havoc they have wrought and last, and most severe ordeal of all, to where they cease to blame even themselves too much.

Emotions as old as the hills of their background are the theme of the book. Its alive, fresh quality, and freedom from morbidity, depend entirely on Miss Vaughan's manipulation of incidents, her sympathetic viewpoint and her skill as a writer. Hers is a hopeful, understanding philosophy of life.

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EUGENE A. FORSEY

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Of War and Peace

BY STEWART C. EASTON

TIME OF PEACE, by Ben Ames Williams. (Thos. Allen. $3.00.)

GRAND CANYON, by V. Sackville West. (Ryersons. $3.00.)

MR. WILLIAMS has been writing for many years, but I have no doubt that this is his chef d'oeuvre. It is not that he has anything especially new or interesting to say, but he has written the history of a period in terms which the ordinary man may understand. The book starts in 1930 with the death of Mark's wife, and ends in 1941 with the departure of his only son Tony to Hawaii in the U.S. Air Force. The story of Mark and his relationship with his son is well told, with a great deal of detail, but would not be enough in itself to hold the attention for 748 pages.

But the main theme of the book is the evolution of American opinion from complete isolationism to the certainty that U.S. simply cannot and must not avoid her responsibility for the war and the peace. There are many characters, each representing a different facet of American opinion, but Mr. Williams has interwoven them into the story in a completely satisfying way. This book should be required reading in Canada and Great Britain by everyone who wishes to understand the peculiar nature of the average native-born American, his boyishness, his naiveté, his enthusiasm and his ideals. Mr. Williams himself takes no sides and makes no comments, and the book is in no way propaganda. Yet its total effect is irresistible.

Grand Canyon, on the other hand, starts exactly where *Time of Peace* ends, and deals with the fundamental issues of life and death that are involved in the war. It is assumed for the purposes of the novel that Hitler has conquered Europe, and America has made an uneasy peace with the victor. When the book opens a renewed attack by Japan and Germany is expected. A group of tourists have gathered together in a hotel in Arizona near the most important airfields in the country. The war begins and the tourists make their way down the canyon to a place of security, and here the issues of life and death are discussed profoundly and with poetic insight and fantasy. Though Miss Sackville West has no solution to man's problem how to learn to live with his fellowman, the problem at least is faced and understood with the bleakest clarity. Only at the end does one realize that the tourists have all been killed by blast, and one grows to understand their bodiless detachment. I cannot agree with the publishers' suggestion that the book shows the inevitable end of appeasement. Rather does it point to the responsibility of the individual and his supreme importance, and his own final sole control over life and death.

Going to Dieppe

DRESS REHEARSAL, An Account of the raid at Dieppe, by Quentin Reynolds. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

IN A foreword the author tells what's wrong with this book; that it is cluttered-up with the personal trials and tribulations of the writer, not at Dieppe, but before getting there; that instead of describing the operation in crisp detail and doing the military student a bit of good it wastes space telling how swell a newspaper man is Wallace Reyburn of The Montreal *Standard*. And the book is almost never on the target.

Very well, Quentin. Now you get up from your pile of penitential ashes, take off your sackcloth loin-cloth and get into decent clothes, for you have written a book with the smell of Dieppe on it. No one else has done that. Probably no one else can. Any correspondent walking into the mouth of Hell with an outward calm and an inward terror is entitled to forget rules of construction and literary finesse and tell his story as he likes. He'll be interesting.

Reynolds is a Personality. If he were to write a piece on the multiplication table it would be fascinating, for he is surprised at everything he sees. Having been hard-baked in the ovens of journalism he is immensely surprised to find that all the Romantic ideas are sound. The things that men do for an ideal, their passion of love for a brave man, their self-forgetfulness stir him into exclamatory prose.

So he writes with passion of "Dickie" Mountbatten who used to be an international playboy and now is a Vice Admiral, an honorary Lieutenant-General and an honorary Air Marshal, in command of Combined Operations. He pictures the Right-Honorable the First Lord of the Admiralty Alexander playing the piano all evening at a party. He describes those jaunty naval officers picking their way through a mine-field in calm expectation of having their heads blown off. He tells of the British Professor examining a German radio-finder device with four men as a guard, instructed to kill him if he should be taken prisoner. For the Germans have a drug that releases the sub-conscious mind of a prisoner and compels it to tell the truth; and the Professor knows too much. His capture would be a risk.

A great book, not to be described, but to be read, especially by Canadians whose brothers and sons walked into this Dieppe affair as the paladins they are. "For this was a Canadian operation" with Roberts in command and with Merritt walking calmly over a bridge, with his tin hat in his hand, saying "Here we go!"

Of a Great Old-Timer

SALA, The Portrait of an Eminent Victorian, by Ralph Straus. (Macmillans, $6.00.)

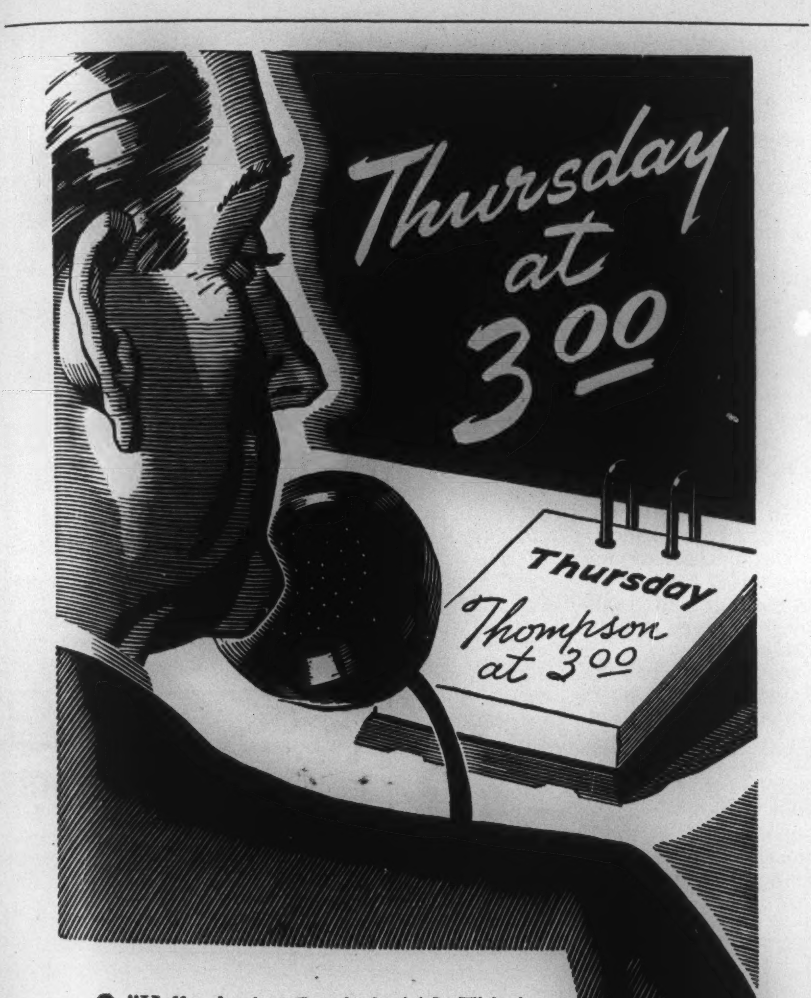
EVERYONE who has read Forster's *Life of Dickens* has marvelled at the writing and publishing tribe in Victorian London. New magazines were appearing every week or so and dying without benefit of clergy. Serial stories would begin and never end. Publishers, by the utmost self-restraint, would refuse to go mad when their feature-authors went on prolonged "benders" and were in no state to complete work for which they had already been paid. Even some publishers, being prisoners of hope, would make still another advance-payment before a line of manuscript was in their hands.

As for the authors, sponsoring beefsteak clubs, burdened with convivialty, quarrelling and making-up, going to bed only semi-occasionally, being "fired" and re-engaged, and at the same time turning out reams of copy—what an incredible lot!

George Augustus Sala was perhaps the most flamboyant of them. A Bohemian from childhood without formal education, but one of the best educated of men; a loud and vulgar person, but a writer of uncommon facility and taste; outwardly an egotist quick to resent even the shadow of an insult, but inwardly shy and self-critical! After much fumbling about he found his trade as a Special Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* and travelled the world about seeing important events and making others see them as vividly as he did.

His recreation was companionship with the writing-set, where his fancy waistcoats and his red cravat made a continuing sensation and where his red and bulbous nose gleamed like a danger-signal. He was one of the founders and the first Honorary Secretary of the Savage Club.

Mr. Straus has done a particularly fine bit of work in bringing G.A.S. out of the shadows into the light of today, and his airy touch is exactly in the right manner, considering the mercurial quality of the subject.



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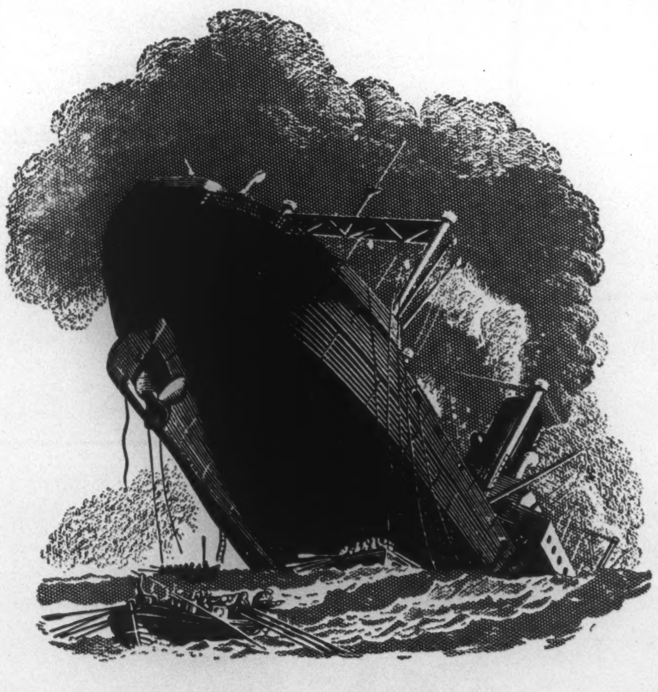

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Elderly World of 1980

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WITH the assistance of the indefatigable magazine, "Fortune," we have been taking a quick look into the future and at the sort of people who will form the population of the United States and, presumably Canada too, in forty years from now. Because the birth rate is declining and low death rates are allowing more and more people to live to old age, it appears that there will be a large shift in the relative size of age groups—in other words, more old people, fewer youngsters. "Any one of the demographers' predictions for the future population would mean not only a decreasing population," says "Fortune," "but an increasingly aging one that would naturally change consumer demands." Let's turn to effect of all this on the frothier side of life as it is today.

Jive music or its counterpart in 1980 or thereabouts, would not be heard except in a few remote spots. Jive doesn't appeal to bones that are not limber as rubber. Classic and semi-classics, or the Carrie Jacobs Bond type of thing, would be heard oftener over records and radio than would Duke Ellington's successor whoever he may be.

Almost vanished from the newsstands would be magazines bearing titles such as "Love Lorn Tales," "Startling Romance," "Oh So True Story," and all the rest . . . and so too would the apparently indestructible Dorothy Dix from the syndicated columns of the newspapers. Love isn't as vitally absorbing a subject after fifty. In all likelihood these magazines will be replaced by "How To Keep Fit At Ninety," "Tales of a Centenarian," "True Reminiscences." Needless to say, they will be printed in large type.

Perhaps by that time the shops will begin to open their eyes to the facts of life, i.e., that not all their patrons are seven feet tall, young and oozing glamor, and will have display mannequins in their windows with a slightly less untouched appearance. Not as attractive to the eye perhaps, but then you have to please the bulk of the customers, don't you? The fashion trend of all clothes for all age groups will probably be on the conservative side—again because fashion goes along with the crowd. Hot-dogs, hamburgers and all such foods that slide unprotestingly down youthful digestive tracts will have their numbers greatly reduced. Checker tournaments will arouse as wide interest as hockey and baseball do today.

The only thing that has helped us bear up under present transportation difficulties was the thought that in our old age we would be accorded the courtesy of a place to sit down by the younger generation. Another hope to file away under the heading "unfulfilled."

Matey

If anyone in the audience believes that the Good Neighbor policy of the United States is confined to trade treaties, mutual assistance pacts and Mr. Hull's State Department, we suggest that she read the accounts of many weddings described in the social pages of her daily newspaper. There it should become plain that the people of Canada and the U.S. are observing the Good Neighbor policy more literally than President Roosevelt or anyone else could have anticipated in their most sanguine moments. Apparently American boys are not content to keep the Policy on a neighborly but impersonal basis, for the number of international marriages—especially between Canadian girls and American men in their country's armed forces—is far from being the rare event it was before the war.

A book that should be worth its packing space to the Canadian bride who is marrying into the American Army is "Army Guide For Women," by Marion M. Dilts. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co., $3.00.) Written primarily for the Women's Auxiliary Corps and for relatives of men in the American forces, its twenty-three chapters range through such diversified subjects as uniforms and insignia, military courtesy and customs, etiquette of the flag, army housekeeping (with meals and recipes) military law, and explains such esoteric matters as the difference between a furlough, a pass and a leave, as well as innumerable other facts of Army life.

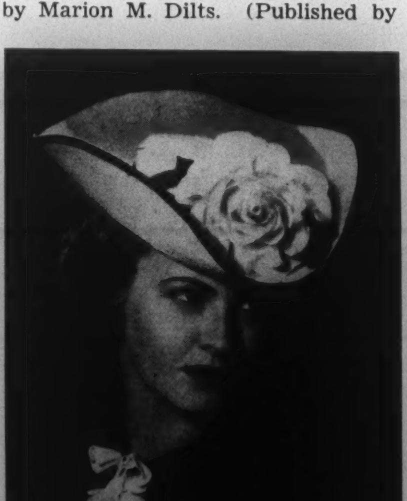
The bride who has secret hopes that her man some day will wear the four silver stars of an American general will find some excellent advice in the chapter entitled "Military Courtesy and Customs of Service," which says—, "Officers are also expected to have 'nice discernment and delicate skill in saying and doing exactly what is expedient or suitable in given circumstances,' and to give at all times the sort of appearance which will inspire respect and confidence. Wives," the author adds meaningly, "can often make very helpful contributions to the fulfilment of these expectations, and will do well to try to meet the same standards as are required of their husbands."

"Army Guide For Women" might well serve as a guide for a book written along similar informative lines with the Canadian Army as its subject.

Eh, Guvnor?

In this country we rapidly are losing any false pride we may have had about parcel-carrying. At least, the purchases are wrapped. In England, though, it's different, as illustrated by the story from the Manchester Guardian.

A dignified Briton was taking home a pair of his wife's shoes which he had gotten from the shoemaker after they had been repaired. No box or paper was, of course, supplied, so he, slightly embarrassed, was carrying them loose. A man opposite him in the bus watched him closely and said as he got out, "Not going to let her gad about—eh, guv'nor?"



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Grand-Parents Are Grand

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

"I'M CONVINCED," said Miss Unmarried, taking off her gloves and sitting down to one of those rare get-togethers of old friends, "there's one class in the community not getting enough credit for their war services."

"Meaning?"

"Grandparents."

Another single woman nodded. "I agree. It's wonderful the way they are building aeroplanes, tanks—"

Miss Unmarried was scornful. "I'm not referring to those who go out to work. I'm thinking of the ones who stay at home and let work find them."

It transpired that chickens coming home to roost have nothing on grandchildren. With mothers and fathers involved with war industry, it has reached the point where grandparents are more precious than their weight in gold.

Miss Unmarried told of meeting Virginia. Virginia is an old friend who hasn't circulated much among her friends since the war. She was married thirty-five years ago so naturally Miss Unmarried was intrigued when she met her wheeling a grey baby carriage. As Miss Unmarried recalls it the inmate of the carriage was unusually plain-looking; straight, black hair. When it looked at Miss Unmarried it wailed.

"Who is it?" asked Miss Unmarried of her friend, Virginia. Virginia took a quick look-see into the pram and reported, "William. You remember my daughter, Sally—her son, William?"

Sweet William

"Oh," said Miss Unmarried. "William—he's quite an infant, isn't he?"

"I think he's one of the better ones," retorted Virginia crazily. "Sally has gone away on a special war job so we've got William."

"Has he a father?" enquired Miss Unmarried.

"In a way—yes," answered Virginia "—but he's in the army. William, I feel, will be our little boy for the duration."

That was the reason Miss Unmarried became perturbed when she met her friend, Virginia, a few weeks later wheeling a black, very different type of baby carriage. She stopped to look under the hood but the baby although unprepossessing was big and blonde.

"Who is it?"asked Miss Unmarried. Her friend, Virginia, again took a quick look-see into the pram and reported, "As sure as I'm alive, it's Elizabeth."

"Does she belong to anyone?"

"At present," explained Virginia "she belongs to me but her parents are my son and his wife. My son is at the war. His wife was lonely. She's taken a war job so we've got Elizabeth."

Both women stared absently at the baby until it started to yowl. Virginia sighed. "I wish I didn't feel too old to take a war job."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Miss Unmarried, "it would be nice for you to have a rest."

Moving Day

Grandmothers aren't the only ones who have had their lives changed by the arrival of their children's children. Someone mentioned Mr. Not-His-Real-Name.

"Of course you know where he is living now, don't you?" one woman queried.

The woman next to her nodded energetically. "In his garage—a nice man, too."

It seems Mr. Not-His-Real-Name loves his grandchildren so much he has moved right out of his house so there'll always be more room for the inevitable influx.

There's nothing so dead right now as the mother-in-law joke. Any young person with a mother-in-law today doesn't laugh about her. She gives thanks and wishes she had two. A very fortunate young woman in the services has exactly that—two mothers-in-law. She is twenty three, has two children—five and three. After her husband gave up an excellent position to enlist she discovered she wouldn't have as much as she thought she'd have to raise her children. She enlisted. Her husband's father had been divorced and re-married so her children commute between two mothers-in-law with her father picking them up for odd frolicksome jaunts between times.

A woman holding one of the biggest war jobs in the country frankly admits she could never have been a career woman if she had not had a strong middle-aged mother and father to bring up her children.

Those who have tried it know a grandmother or grandfather who lives in is a valuable adjunct to any household. He or she is there when parents want to step out.

Some mothers find it impossible to be with their children and suffer accordingly. Some love their children dearly but they are mothers in name only. They do their child-raising by remote control with grandparents on the job.

One day we phoned a friend and asked her to have dinner with us. We were surprised when she said, "Thank you, I'd love to. So nice of you to remember—Imogene will be away."

It didn't make sense. Imogene is not quite three. We floundered, "Imogene—will be—away—?"

"Yes," said her mother briskly. "It's her week-end. She goes Friday. Comes back Monday."

"Oh", we answered, intrigued about Imogene's activities, "where does she go?"

The mother's gay laughter rang over the wires. "Oh, to mother's. Didn't you know?"

"No. As a matter of fact, Imogene has never mentioned her excursions to me. Does she go every week-end?"

The answer came firmly. "Every week-end I can corral mother into having her. It's the only way I have any freedom."

Imogene Weekender

It's true, and Imogene's grandmother is luckier than some because her parents take her half the week too.

Some very young grandparents have outsmarted themselves. Now, without help, they find themselves back to the strenuous days of early married life. However—as everyone knows there's nothing like grandchildren. Good thing, too—yet no one ever hears a grandparent complain.

The thing that makes the situation of child and grandparents so cozy is grandmother and grandfather were too busy to enjoy their own children but have scads of time to revel with their grandchildren.

Then too, there's something very intimate about the relationship of the very young and the very old. They understand each other better than the ages in between.

Grandmothers, grandfathers—here's to you!

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March is the War Fund month.

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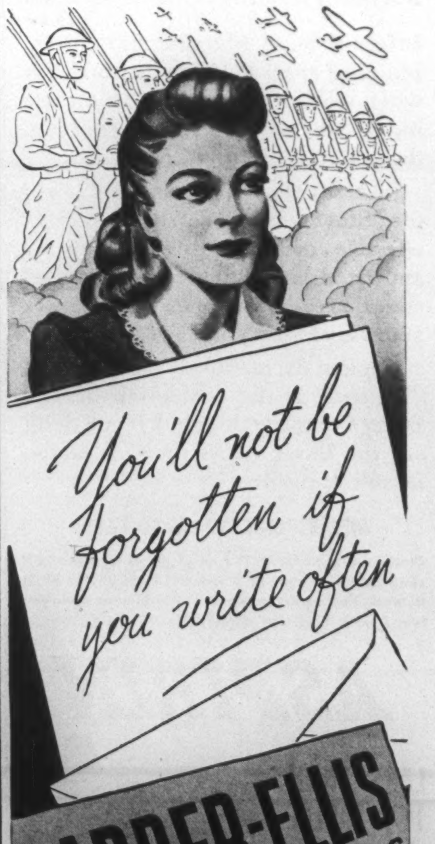
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DEATHS

AMYS—Mary Elizabeth Lipsett, widow of the late Doctor Charles Hewitt Amys of Peterborough and beloved mother of Mrs. Trevox C. Thompson of Montreal, John of Toronto, Roger of Peterborough, L.A.C. Philip of R.A.F. in Texas, and late P.O. Hewitt, at her residence in Peterborough on Thursday, February 25th. Funeral was held from her late residence on Saturday, February 27th, Canon W. P. Robertson officiating. Interment took place at Little Lake Cemetery, Peterborough.

FEMININE OUTLOOK

Thirteen Women of Parliament

BY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE

ABOUT eighty years ago Elizabeth Barret Browning wrote: "How exquisitely absurd it just strikes me would be any measure . . . which should introduce women to Parliament as we understand its functions at present. How essentially a retrograde measure!" Those were the views of one of the most distinguished and courageous women of the nineteenth century.

It is now twenty-one years since the first woman was elected to Parliament — an American citizen by birth, British by marriage. Today there are thirteen. Considered against the historical background of thousands of years of "enforced domesticity"—I call it that for want of a better term—I suppose you might argue that progress has been rapid. Considered from the point of view of the pace of revolutionary tendencies today, it is pretty poor going.

I remember when I first came into the House thirteen years ago, women Members were still regarded as phenomena—not to be encouraged. Now, mercifully, they have lost something of their novelty; but that does not mean the prejudice against women candidates has considerably abated. It has not. It will take years of hard work, and perhaps even a little dynamite, to dislodge that deep-seated prejudice.

To argue about the value of women in public life as an abstract proposition gets us nowhere. We can only judge by the practical work they do. Therefore it might be interesting for a moment to watch the women Members at work inside Britain's House of Commons.

Question Time

First, let us enter the public gallery, and look down upon the Chamber. It is question time—that hour at the beginning of Parliamentary business when ministers, from the most junior under-secretary to the Prime Minister, are subjected to a merciless cross-examination.

On this particular day, Miss Irene Ward, Chairman of the Woman-Power Committee, rises from her seat to ask whether the Secretary of State for War is satisfied with the present tank program. By this it will be seen that the women do not confine themselves to matters merely affecting women. The answer does not satisfy Miss Ward. With characteristic pertinacity she pursues the point. She is member for Wallsend, a shipbuilding and mining constituency on the northeast coast, whose interests she serves with vigilance and a real understanding. She has a direct and fearless approach to problems and ministers, and makes vigorous and distinguished contributions to debates in the House.

Check On Money

Early in the war, Parliament set up a committee of members to keep a check on the vast expenditure of public money now made necessary. Their investigations cover a wide field—Supply, Admiralty, Air Ministry, War Office contracts, Establishments, Transport, Shipping, Coal. The strength of this committee lies in the fact that they have power to summon witnesses to give evidence at their meetings, held in secret, the proceedings of which cannot be divulged even to Ministers, and that they report direct to the House of Commons.

There is general agreement that this committee has made an important contribution and published a number of reports which have been of great assistance to the nation. Miss Ward and Lady Davidson, indefatigable, thorough, clear-minded and capable, are both highly valued members, and give a great deal of their time and abilities to its work.

From another bench rises Miss Rathbone, Independent in politics and in nature; a redoubtable champion of the oppressed and the persecuted, whether they be in Poland, Czechoslovakia, or any other part of the globe. She has a lifetime of public service to her credit, and particularly is she associated with the movement to secure family allowances—a principle which has now been accepted by the three political parties.

Amenities

Opposite to her on the government bench sits Mrs. Cazalet Keir, an excellent organizer, able, efficient, and brimful of vitality. She has recently been serving on the Markham Committee which made an investigation into the amenities of the women's services—a remarkable and distinguished inquiry which has earned the admiration and gratitude of all sections of opinion.

Then there is Dr. Edith Summerskill—a vibrant personality—and irrepressible. A practising physician, she is naturally interested in health questions, the provision of clean milk, the incidence of tuberculosis, maternal and infant mortality. But there is another side to her activities. She has been organizing the Women's Home Defense movement for the training of women in the use of rifles in the event of invasion—a project which at first was strenuously resisted, but which, largely through her efforts, has now been accepted.

On the front bench, sits Miss Florence Horsbrugh, second in command at the Ministry of Health, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson of the Ministry of Home Security—both doing outstanding jobs in the government. Miss Horsbrugh's activities centre on evacuation and health problems, and the provision of war nurseries to accommodate the children of part-time factory workers.

Her Labor colleague, Mrs. Hardie—sister-in-law of Keir Hardie, who shocked the House of Commons forty years ago by entering it in a cap instead of the traditional top hat—is one of the most conscientious Members in the House. She has also a most delightful humor, which adds great zest to her shrewd speeches, and above all does she possess that rare gift of the gods—common sense.

Then there is Mrs. Tate, who represents an agricultural and mining constituency in the West of England. Although a Conservative, she has more than once challenged her party on issues on which she feels strongly. She has recently been throwing all her energies—which are considerable—into a campaign to induce the Government to grant the same compensation to women who are injured in air raids as to men—a campaign which she has conducted with tactical skill and force.

Woman-Power Committee

And last, because she was the last arrival, is Mrs. Wright, American-born, who brings a fresh mind and a new approach to many of the problems which face women in Britain today.

In addition to these individual activities, there is the Woman-Power Committee, of which Miss Ward is chairman, where we all combine with women from outside Parliament representing other points of view, in the consideration of all problems affecting women in every sphere of the national effort. As a body we make representations to ministers and are received in deputation by them—an innovation which has been proved successful and of the utmost value.

There is, over and above this, a consultative committee, appointed by Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labor, to advise him on matters concerned with the registration and call-up of women for the forces, industry, and all forms of national service. On this body of nine, there are three Members, Miss Ward, Dr. Summerskill, and myself.

Miss Wilkinson has had to tackle, in co-operation with her chief, Herbert Morrison, the provision of air raid shelters. She was indeed known for some time as "the shelter queen." Now she is up against another task even more exacting—the organization of the fire services, and the working of the new order which makes fire-watching compulsory for women up to forty-five years of age. She is diminutive, but has dynamics sufficient for twice her size.

Down the floor of the House, radiating vitality and a joyous combativeness, walks Lady Astor, and takes her place in the corner just above the front bench, from which strategic position she snipes at anyone and everyone who comes within range of her wit. She is the senior woman member. She has always been actively concerned with questions in which women are more particularly interested. She is perhaps the most exclusively feminist in outlook of all her colleagues. She is also strenuously opposed to alcohol both as a beverage and as a political force. For the past two years she has been performing her arduous duties as Lady Mayoress of Plymouth—one of the most heavily bombed cities in Britain—and has shared in the hazards and dangers with the same spirit of courage and invincible cheerfulness as her fellow citizens.

Private Secretary

In this country every minister has a parliamentary private secretary who is also a member of the House. They are the liaison officers between their chiefs and members. Mrs. Adamson discharges this function for the minister of pensions. She is one of the few women who has presided over the deliberations of the Labor Party Conference—a post of honor given only to those who have rendered conspicuous service to the movement. She is downright, uncompromising, a good campaigner.

Well, there are my colleagues. I do not think I put it too highly if I say that they are making a valuable contribution in Parliament, doing a good practical job with exceptional ability. I believe that their example will do much to break down that prejudice of which I have spoken. Their service will, I hope, foster a desire in the powers-that-be to give women greater opportunities and a larger share in the vital work of the reconstruction of Britain and the world after the war.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Retirement From Potters' Paradise

BY MARGARET SEATON CORRY

WHEN two members of a family are passing through a "phase" in their lives such as my sister and I went through, it is almost impossible for the other members of the family to have their lives remain unaffected.

Father was a peace-loving man, given to smoking a pipe while quietly reading a book, content in the fact that all was well and his family happy. But the day his shaving-mug disappeared, he was a changed man. Of course, it turned up later, but the dank, mire-like mass that filled it filled him with wrathful indignation. That father grew accustomed to the various irregularities in his daily routine, from then on, is hard to say. He did mellow but I understand that Time does that.

Mother's disturbance was of a slightly different nature. Having built up the reputation of "Czarina of the Sizzling Steak Platter" she, in sundry evenings, saw it suffer an eclipse in the untouched, cooling steak and its succulent juices.

This was many years ago, but I can remember as though it were yesterday the creative spirit that surged through our beings and wafted us into a paradisiacal state. It all started the day we visited an exhibition of Art. There was painting after painting, wall after wall, room after room of storm-swept landscapes, barge-filled seas, sun-baked beaches, the wizened faces of patriarchs and a superfluity of wrappered mahogany trollops bursting through their seams, when suddenly we entered a cosy little recess that was alive with the unharnessed prismatic color of hand-made pottery. The aureate-yellows put us at peace with the world; the magentas awakened unknown desires; the silver-grays irradiated the freshness of early morning; the sapphires aroused romance; the snuff-browns impressed us with their solemnity; the regal purples offered quiet dignity. . . .

Fired With Enthusiasm

We were, soon, potters and in every sense of the word "amateurs". We thrilled to the feel of the dampish clay as it rotated and slipped through our sensitized fingers on the potter's wheel. We sat on our impatient natures at the kiln door and expectantly awaited our first glimpse of a finished piece. We became fortified with books and clay-spattered smocks, with plaster-topped tables and pyrometric cones, with old clay tubs and drippy glaze crocks. We sat for long periods, gazing heavenwards, our minds filled with images of pansy bowls of atmospheric-blue or of lamp bases of ochreous tints, which inspired us to do hours of uninterrupted work. At first, the shapes we had dreamed up remained shapeless in the spinning clay, after a few near-collapses or wiggly plate-effects, but we soon learned to draw a twelve-inch sketch of that mental image on the white-washed wall and to tighten the upper lip.

There were many moments when, after shaping the clay dome and the walls of the pot began to form, we felt a decided challenge to our originality and a beautiful shape magically take form. Perhaps a vase the right height and width for calla lillies. We were then inspired to become as masterly as a French chef and we mixed the strong color glazes with all the dexterity of a mother mixing her infant's arrowroot concoction. By the time the amazing creation was mounted on clay stilts for its final firing and submitted to white heat in the glowing core of the kiln, we found ourselves radiant with the warmth of anticipated success. The confusion of an ill-used basement would fade from view and all so plainly there would be seen the beautiful black of a velvet background and tall, stately calla-lillies pointing high to the soft yellow light shining down on them—they had the stage with their fragrance, but the eyes would wander down their verdant stalks and be held by the soft glimmer of creamy-white, the waxen smoothness of a gentle curve, the sudden straightness of a tiny collar-base. Of course, with a soft thud we always hit earth again and the picture grew dim, but, it was superb!

Off-Stage Noises

The strange power of fascination carried us through all the vicissitudes that are the potter's lot, through all the stages of clay pounding, the throwing, trimming and decorating, through the firing with attendant possibilities of disappointment and anticipation, but always kept the potter's wheel turning.

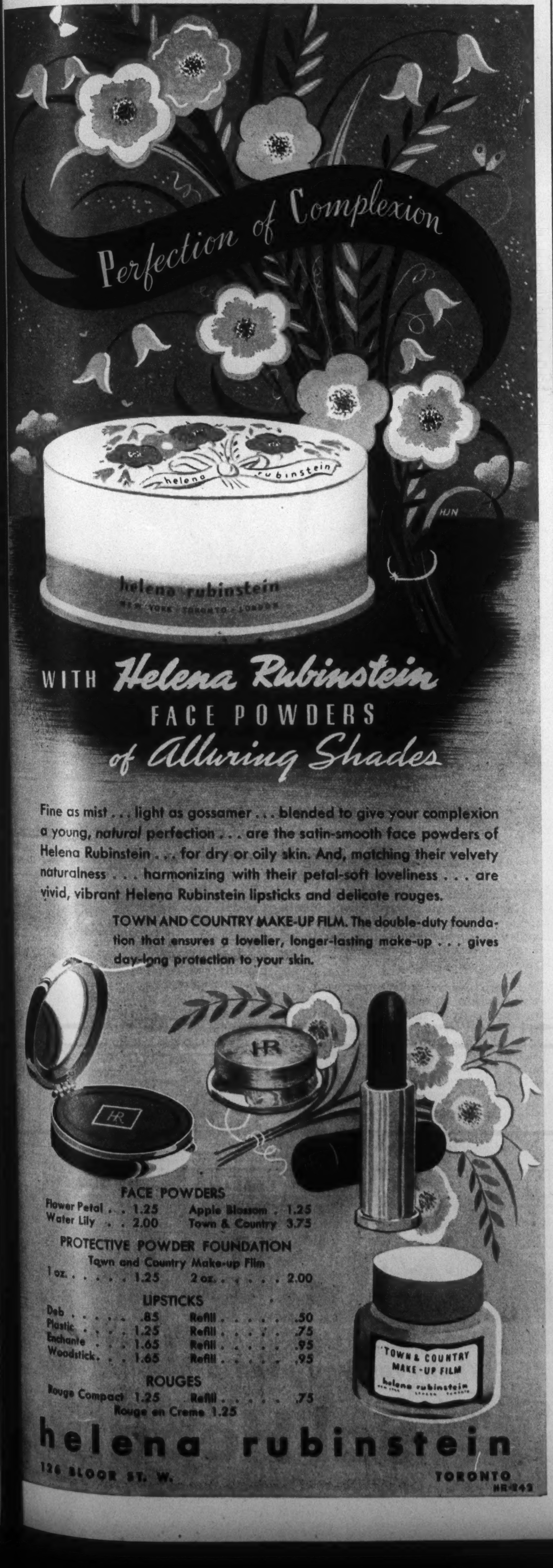
During this time, the family rarely managed to eat its meals collectively. Old pet knives and spoons disappeared studio-wards (which we were wont to call it). Various kitchen dishes vanished but reappeared later showing disturbing signs of maturity which could not have happened with years of constant usage. Terrible churning, grinding noises emanated from that room in the lowest part of the house in the small hours of the morning. Two or three years went by.

By and by, there was a gradual slowing up in the ceramic activities and we settled down to the task of nursing the family back to good humor.

"Museum" Piece

The kiln is now bewhiskered with cobwebs and dust-laden, the smocks swing from their pegs forgotten, but our salad is served from a pottery, not a pewter, bowl. Sometimes, I look up at my "museum" piece on the shelf above my window and I remember how inexperienced I was when it was made. On the vase, of ordinary shape and size, a geometrical design was applied, unskillfully, (an expert would have had the design-printing glaze of the proper thickness to take the fire evenly). When the finished piece emerged from the firing it was a treasure. The underground glaze had fired unevenly, in such a way as to give the impression that an Egyptian tomb had been ransacked and time alone had obliterated pieces of pattern.

There were many mistakes made and lessons learned in that room off in the basement which kept us absorbed so long. Even to this day, when anyone mentions "bisque ware" or "copper oxide" we enthusiastically hold the conversation at that point, semi-conscious of the fact that we are flitting like ephemeral angels over our old enchanted ground.



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Sugar, Tea & Coffee
You now have two Ration Books — your old one and the new one. After March 31st none of the Sugar, or Tea or Coffee coupons in the old book will be honoured. After that date your old Ration Book should be destroyed. Dates when Sugar, Tea and Coffee coupons in No. 2 Book become good are plainly marked on the back of each coupon.

Canning Guide
Every woman should have a Canning Guide. These were delivered to all homes by postmen and if you have not received a copy, get one from the Ration Administration. You cannot properly fill in your "Application for Canning Sugar" without one of these Canning Guides.

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Before you destroy your old book see that the letters and the number shown on the front of the old book are exactly the same as have been written on your new book. If there is any difference in the letters or the figures send both books to the nearest Ration Office at once.

This column will appear in this newspaper every week to keep you up-to-date on Ration News. Clip and keep for reference.

RATION ADMINISTRATION
THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD
1

MUSICAL EVENTS

Alice Nielsen Was Born Too Soon

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

HAD the famous lyric soprano Alice Nielsen, who died recently in her 68th year, been born a quarter of a century later, she would have made a great fortune as a radio and motion picture star. She was very pretty, and her personality, still joyous and girlish when she was past thirty, would have found favor with millions of screen devotees. The timbre of her voice was well suited to sound-track and microphone. She retired at so early an age, compared with most of the celebrated singers of the time, that for veteran playgoers her name still carries an illusion of youth.

Born in Tennessee, she began her career as a concert singer in California, where she was discovered by the pungent old comedian Henry Clay Barnabee, who was joint owner of the opera company called the Bostonians along with the stalwart baritone William H. Macdonald and the famous contralto Jessie Bartlett Davis (for whom "O Promise Me" was composed). It was this organization which gave a start to Reginald de Koven with "Robin Hood" and Victor Herbert (as composer) with "The Serenaders"; and it was in the latter piece that Alice Nielsen made her stage debut.

The pretty novice was destined to have much to do with Victor Herbert's fortunes. She had wealthy backers in California determined to make a star of her. They commissioned Herbert and the prolific librettist Harry B. Smith to make an operetta for her; and the result was "The Fortune Teller", magnificently produced for the first time on any stage at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, in 1901. I well remember that first night because the librettist was sitting in front of me taking notes and Victor Herbert, known locally as a concert 'cellist, was in a box. The successful lyric of the piece was "Little Gipsy Sweetheart", sung by the Canadian basso Eugene Cowles, a leading figure of the Bostonians. It is still constantly heard sung over the radio by singers of all classifications, though originally for bass voice. Every time I hear it, I recall that I was present at its first public rendering.

Later Smith and Herbert wrote "The Singing Girl" for Miss Nielsen. Both pieces were direct imitations of the Viennese school of operetta, and were Herbert's first real successes in the theatre.

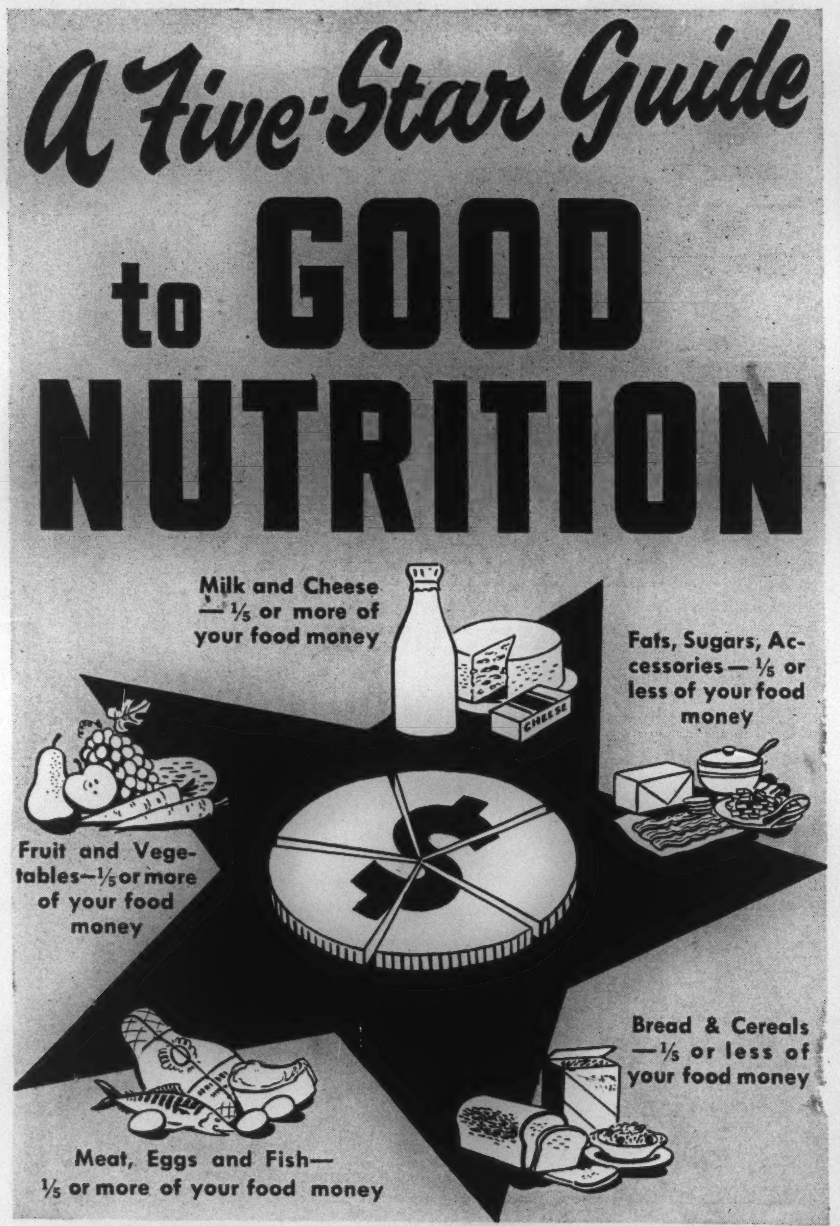
Miss Nielsen's backers were intent that she become a grand opera star and sent her to Rome for study. She made her debut at La Scala, Milan, in 1903 as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto", and was subsequently engaged both at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan. The loveliness and flexibility of her voice made her acceptable also as *Violetta* ("Traviata"), *Zerlina* ("Fra Diavolo"), *Martha* (Lucia) and *Mimi* ("Boheme"), but she never developed an impressive stage personality. Singers with voices less lovely outshone her and she soon reverted to the concert field.

John Barton as "Jeeter Lester" in "Tobacco Road", coming to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, week of March 22.

Her last appearance in Toronto, scene of her debut as a star, was at Massey Hall, many years ago.

Lubka Kolessa's Pianism

The brilliant pianist Lubka Kolessa, now a resident of Toronto, has made two appearances at Conservatory Hall the past fortnight which have roused the enthusiasm of other pianists. The first was a dazzling performance of the swift, flowing piano part of Schubert's famous "Trout" Quintet, in which she had splendid co-operation from the Conservatory Quartet with Sydney Wells, contra-bass, as associate. The second was at a Conservatory Faculty concert in aid of the Myra Hess Fund. Nearly half a score of similar concerts have been given and the musical quality of the programs is always exceptional. Last week Madame Kolessa revived a beautiful transcription of a violin composition by the early 18th century composer, Antonio Vivaldi,—Introduction, Largo and Fugue,—and two works by Mozart. To these numbers she gave a "period" quality by the classic elegance of her style and the firm, light etching of the melodic line. The effortless way in which she evoked powerful effects in the Vivaldi number was especially noteworthy. Seldom has one heard so tasteful and haunting a use of tempo rubato as in her renderings of Chopin waltzes. Her rhythmical genius and command of delicate shadings gave the famous work in A flat an enchanting romantic quality. Obviously Madame Kolessa believes that in playing Chopin waltzes one should aim at enchantment.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2 cups mashed (leftover) potatoes
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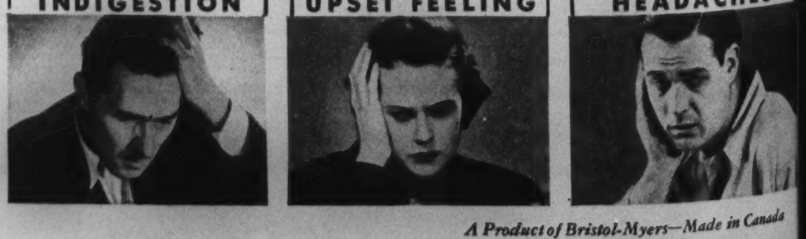

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THE FILM PARADE

Tears, Idle Tears

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MISS A. wept straight through "Random Harvest" and was still sobbing, though less convulsively, when we came out into the lobby. "We'd better get a fried egg sandwich," I said. "That will fix you up."

The sandwich and coffee restored her presently to her old self. "What was the matter with you?" she asked sharply. "You never even cried once."

I said cautiously that there were one or two little points about Mr. Hilton's idyll that I couldn't quite figure out. "For instance, that sequence where Ronald Colman is knocked down by a truck and loses his memory the second time and hasn't anything to identify him. After all, when he was going to see an editor about a job you'd think he'd at least have his clippings with him. He wouldn't have just had a latch-key and nothing else. Everybody carries some sort of identifying data."

Miss A. stared at me a moment in silence. Then she said abruptly, "Let me see your purse."

I handed it to her and she emptied it on the table. It contained one change purse with 48 cents in it, four kleenexes (unused), two street-car tickets, a medium dark lipstick, a used street-car transfer dated March 6, a celluloid button marked "Save Your Fats," and a piece of string.

"Well, what about it?" I said.

"Supposing you were knocked down by a truck," Miss A. said triumphantly, "how could anybody identify you from that collection? How could you identify yourself?"

I said after a moment's thought that I could at least advertise. Ronald Colman hadn't even tried that. Miss A. laughed ironically. "'Lost, one identity, vicinity Loew's Theatre. Valued as keepsake.' That would do a lot of good." She swept everything back into my purse except the piece of string. "Better tie it round your little finger to remind you who you are in case of a truck accident," she said.

"Or he could have applied to the Bureau of Missing Persons," I went on stubbornly. "He'd have found himself there; and right in the top drawer where Mr. Hilton was careful to put him."

Miss A. frowned. "That's just your silly prejudice against the British upper classes," she said.

I shook my head. "I wasn't so sure about Mr. Hilton's lower classes either," I said. "I mean I really didn't believe that a beautiful music-hall entertainer on low salary would adopt a grown-up foundling with a speech impediment, especially when it meant giving up her job. How did she support him? After all it costs money to stay at one of those quaint old English inns even when they allow single room rates for double personalities."

"NATURALLY if you're going to reduce it to a matter of bookkeeping," Miss A. said contemptuously, shaking catsup on her egg. "As it happens 'Random Harvest' is a good deal more than that. It's a beautiful love-idyll and a profound psychological study in subconscious states of being."

"Maybe so," I said. "I guess the psychology was just too deep for me. I certainly couldn't believe that that second girl would ever have given Ronald Colman up just because he got a funny look on his face at his wedding rehearsal. Not when she'd been fixing to marry him from the first minute she laid eyes on him."

"Of course she'd have given him up," Miss A. said impatiently, "because she realized just in time that he had a profound subconscious aversion to marrying her."

I shook my head. "She'd have given him up the way a cat gives up a mouse that has a profound subconscious aversion to being eaten up," I said.

"You make me tired," Miss A. said, but I went on recklessly. "And another thing, why couldn't Greer Garson have explained to him in a perfectly nice way after they'd been married two or three years that she was the same wife he'd had before the truck accident. They'd been married quite a lot by that time."

"Because," Miss A. said, "that would have shattered the subconscious relationship she was trying to restore."

"But it would have saved a lot of people waiting an extra half hour in the lobby," I said and picked up my check. "Or she might even have knocked him on the head with something, just as a kindness. After all there wasn't any misunderstanding between them that couldn't have been straightened out by a good concussion. . . You coming?"

"I am not," Miss A. said. "I'm going to have a piece of pie and a cup of coffee and I'm going to see 'Random Harvest' all over again."

"Well goodbye then," I said, "and don't catch any amnesia. There's a lot of it going round."

"If I do," Miss A. said grimly, "you'll be the first person I make a point of forgetting."

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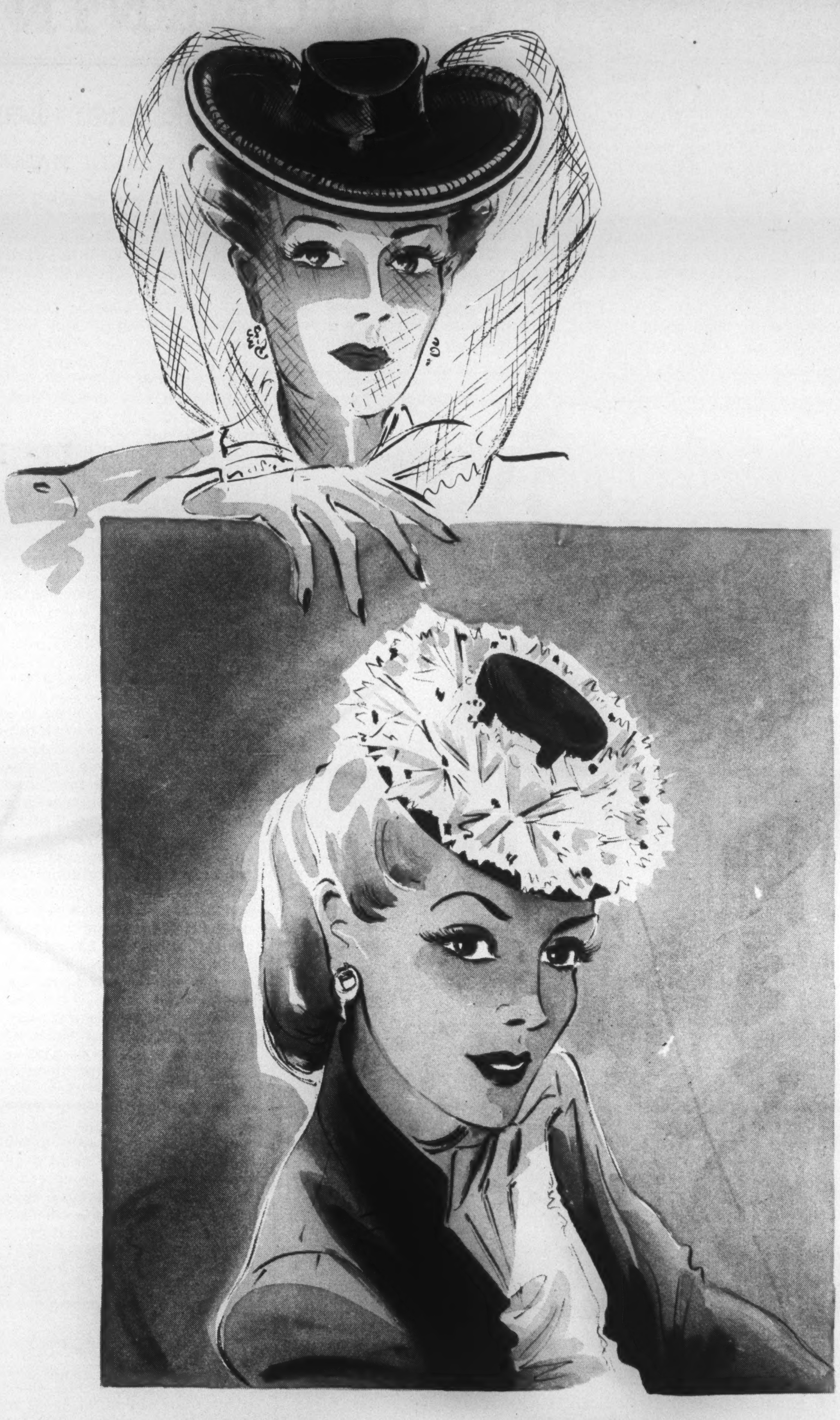

NAVY with WHITE

Nothing quite so spic-and-span as navy with spanking white! It's a becoming and practical fashion that more and more women are adopting these busy, wartime days. If it's your choice for Spring, come to Simpson's for the right hat to accessorize your navy-and-white costume. Here are two—

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THIRD FLOOR

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CONCERNING FOOD

Food's Other Language

BY JANET MARCH

EVERY profession seems to have to have its own vocabulary. It would seem that the English tongue provides an adequate number of words for any emergency, particularly when we hear some of those Madame Chiang Kai-Shek manages to pull out of the dictionary or her amazing mind. Still people persist in taking words and using them in other ways than those provided in the dictionaries. For instance "blow up" usually refers to one's actions with balloons before a children's party, but in the advertising world it means enlarging a photograph or a chart. Social service workers carry "case loads" and when I hear that phrase I always see an old woman walking slowly with bent shoulders struggling with an assortment of suitcases. This picture has no connection with the neat modern record cards concerning the troubles of certain families which the smart social service worker in the jaunty hat will investigate.

The psychologists have a wonderful jargon as difficult to grasp as Pig Latin the first time you heard it. Now the nutritionists are at work on their favorite words. One of their whims is to talk about "massive" amounts of vitamins. As those bothersome vitamins are invisible and as thousands of the little wretches can live in small amounts of the right foods "massive" seems a peculiar description. Personally, I always see a particularly large and high Rocky Mountain in my mind's eye when massive is talked about. Well, if you take massive amounts of the vitamins you may dodge "deficiencies" but you must try as well to get yourself an "optimal" diet.

Here's hoping you are good at arithmetic because you have to figure out your vitamins in International Units, and your calories present quite an addition problem. In fact you can spend quite a bit of time on the problem, and by then it's so late that you just grab a glass of milk and a slice of bread and your diet for that day is definitely not "optimal" but "minimal" which is terrible.

Oranges and Voyages

Seriously though, even if we aren't all clever enough to work out our correct diets to the decimal point, we just have to know a bit about foods these days. One of the things people in England find is that a shortage of vitamin C (oranges, tomato juice, etc.) is likely to give you sore gums. Of course since the early days when sailors got scurvy on long voyages because of the lack of Vitamin C it has been known to be an important necessity. Here we have plenty of oranges available at not too high a price and we should be certain that every member of every family is getting enough.

Vitamin C is ascorbic acid and is to be found in most fruits and vegetables but in widely varying amounts. Raw black currants have the highest C content but they are things which you can't get most of the time, and if you could get them they present a rather gloomy aspect as a breakfast food. Fresh strawberries are fine, and next come oranges and grapefruit. If you have one or the other each day and a serving of potatoes and canned tomatoes you'll be all right. Seventy-five milligrams per day is what the Nutrition Services of the Department of Pensions and National Health tells us we should come by daily.

She Scores

The Department has also got out a score card to show you how you are faring in nutrition. The total number of points is 110. An adult gets 25 points for two cups of milk and some cheese each day, 20 points for a citrus fruit and another fruit, 15 points for three vegetables (with a bonus of 5 if one of them is leafy, yellow or raw), 5 for eating a whole grain cereal, and 10 for four slices of whole wheat bread. This is reduced to 7 if you eat bread made from Canada Approved flour. You can take 10 points for meat with 5 extra if it is liver, kidney or heart, and 5 for an egg. Your butter ration nets you 5 and you get 5 extra if you take cod liver oil.

Well, where do you stand? Ninety-six up is very good, 85-95 is good, 76-85 is fair and lower than that is poor, definitely "minimal". A lot of us think we eat pretty good food but you keep score for a week and just see if you really do get all the right things each day.

To be on the safe side as far as vitamin C is concerned why not try using oranges a bit more. Here are a couple of recipes with oranges in them.

Orange Muffins

2 cups of flour
4 tablespoons of sugar
¾ cup of milk
4 tablespoons of shortening
1 egg
Salt
3 teaspoons of baking powder
¼ cup of orange juice
¼ cup of grated orange rind

Sift the dry ingredients together. Mix the melted shortening, the egg, the milk, the orange juice and rind and add slowly to the dry mixture. Beat lightly and pour into greased pans. Bake in a hot oven, over 400, for about twenty-five minutes.

Orange Ice

1 cup of sugar
2½ cups of orange juice
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
1 teaspoon of gelatin
1 cup of water
2 egg whites

Boil the water with ¾ of the sugar till it becomes syrupy. This takes five to ten minutes. Soak the gelatin in a little cold water and when it has dissolved add to the hot syrup and stir well. Add the orange and lemon juice and put to freeze in the automatic refrigerator at the coldest possible. When the mixture is firm beat the egg whites till they are stiff and add the rest of the sugar to them. Fold into the orange water ice, and put back to freeze. Stir once more shortly before serving.

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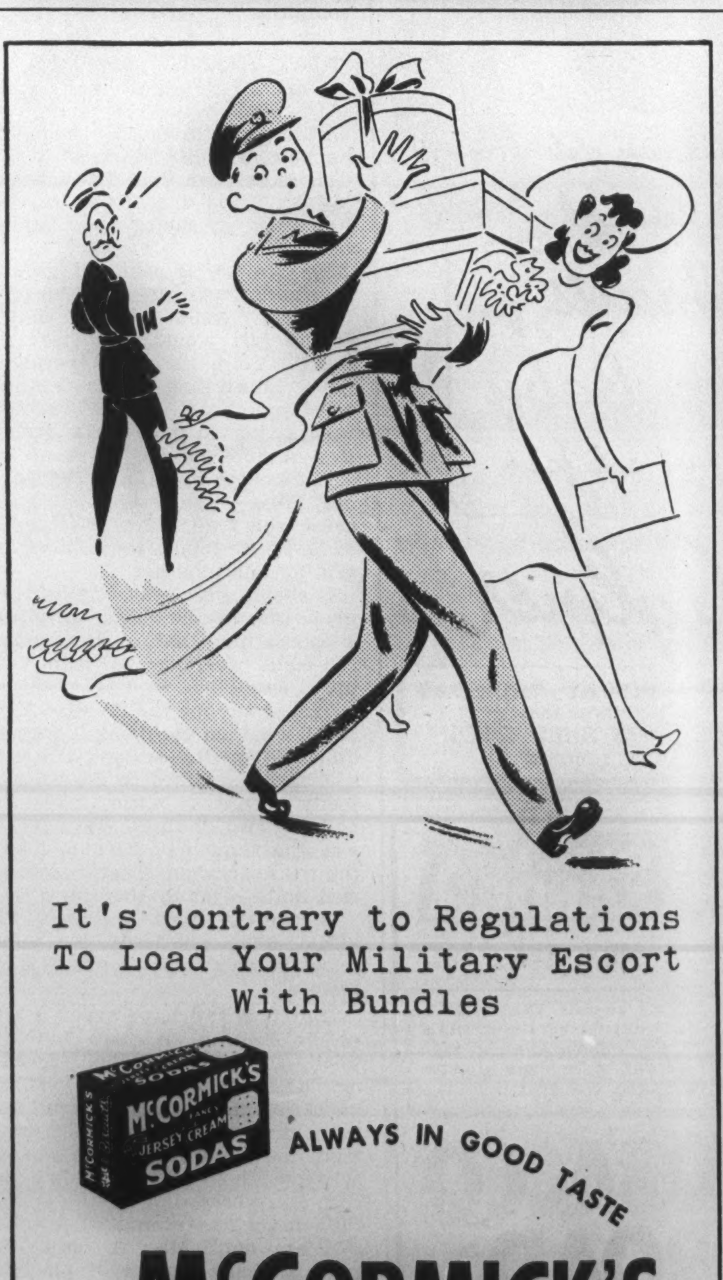
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CONCERNING FOOD

Conscience Be Your Guide

BY LEONORA McNEILLY

WITH Mr. Wartime-Prices-and-Trade-Board hotfoot upon their heels, housewives are beginning to break into a rash in their efforts to bring their conservation program on the domestic front up to scratch.

Wearing apparel now being subjected to close official scrutiny, let us begin on our wardrobe. We may pride ourselves upon having tailored our pattern of life to fit wartime measurements. But what about those little numbers that are idly hanging in your clothes-closet? Dresses of the Mardi-Gras-Beaux-Arts type that should have been liquidated, absorbed in the busy workaday world. They may need explaining. Good taste, you argue, wouldn't permit of their being worn more than six times. They shriek.

A pot of dye will take the shriek out of them. Remodelled to conform to frozen fashions, they may be made suitable for any occasion, the Red Cross, the Canteen, the Creche.

A utility coat that doesn't draw the color line too sharply could release to the women of Russia who are freezing on our behalf, the warm woolly Joseph's coats of many colors that are collecting moths, Mr. Wartime, etc. pokes his head in the door to point out. There is no use trying to evade him. He is here, there, everywhere—in the cellar, the pantry, the kitchen. If you once get him in, you will never get him out—until your conscience is signed up for active service.

With fashion's mood changing to the practical and simple, fewer clothes are needed. And now that tailors, cleaners and laundrymen are being absorbed into military and industrial life, fewer cleanings are imperative. The dollars saved can go into that reservoir of spending power which must be preserved throughout the land.

With the great need for conserving leather, those variegated slippers that went on the shelf long before their time, could be given a coat of paint and put into circulation again. Otherwise, Nemesis, in the shape of pasteboard shoes, long threatened, may descend upon us with their attendant miseries, to say nothing of the complaints of the Corn-Bunion Combine.

"See a Pin —"

Old sweaters can be unravelled and reworked into garments for children or small adults. The common little pin that we would not deign to pick up unless for luck, has now to be cherished. Future ones will have to come out of our wartime metal supply, likewise needles and zippers. And if we don't snatch at every hairpin we can get our hands on, we will all be wearing pig-tails or bandanas.

Our kitchen, surrounded as kitchens are today, with a posse of rationers, is vulnerable. And no finessing will protect it from a conscience that has gone "all out" for conservation. It will rise on its hind legs, so to speak, and point to the secret places of the most high sins—the pantry shelf. To cans! Cans that took metal out of circulation. Canned goods that should have been shipped abroad to feed troops. A platoon of fruit jars, 100 strong, standing at attention on the swing shelf in the cellar. Jam that should have gone to England where they have almost forgotten what jam looks like. Empty honey tins that should have highlighted the last salvage drive. Cheeses, more than ample, for mice and men.

True, the preserves may have been the outcropping of unrationed sugar, painstakingly labelled "strawberries", "jam", etc. But Mr. Wartime Prices, etc. has labelled them something else.

Learn the Alphabet

Be nutrition conscious. Co-operate with the National Nutrition Program. If the vitamin alphabet gets you all hot and bothered, let fitness be the barometer of the sufficiency or insufficiency of your intake. And if you are not good at counting calories, the weigh-scale is. Let it be your adding machine.

To lessen the demand for canned goods, eat fresh fruit and fresh vegetables. Pass up meat—if you can see it to pass up—and substitute chicken, that supposedly one time *piece de resistance* of the cuisine. But with whole regiments of high priestesses of the barnyard patriotically laying their head on the block to feed the nation, it would be rank ingratitude not to eat them.

Don't be impatient with your grocer or our emotions may be rationed—to one outburst a week, with no relief unless on a black market.

Take over the odd domestic repair job, releasing carpenters, electricians and plumbers for essential war work and incidentally saving their tires, their gas—and our money. Learn to repair the frazzled electric-toaster cord without fear of going to the electric chair. Learn to give first-aid to a bursting water-pipe before frantically S.O.S.-ing a plumber who has apparently been caught in the city-wide undertow.

Tackling those supposedly insuperable jobs with jujitsu skill, releases men for the front and lessens the chances of our ever getting close enough to a Jap or German to jujitsu him, or lay him out.

Extend the life of your radio by "allowing enough space for air circulation between wall and radio to prevent register from overheating; by checking cord plug, aerial, ground wires and tubes regularly; by cleaning dust out often, using a hand vacuum, if you have one."

With wool for floor coverings coming from Australia, China and South America, cargo space scarce and much wool needed for armed forces, rugs and carpets should be guarded from moths, sunlight and abuse.

Missing—A Fourth

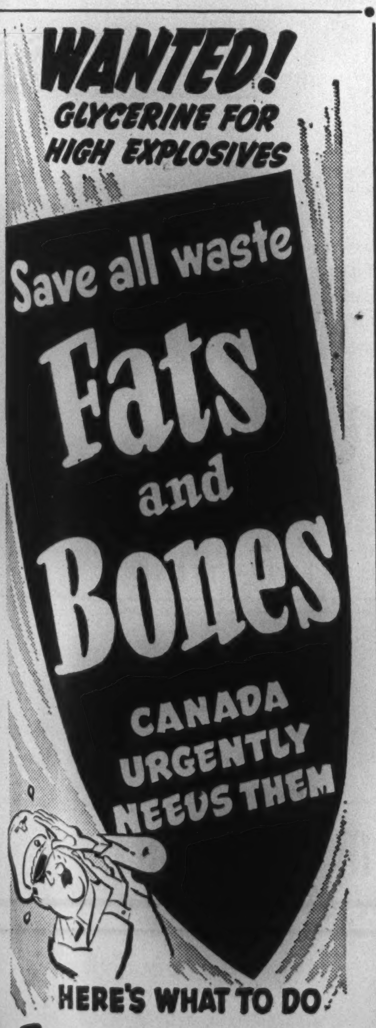
In the conservation program for the domestic front, one's car looms large. If it is not patriotically— or gaslessly, sitting in the garage, it should be placarded "for essential travel only", a term which should not be too elastic.

With motor vehicle repairs becoming a priority, care should be taken to pick out sticks, stones and bits of glass from the tread after using. Be sparing with miles. "If the average car is used more than 70 miles a week, it will be down to three tires before 1946."

Conserve, save and buy war bonds. The more money invested in war bonds, the less chance of the cost of living getting out of hand and the less likelihood of a post-war depression.

Let conscience be our watchdog, that our domestic front may be geared 100% to war service.

Jinx Falkenburg wears a Suzy Lee hat of soft gold felt with wide squashy brim and a crown of knit chenille.



HERE'S WHAT TO DO:

1 You can take your fat drippings, scrap fat and bones to your meat dealer. He will pay you the established price for the dripping and the scrap fat. If you wish, you can turn this money over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee or Registered Local War Charity, or—

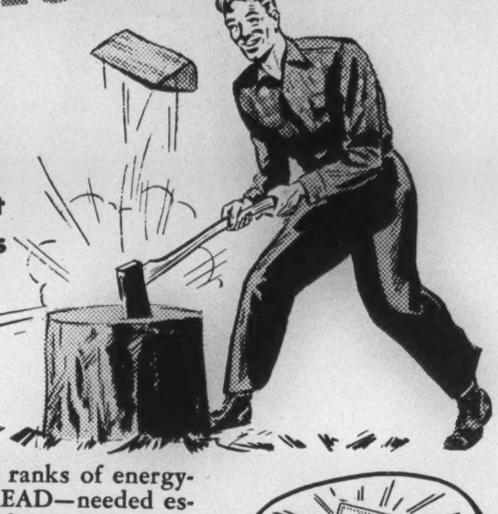
2 You can donate your fat dripping, scrap fat and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee if they collect them in your community, or—

3 You can continue to place out your Fats and Bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in effect.

SF 436

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

For Energy Plus!
EAT MORE BREAD



— bake it with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast — it puts B Vitamins into the loaf

Right in the front ranks of energy-giving food is BREAD—needed especially these busy days to give active men and women the extra energy hard work demands.

If *you* bake at home, use Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast and be sure of white, sweet-tasting, fine-textured bread. This *dependable* yeast has been Canada's favorite for over 70 years. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's—the *fresh* Yeast with the familiar yellow label.

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HEART OF THE LOAF

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"Alas! my poor Brother"

41-19R

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Kellogg's Bran Flakes With Other Parts of Wheat are gently laxative, help supply valuable minerals and proteins too . . . help *keep* you fit for *extra* things!

If YOU want to keep fit for extra things, take these steps to health—1. To *get* well, see your doctor; 2. To *keep* well, watch your habits. Make sure elimination is complete. Eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* day. You'll love their delicious flavour. Ask for the golden-yellow package—either the regular or the *new* Family package. Begin tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

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Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

This soft dress sweater knit in rib stitch reflects the season's fashion trends in its deep throated, picot edged neckline, its simple lines.

DRESSING TABLE

The Queen Anne Stern

BY ISABEL MORGAN

"A QUEEN ANNE front and a Mary Ann back" is one of those homely old expressions that have sharp teeth in them. Not only does it fit as smoothly as a kid glove the architectural pretentiousness of a house that sags sharply from front grandeur to rear frumpishness. It can be applied equally pointedly to the feminine form not always divine.

Too many of us go to work on our appearance on the assumption that figures have only two dimensions—height and breadth. The fact that the human form is not made like a cardboard figure or built like a Hollywood stage set, but has depth as well as a stern, is something to be borne in mind pretty carefully at all times.

That is one of the reasons why a full-length mirror or, better still, a three-way figure length mirror that reveals all is such an invaluable tool to have in the dressing-room. It may be full of disillusionment at times but at least you, as well as your public, are aware of the all-over truth about yourself.

Aft

Obvious but often ignored points to check up on the scenery abaft are such things as—

The line of the seam down the back of stockings. This is said to be one of the first things men notice about a woman's appearance. See if they are as dart straight—not the men, but the hose—as you think they are. Or do they wander off at a tangent or wriggle all over the place like a geodetic map of the Mackenzie River? If your legs are to look as slender as you like to think they do, be very certain that the errant seam is chivvied into a mathematically exact line with the seam at the back of the shoe, and that it continues so all the way to the top. Besides looking better, stockings will wear longer and feel more comfortable.

One of the weak spots about even the best shoes is the heels which have a way of running down and over. At the first sign that they are beginning to let you down, trot your I. Millers off to the shoe repair shop for the pause that refreshes.

Ah-ha, hips! Be truthful, now! Do they have a Mae West wiggle as you stroll past that tell-tale mirror? Or is everything under control back there? La West made a good thing out of her walk, but we can safely assume that you haven't the slightest desire to be an actress of the rather full-blown Mae's unusual type. So if the news from the rear isn't bright perhaps you will be convinced at last of the necessity for once more getting to work on those hip reducing exercises. Better keep in mind too, your mirror's view of this portion of the anatomy when you walk. Learn to walk smoothly. You'll get there just as fast—and much more attractively.

Hitching Up

Now is the time, too, to look over the skirt situation. Does it hitch up ever so slightly but nevertheless enough to be out of line?—and does the length of the skirt at the back prove to be as right as it looks from the front? The ideal length is no shorter than the top of the calf where the leg curves back into the knee. If the hem cuts across a line higher than this the best legs begin to resemble close relations of those on the old-fashioned grand piano.

Lifting our eyes, we come to the neck where there may be more room for improvement. Some points to remember here during the checking-over procedure are—(a) that a short neck can be made to look almost swan-like if the hair is worn up. Not straight up, but swirled up and slightly off to one side. On the other hand, a neck that is too long will be greatly improved if the hair is worn down and in a rather soft style. Whatever the style, though, insist that it provide as interesting a view from the back as it does from the front.

Examine the fit of the dress you are wearing—and see if the reliance you placed in the person who fitted it when you bought it was well-placed or whether she did you wrong. Does it fit smoothly over the hips? Not too tightly where you sit? Does the placing of the armholes look as perfect from the back view as it does from the front? And has the skirt the same svelte movement from here?

In other words, do you look as personable when you are saying "Good-bye" as when you murmur "How do you do?"

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Dorothy Gray
DRY SKIN CLEANSER
Dorothy Gray
SPECIAL DRY SKIN MIXTURE
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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

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PRESIDENT

142

THE OTHER PAGE

Hitler and Picrochole

BY HARRY STRANGE

THE other day I was setting out the list of countries that Hitler and his Axis cohorts have overrun and those which they still hope to overrun, and as I wrote down name after name—Holland, the Low Countries, Austria, Poland, the Caucasus, Egypt, Palestine, Iran, Iraq, Russia, and so forth,—it seemed to me that the roll of nations was vaguely familiar. Where had I seen them somewhat in that order before?

Suddenly it came to me. It was, in almost every particular, the identical list of countries set out to be won and occupied by that famous would-be conqueror of the early 16th century, Picrochole, who fought the greatest war in the realm of imaginative literature ever known—a war, I venture to say, in all its amazing and breath-taking details, that will be remembered when most other wars are quite forgotten.

The great Picrocholine War is described by the literary genius, Rabelais, in his first book. Picrochole, it appears, suffered like our modern would-be world conqueror, Hitler, from delusions of grandeur. He set out to conquer almost the whole of the then known world from his headquarters and stronghold at Roche-Clermault, not far from the town of Chinon in west-central France.

His preparations and his plans for what can be said to be the most interesting war in all history were simply stupendous. My Lord Shagrag was appointed to command the Vanguard. The great Touchfaucet, Master of the Horse, had charge of the Ordnance. The Rearguard was commanded by the Duke of Scrapegood. And the Advance Screen of light horsemen was under the conduct of Captain Swillwind. Picrochole's Advance Shock Troops alone numbered 46,000, with 900 pieces of artillery. And so Picrochole, the would-be conqueror, aided by his lieutenants, the Duke of Smalltrash, the Earl Swashbuckler, and Captain Dirttail, set out to win the following countries in this order:

They were first to capture Southern France, Portugal and Spain, seizing all the ships of these nations. Then to conquer the Straits of Gibraltar and to rechristen the Mediterranean the Picrocholian Sea. Then, followed the orders, "they shall conquer Tunis, Hippo, Algiers, Bona, all of Barbary, Majorca, Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, with all other Islands; Genoa, Florence, Rome and Italy, Malta, Sicily, Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, lesser Asia, the Valley of the Euphrates, Armenia, the three Arabias, and Jerusalem." It was, however, drawn to Picrochole's attention that the deserts of the east lacked water, and so he gave orders to his quartermaster to prepare "nine thousand and fourteen ships laden with the best wines in the world, to be met at Port Joppa with two and twenty thousand camels and sixteen hundred elephants, all to transport the wines across the Mediterranean and over the deserts." To provide additional transport, his captains were "to capture the Mecca caravans."

THIS accomplished, they were then to take Brittany, Normandy, Flanders, Artois, Holland and Zeeland. The Valley of the Rhine, Luxemburg, Lorraine, Champagne and Savoy. Bohemia, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, Austria, Moravia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Jutland and Greenland, even unto the frozen sea. Then they were to take the Isles of Orkney and subdue Scotland, England and Ireland. They were to overcome Prussia, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey and Constantinople. There Picrochole was to make himself Emperor of Trebizond. Finally they were to take Carmania, Syria and Palestine.

At this point, one of Picrochole's cautious old soldiers, named Echephron, described as being "well experienced in the wars and who had been in great hazards," asked: "What do you pretend by these large conquests? What shall be the end of so many labors and crosses?" "Thus it shall be," said Picrochole, "that when we are returned we shall sit down, rest and be merry." "But," said Echephron, "if by chance you should never come back, for the voyage is long and dangerous, were it not better for us to take our rest now, than unnecessarily to expose ourselves to so many dangers?" "Solomon tells us that nothing ventures hath neither horse nor mule," was the reply. "He who adventureth too much," said Echephron, "loseth both horse and mule." "Enough," said Picrochole, "go forward . . . I Fret, I Charge, I Strike, I Take, I Kill, I Slay, I Play the Devil!"

LET anyone ponder on these grandiose ideas of Picrochole, the would-be world conqueror of the 16th century, or better still, re-read the famous first book of Rabelais—where it is all described in the most minute detail,—and it will be seen at once that it all corresponds with remarkable similarity to Hitler's present plans of conquest. And we do know, too, that Hitler has been impatient with his advisers and has urged all forward in much the same temper as Picrochole. "I Fret. I Charge. I Strike. I Take. I Kill. I Slay. I Play the Devil!" Certainly these have been Hitler's methods of waging this present war.

Rabelais tells us, however, that Picrochole met an even greater man, the immortal giant, Gargantua, who had by his side an able lieutenant in the person of Friar John of the Abbey of Sevilly. These two, with hastily summoned forces, and by means of incredible feats of arms, utterly defeated Picrochole, his lieutenants, lords, captains, earls and hosts of warriors.

It is recorded that Gargantua used an astonishing and highly effective new hydraulic weapon of warfare, by which he managed, almost instantaneously, to flood the country for no less than seven leagues in extent, making the rivers and fords so swollen that the enemy were "with great horror drowned." If such a weapon were available today, it would certainly soon put an end to Hitler's hordes. But the reader must learn for himself in Rabelais' book about the technical details of this amazing weapon.

WHAT became of the would-be conqueror, Picrochole? It is not exactly known. Rabelais tells us, however, of a rumor that Picrochole "became a humble porter at the town of Lyons, as testy and pettish in humor as ever he was before."

Incidentally, researchers into the ancestry of the giant Gargantua tell us that it is probable he was of Celtic or Welsh descent, and that he was perhaps the last but one of the legendary giants of ancient Wales (the very last being his own son Pantagruel, of later immortal fame), and which giants were, no doubt, the original inhabitants of ancient Britain, all as seen according to the "British Chronicles" by the descendants of the Homeric hero Priam, which ancient Greeks, it is said, settled in Wales.

It would appear, then, that it was a Welshman who defeated Picrochole, the would-be conqueror of the world. And it was another Welshman, Lloyd George, who helped to defeat still another would-be conqueror, the Emperor Wilhelm, in the last Great War. And we are even told that one of the present day conquerors of Hitler's hordes in Russia is Timoshenko, whose name, it is said, means "Son of Tom Jenkins," and who, it is further affirmed, is the descendant of a Welshman named Tom Jenkins who settled in Russia several generations ago.

If this is all true, and it may well be so, it is possible to see a reason now why a comparative handful of ancient warriors, the Welsh, have kept themselves a pure race, almost completely secluded in their mountains, hills and valleys, all so that from time to time their sons can emerge and fulfill their great destiny.

If History is to repeat itself further, it is sufficient to point out that there will no doubt still be in Lyons and elsewhere, positions available for humble porters, testy and ill humored as they may care to be.

at EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

Nancy's living-dining-room

Fireplace grouping, the mantel framed in glazed chintz to match the love seat and drapes; 18th Century style small tables in mahogany veneers—dining part is built around a Duncan Phyfe style extension table and Hepplewhite type of chairs, painted a soft mushroom.

THIS SPRING . . . REFRESH, RENEW

Surprising how much you can do on little money to make your home look bright and new. See what the Jeffersons have done . . . that make-believe family living in Thrift House at EATON'S-College Street. Remember Nancy . . . she's married now to Lieut. Ted Wright and has fixed up a home of her own in her father's house. Two-rooms-with-bath built around her wedding gifts—lasting things like small tables, a love seat and handsome kneehole desk. Mrs. Jefferson, too, has been busy fixing and freshening her home—just as you are about to do. See this newly renovated Thrift House and consult our experts before you decide on your plans for Spring.

THRIFT HOUSE, MAIN FLOOR

EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

Mary knew all the answers!

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: *I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.*

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: *Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.*

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: *It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!*

LOUISE. What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: *I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 25c. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Corporation Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 20, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

The Can. Federation of Agriculture's New Role

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Business has reason to be interested in the fact that the Canadian farmer seems at last to be on the way to securing a medium through which he can make his voice heard when national policies affecting agriculture are being decided.

In place of the old-time mass delegations of protest, the Canadian Federation of Agriculture in its new role proposes to behave much like the Canadian Manufacturers Association and the Labor Congress of Canada.

And in place of the broad political program of the old Canadian Council of Agriculture, the Federation devotes itself to the class interests of agriculture.

IS THE Canadian farmer on the way to securing a medium through which he can make his voice heard when national policies affecting his own occupation are being decided upon? That is a question which occurs to anyone who followed the recent meeting of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture at Winnipeg and the submissions made from that meeting to the federal government.

The men in control of the federation are trying hard to be the voice of agriculture and think they have the answer to the eternal problem of getting the farmers to organize but even they will admit that, except in certain parts of the country, the present organizations do not reach down to the proverbial grass roots.

The methods followed by the federation since its formation in 1935 indicate a desire to adopt some of the methods used by organized labor and the organized manufacturers in their approach to governments. This represents a change from the period following the first great war when farm organizations were at the zenith of their power and were in active politics.

The idea now is to create a non-political and non-partizan national farm agency which will be in a position to present the farmer's case to governments, regardless of their political complexion, and to the public. The method of approach to governments is through a dignified delegation of the federation's executive, presenting a reasoned submission, rather than the mass delegations of protest which in other times have descended on Ottawa. The new organization behaves much like the Canadian Manufacturers Association or the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada.

Actually, however, the organized farmers of a quarter century ago got into politics by accident. The old Canadian Council of Agriculture which was their vehicle for national expression had non-political and non-partizan aims similar to those of the present federation. The character of the federation, its aims and its prospects consequently must command the interest of those who try to forecast future trends as well as of those whose economic interests are directly related to agriculture.

As its name implies it is a grouping of farm organizations which in turn, either directly or indirectly, represent the individual farmer. It includes provincial federations made up of county federations which in turn are made up of local clubs. It includes organizations of specialized producers such as the Canadian Horticultural Council and commercial companies such as United Grain Growers Limited and the western wheat pools.

The federation is strongest in the west where it is backed by the wheat pools and in Ontario where the United Farmers of Ontario, also a co-operative carrying on a sizable business, is behind it. The pools

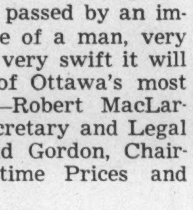
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Robert M. Fowler

IF YOU join the throng that now jumps puddles on Ottawa's Sparks Street and you are passed by an immeasurable measure of a man, very tall, very thin and very swift it will be, no doubt, one of Ottawa's most recent appointees,—Robert MacLaren Fowler, now Secretary and Legal Assistant to Donald Gordon, Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Long and lean, with a precise mind and a disarmingly pleasant smile, Robert Fowler is indeed a likely man for the job. His professional career has, unwittingly, provided the right mixture of sound, unbiased understanding of Canada's problems, with a humorous human appreciation of Canada's people.

Peterborough, Ont., now has something to add to its boast of the second largest lift-lock in the world (and maybe the largest since the R.A.F. have been active). Robert Fowler was born there, and departed for the first time when he won the Edward Blake Scholarship in Mathematics. His Scholarship sent him to The University of Toronto from whence he graduated with honors in mathematics in '28.



During his four years spent in Toronto's best bit of civic pride he intended, as becomes a student in honor mathematics, to devote his business career to actuarial work. But, figures have very little personality, and the now legal adviser to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board decided instead to enter Osgoode.

Upon graduation in '31, and again with honors, Fowler joined the Toronto firm of McMaster, Montgomery and Fleury. Here, his legal practice covered litigation which took him into every court in Ontario, into the Supreme Court of Canada and to the Privy Council in London.

In the Fall of '37 he became legal secretary for Chief Justice N. W. Rowell, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations. It was while he was with the Commission that he became well conversant with Canada and Canada's problems. His travels gave him first-hand view of the social science of the country. He learned the mechanisms behind public finance; he saw, knew, talked to and liked the fisherman of the Banks, the habitant of Orleans, the cosmopolitan of Montreal, the canny Conservative of Toronto. He grew to understand the free-thinking Westerner, the rugged rural farmer, the colonist of the West Coast.

For six years he remained with the firm to which he had been articled upon graduation from Osgoode. In December 1938, he joined the firm of McCarthy and McCarthy with which he is still associated.

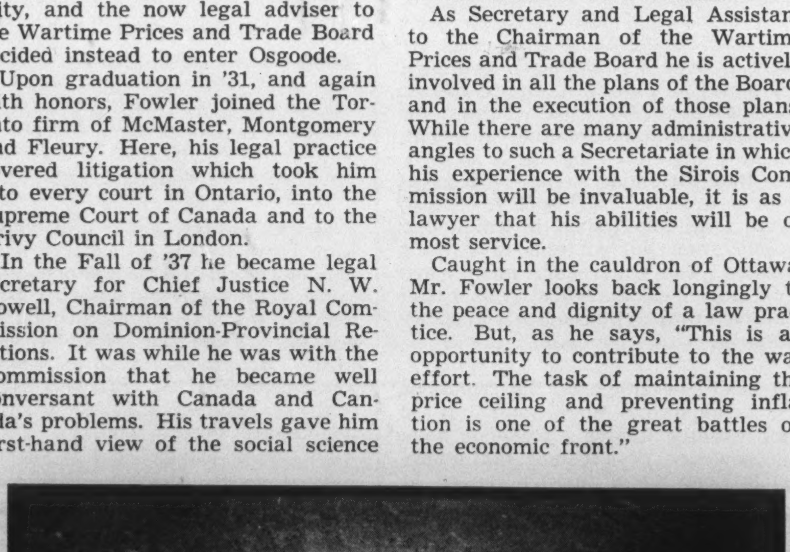
During his active association with McCarthy and McCarthy he was asked by Chief Justice Sir Lyman Duff to be one of two counsel for him at the inquiry into the Hong Kong expedition. The second counsel was R. L. Kellock, K.C., now Mr. Justice Kellock of the Ontario Court of Appeal.

Mr. Fowler has been associated with a wartime board. As a member of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, he was prosecuting lawyer in a number of cases concerned with infringements of the Board's orders. The most notable of these was the five-week session which involved prosecution of a group of high-graders who were attempting to ship into the United States, large quantities of gold ore, a highly illegal practice. Incidentally, a number of high-graders were convicted and went to jail.

It isn't easy to be Assistant to Donald Gordon. It takes a man with a keen, brilliant mind. It takes a man who makes an instantaneous, yet accurate decision. It takes a man with a knowledge of current conditions at his finger-tips, and Robert MacLaren Fowler looks to be that man.

As Secretary and Legal Assistant to the Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board he is actively involved in all the plans of the Board, and in the execution of those plans. While there are many administrative angles to such a Secretariate in which his experience with the Sirois Commission will be invaluable, it is as a lawyer that his abilities will be of most service.

Caught in the cauldron of Ottawa, Mr. Fowler looks back longingly to the peace and dignity of a law practice. But, as he says, "This is an opportunity to contribute to the war effort. The task of maintaining the price ceiling and preventing inflation is one of the great battles on the economic front."



Not a picture from the Russian front but a scene somewhere in northern Canada where the Army conducts courses in snow tactics, winter fighting. Demonstrating the art of camouflage as developed by the Russians, this white-clad Canadian ski-fighter would be invisible at a distance.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Hit-and-Run Statistics

BY P. M. RICHARDS

WELL, there seems to be more or less general agreement that, whatever else comes, there's got to be "social security" after this war. Certainly governments everywhere are rushing to get on the social security band-wagon. But as to what social security is, and the means and cost of providing it, we're not agreed at all. We're not even agreed on the meaning of the words we use in talking about it, and certainly not on the basic facts. And this, surely, is a rather grievous situation; without some sort of agreement on the objective and the road to it we're likely to get into plenty of trouble. There would seem to be a real job of work here for the pundits of the press and radio. How will they measure up to it?

Three years ago, just at the time of Dunkirk and the over-running of France, I put in a spell in hospital. I went in meaning to read and listen to the radio, but after the first few days I did very little radio-listening beyond the news announcements. The radio seemed to me to be 90 per cent soap operas and swing bands (I don't know what's wrong with me but I can't go for swing) and commentators who aired views which wouldn't stand analysis. I had the feeling that a lot of the radio commentators worked on the principle that they could get away with anything when their words were not on record.

Mr. Collins Too

I thought that the trouble must be my own mean disposition until I read a piece last week by Edward H. Collins in the New York *Herald Tribune's* financial section. Mr. Collins has also been in hospital and suffering with the radio. He admits, more generously than I would be inclined to, that the radio has its good features, including some commentators, but adds that the newspaper man forced by circumstances to live with the radio is unfortunately less likely to be impressed by its good qualities than by another and more important consideration—the comparative irresponsibility of the radio towards facts.

While reclining comfortably in hospital Mr. Collins was shocked to hear Mr. Quincy Howe of WABC, in his "analysis of the news," misinterpret the "Little-Steel" wage formula by stating that the latter confined labor to a 15 per cent increase in wages since the beginning of the war. He would have forgotten the incident had it not been followed a few days later by another and more serious one. Discussing the Boeing strike, Mr. Howe seemed to be saying that, after all, there were two sides to the question—that while U.S. war industries had increased their profits by 150 per cent since 1939, wages had risen in the same period by only 15 per cent. Mr. Collins obtained a transcript of Mr. Howe's talk, which showed that what he had said was: ". . . The stepped-up profits of the war industry, which average a 150 per cent increase since 1939 and which run over 1200 per cent in the case of some firms—this somewhat disproportionate increase of total revenue has received rather less publicity than the rise of 15 per cent in basic wage levels. . ."

What are the Facts?

Mr. Collins says he doesn't know what these figures mean, but he thinks that radio listeners generally would take them to mean that corporate profits had risen ten times as much as wages since 1939. Whereas the truth is that U.S. corporate profits before taxes increased by some 250 per cent between 1939 and 1942, while profits after taxes increased by around 50 per cent, dropping slightly to 48 per cent for 1942. Mr. Howe spoke of "corporate profits" and "total (corporate) revenue" as if they were the same thing, which, of course, is absurd; obviously the only fair figure to use is profits after taxes.

As regards Mr. Howe's "basic wage levels," the fact is that the hourly rate of earnings in all U.S. manufacturing industries, according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, rose from 63.8 cents at the outbreak of the war to 90.7 cents, or by 42.2 per cent. But the war worker doesn't bring home at the end of the week a "basic wage level" or even an "hourly earning": he brings home a pay envelope containing his week's wages. And the average pay envelope increased from $24.70 at the war's outbreak in September, 1939, to $40.27 at the end of December, 1942. That is an increase of 63 per cent.

Therefore the facts are, Mr. Collins concludes, that instead of U.S. corporate profits rising 150 per cent and wages 15 per cent since 1939, as Mr. Howe would have his radio listeners believe, corporate profits have risen by 48 per cent and average weekly wages by 63 per cent. But, he adds, even that does not tell the whole story, as corporate profits are being steadily reduced by taxes, by increasing costs and by renegotiation of contracts; corporate profits, which temporarily outran taxes, are headed drastically downward for the remainder of the war's duration, while the worst that labor can look forward to apparently is "stabilization" of wages, which, if it means anything, seems to be a synonym for slow but steady upward readjustment.

I repeat, unless we get our facts straight we're going to be in trouble in building the brave new world.

have their local organizations scattered through the west and on the prairies the chain or organization can be said to be fairly complete right from the national organization down to a good many thousands of individual farmers. Such, however, is not the case in the other provinces and the degree to which the federation attains the status of a national mouthpiece for farmers would seem to depend on the extent to which local organizations in these provinces can be built up and tied into the federation.

Although the farmer is usually assumed to be one of the most difficult types to organize, farm organizations in Canada have in the past played an important role in determining the trend of events. It may be that now, as grievances due to price control and other conditions accumulate and as the memories of what many farmers regard as an unfortunate venture into politics fade out, the federation can draw to itself a substantial group of organizations with roots newly sunk in the soil.

Regional Differences

In addition to their individualistic outlook farmers are handicapped in getting together on a national program by conflicting regional interests. The fruit grower in Ontario who needs tariff protection has a hard time understanding the free trade point of view of the western wheat grower. The Ontario mixed farmer is inclined to think the westerner gets something at his expense what with guaranteed prices and other governmental aids.

The association together of representatives of these groups in a national organization will help to soften the sharpness of conflicting views. In a broad sense it should make for a more substantial Canadian unity because some of the regional political issues which arise from time to time will be disposed of among the farm organizations themselves instead of reaching the stage of lobbying in parliament and debate on the hustings.

The tenor of the federation's recent submission to the government indicates that the views of western agriculture may have been considerably toned down in order to make them acceptable to the federation's eastern affiliates. Some of the main regional divergences in points of view in Canada spring from the differing interests of farmers and differing conditions under which farmers work and which affect their livelihood. An approach towards a breakdown of sectionalism among farmers is an approach towards its elimination among Canadians generally.

Federation's Aims

The official summary of the federation's aims indicates a different approach to that taken by the old Canadian Council of agriculture which grew out of local organizations into provincial organizations and then ino a national organization and later into a national Progressive Party and provincial farmer parties. The council had a broad political program whereas the federation sticks to the class interests of agriculture.

It advocates: establishment of a fair balance between the income accruing to agriculture, labor and industry; representation of farmers on boards which sell or handle their products; a proper relationship between the prices of farm products and the goods and services farmers have to buy; recognition of the principle of a "two-price policy,"—a domestic price related to the cost of living which may be higher than the world market price to be obtained on products exported; a national marketing program; a production program shaped to the marketing program and including guidance to farmers to enable them to plan production for at least two years in advance; a national soil conservation program.

In view of the fact that the first successful farmer political movement sprung into being towards the end of the last war it is worth noting the similarities and differences between conditions then and now. Farm organizations then were much stronger than now and were more solidly based in active locals of a cultural and educational character. Farmers were less strongly organized in co-operative commercial enterprises. There were not such powerful bodies as the wheat pools.

The grievances which irked them and drove them into political action were somewhat similar to those of today except in the matter of prices. They enjoyed prices much higher relatively than now. There was no price control. On the other hand their labor costs and the costs of all necessary goods and services were also inflated. Then as now there were grievances over compulsory military service. The drafting of sons and hired men off the farms at a time when appeals are made for increased production creates irritation. In 1918 it was more resented than it is likely to be now because of what was construed as a specific promise of exemption.

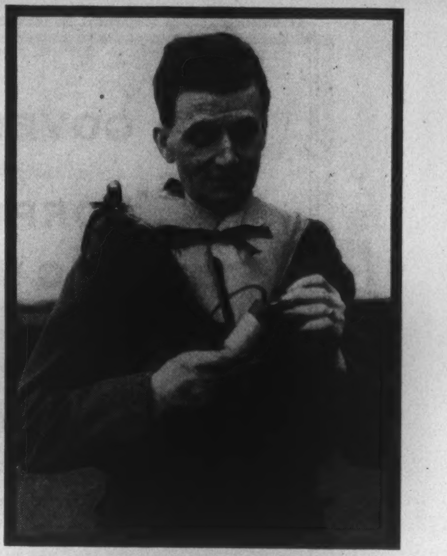
A factor present now which was not present in 1918 and the years immediately following is the fact that two opposition parties are catering actively to the farm vote. The Conservative party is trying to draw the remains of the old Progressive movement into its ranks and has placed itself under the leadership of John Bracken, recognized by the western farmers, at least, as their consistent champion. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation finds its principal source of strength in prairie rural constituencies and is doing its best to make organized labor and farmers work as a political team.

In the main it would appear the time is not yet ripe for a revival of direct political action on the part of the farm organizations and that their role in the immediate future is likely to be that envisaged by the present executives of the federation, lobbying or making presentations to governments, watching out for farm interests in connection with legislation, education and organizational activities among the farmers themselves.

The federation maintains an office and a permanently-employed secretary in Ottawa. This office, with periodical visits from members of the executive keeps the national body in touch with the federal government.

There are plans to make the office to a greater extent than it is a clearing house for information on farm matters, to encourage research in connection with farm problems and to bring to the notice of farmers the results achieved by research in this and other countries. In that way the federation could serve as a useful supplement to the work already carried on by federal and provincial departments of agriculture.

Resting in the archives of the federal department is a great mass of information compiled by government economists and scientists. Through publications and in other ways the department tries to disseminate as much of it as possible but the problem of getting knowledge to the man on the back concessions who can apply it to his own benefit and that of the community is far from solved. Where active farmers' organizations exist, information on soil conservation, new methods of cultivation and livestock feeding, new varieties of grains and public health in rural areas can be brought home to the individual more effectively than they can be through the most expensive governmental educational activities.



A home-made shielded blackout light on the coat lapel of a London 'bus conductor suggested the idea for this device for saving life at sea. A small red lamp, battery operated, it is attached to the life-jacket as shown. It will burn for 20 hours.

METROPOLITAN LIFE BUSINESS REPORT FOR 1942

OBLIGATIONS TO POLICYHOLDERS, BENEFICIARIES, AND OTHERS	
Policy Reserves Required by Law . . . . . . This amount, together with future premiums and interest, is required to assure payment of all future policy benefits.	$5,188,714,637.87
Reserved for Future Payments Under Supplementary Contracts . . . . Policy proceeds from death claims, matured endowments and other payments left with the Company.	189,169,000.07
Dividends Left with the Company	30,301,837.94
Policy Claims Currently Outstanding	30,307,563.89
Other Policy Obligations	18,993,606.98
Taxes Due or Accrued	17,542,243.00
Miscellaneous Liabilities	18,083,549.37
Reserve for Mortgage Loans . . . . To provide against possible depreciation in value of such loans.	17,000,000.00
Reserved for Dividends to Policyholders . . . . Set aside for payment in 1943 to those policyholders eligible to receive them.	102,733,947.00
TOTAL OBLIGATIONS	$5,612,846,386.12

ASSETS WHICH ASSURE FULFILLMENT OF OBLIGATIONS	
Government Securities . . . . U. S. Government, $1,640,023,863.53; Canadian Government, $132,810,424.99.	$1,772,834,288.52
Other Bonds . . . . U. S. State and Municipal, $86,482,597.79; Canadian Provincial and Municipal, $92,268,974.32; Railroad, $527,015,597.35; Public Utilities, $818,347,218.79; Industrial and Miscellaneous, $510,191,509.68.	2,034,305,897.93
Stocks . . . . All but $320,750.00 are Preferred or Guaranteed.	81,805,186.00
First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate . . . . Farms, $89,380,287.45; Other Property, $863,051,414.58.	952,431,702.03
Loans on Policies	453,940,104.42
Real Estate Owned . . . . Includes $124,250,661.21 Housing Projects and real estate for Company use, and $71,670,999.49 real estate under contract of sale.	383,026,409.36
Cash	158,765,194.49
Premiums, Deferred and in Course of Collection, net	95,913,691.33
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued, etc. . . .	61,893,102.50
TOTAL ASSETS TO MEET OBLIGATIONS . .	$5,994,915,576.58

SURPLUS FUNDS $382,069,190.46

The Company holds total assets which exceed the total of its obligations by $382,069,190.46, for the purpose of giving added assurance that all benefits to policyholders and beneficiaries will be paid in full as they fall due. This amount is composed of

Special Surplus Funds . . $12,300,000.00 **Unassigned Funds (Surplus) . . $369,769,190.46**

and serves as a margin of safety against possible unfavourable experience, whether due to war or other conditions.

NOTE--Assets carried at $271,804,055.40 in the above statement are deposited with various public officials under requirements of law or regulatory authority. Canadian business embraced in this statement is reported on the basis of par of exchange.

Life Insurance in Force, End of 1942 . $26,867,676,154

Paid-for Life Insurance Issued During 1942 . $2,051,013,903 **Amount Paid to Policyholders During 1942 . $533,624,637.04**

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1942 OPERATIONS IN CANADA

These highlights of the Company's business in the Dominion during 1942 will be of particular interest to Metropolitan Canadian policyholders and their beneficiaries.

Investments in Canada:	
Dominion Government Bonds .	$132,810,424.99
Provincial and Municipal Bonds .	92,268,974.32
All other investments	104,000,070.81
	$329,079,470.12

Included in the above figures are Victory and War Loan investments of $68,000,000.

Payments to Canadian Policyholders and their beneficiaries during 1942—$26,897,409.49.

Life Insurance in Force in Canada, end of 1942:	
Ordinary	$790,359,074
Industrial	482,800,803
Group	130,077,666
	$1,403,237,543

Number of policies in force in Canada, end of 1942—2,783,201.

Paid-for Life Insurance issued in Canada during 1942—$157,022,928.

The total amount the Metropolitan has paid to Canadians since it entered Canada in 1872, plus the amount now invested here, exceeds the total premiums received from Canadians by more than $199,750,000.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker
Chairman of the Board

Leroy A. Lincoln
President

Canadian Head Office: OTTAWA
Edwin C. McDonald, **Vice-President in Charge**

GOVERNMENT
AND
CORPORATION
SECURITIES

A. E. AMES & CO.
LIMITED
Business Established 1889
TORONTO
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Victoria
New York London, Eng.

Your Job
is part of the
"Big Job"

Speed Up Your Job with Better
FILING SYSTEMS
and
OFFICE EQUIPMENT
Makers of the Complete Line
THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. Co. LIMITED
Head Office and Factories . . . Newmarket, Ont.
Branches in Principal Canadian Cities

Report for 1942

To our policyholders and the public we report
the following achievements in 1942:

ASSETS: $89,760,401 at year's end. Increase during 1942 was $9,827,939. The growth 12.3%
LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE: $733,332,231 at year's end. The increase during 1942 was $104,073,506. The growth . 16.5%
ACCIDENT & HEALTH PREMIUMS IN FORCE: $2,409,455 at year's end. The growth 52.5%
TOTAL PREMIUM INCOME: Increased to $18,691,541. The growth 12.6%
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS: Increased to $8,964,163. The growth 11.4%

More than 650,000 persons are insured under Life, Accident & Health and Annuity contracts with Occidental Life. They enjoy in the fullest the meaning of the Company's institutional pledge:

"More Peace of Mind Per Premium Dollar"

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
OCCIDENTAL LIFE
LONDON ☆ CANADA
W. Lockwood Miller — General Manager
AGENCY INQUIRIES INVITED

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
BRANCH OFFICES:
AGENCY BUILDING . . . . EDMONTON, ALBERTA
211A EIGHTH AVE. W. . . . . CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. . . . . REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING . . . . SASKATOON, SASK.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

PAMOUR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have your opinion on the advisability of buying gold stocks at this time. Also, what do you think of Pamour Porcupine Mines at the present price?

—P. E. J., Kingston, Ont.

The long-term outlook for golds is quite favorable and if mines are chosen which have definite possibilities for expansion once the war is over and conditions improve, I consider the price appreciation possibilities highly interesting.

To maintain production, Pamour, due to the shortage of labor, has been using its broken ore reserves, which last summer were around 575,000 tons, sufficient at the milling rate of about 1,500 tons daily for over a year, without breaking down any more ore. Consequently the return of more normal conditions will necessitate a heavy program of development, which will mean higher costs. At the present time a fair operating profit is being made, the lack of development having cut costs. Earnings in the first half of 1942 were just over 4½ cents a share as compared with 4¼ cents in 1941 and 7.32 cents in the same period of 1940. A dividend of eight cents was paid last year against 12 cents in 1941.

Pamour's main ore bodies do not grade high, recovery last year being just over $4 a ton. In the west workings, however, considerable ore has been opened grading from $7 to $8. The dimensions of the main orebodies are large and given enough labor substantial tonnages could be quickly made available and a higher price for gold after the war, as many expect, would be of great value to the company. The financial position is strong, the working capital exceeding $1,750,000.

BURLINGTON STEEL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be grateful for information regarding the Burlington Steel Co., Ltd., as to how it is doing in wartime and particularly as to the outlook for the company in the present year. Thanks.

—P. A. Ottawa, Ont.

Burlington Steel, which operates a steel rolling mill and electric furnace equipment for the primary production of steel at Hamilton, Ont., has been doing pretty well, but the outlook is clouded by increasing pressure of wartime restrictions. H. J. Stambaugh, president, states in the annual report that the rolling mill operated at capacity through 1942, though operations were curtailed in some secondary departments producing materials considered non-essen-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

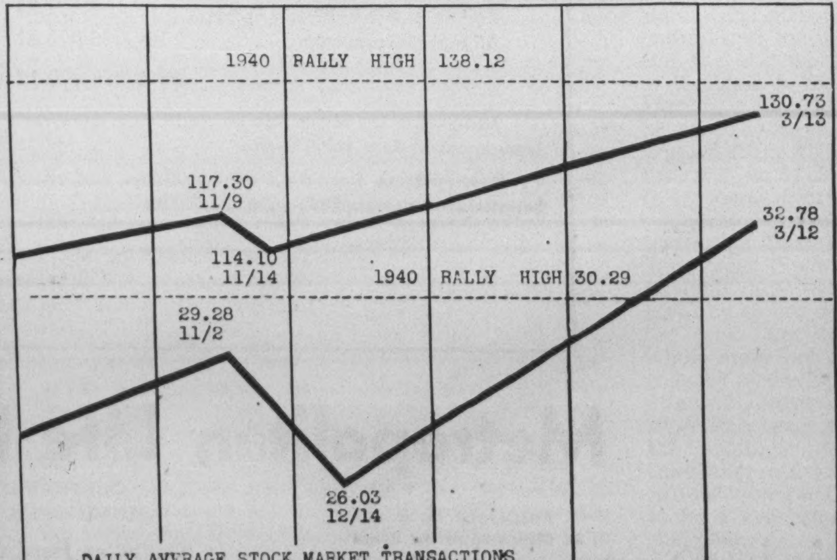
CURRENT SELLING BETTER INFORMED THAN THE BUYING?

Last week the Dow-Jones industrial average, on extreme range, has entered into new ground, although mid-week price decline served to temper the bullishness which characterized the week's opening session. A notable feature of the setback was the decline in volume, suggesting no immediate pressure of sizable liquidation. Another factor of interest was the relatively mild sell-off in the rail average. This average, throughout the advance from November/December, has displayed particular consistency as to the prevailing trend, having refused, throughout, to move off, in terms of closing prices, as much as 1.01 points.

As clients know, from recent of our Forecasts, we regard the market as in a general distributive area, meaning that we believe the selling that is now going on will prove, in retrospect, to have been better informed than the buying. This position is exactly the opposite of that taken by us during the early months of 1942 when we repeatedly expressed the viewpoint that accumulation of stocks was under way, with substantial advance to follow. At the same time, however, we have not, as yet, discerned technical evidences that the extreme high point to the distributive period has been witnessed, and until some positive indications are witnessed, would be inclined to assume higher levels.

In connection with the current price level, it might not be inappropriate, however, to point out that stocks are selling at about 15 times earnings anticipated for this year. This is interesting in that, at the 1937 highs, the Dow-Jones industrials sold at about 15 to 16 times the actual rate of earnings witnessed during the first half of that year. Higher earnings ratios would seem justified at the present time only if it seemed reasonably clear that the trend of earnings was to be up over succeeding quarters—**which we doubt.**

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

SAVE TO WIN

To meet the demands of war we must divert expenditure from unnecessary things and *save.* Open a Savings Account with us, and put your savings on a systematic basis. Save according to plan and have the money ready when the government calls for it. This Corporation has been doing business in Canada since 1855.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $62,000,000

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter and that the same will be payable on and after

1ST APRIL 1943

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.
4th March 1943.

KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 17

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of Five Cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on April 28th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 30th, 1943.

By Order of the Board.
G. A. CAVIN
Secretary-Treasurer.
Toronto, Ontario.
March 12th, 1943.

WALTER L. GORDON who it is announced has been appointed managing director of the recently expanded firm of J. D. Woods & Gordon Ltd., Toronto, industrial engineers and consultants.

tial to the war effort. Capacity operation still continues, but the president finds it impossible to forecast what effect the supply of raw materials and existing government restrictions on the construction, mining, bedding and kindred industries may have upon later 1943 operations.

For 1942 the company has reported operating profits at the highest level in its history. Taxes absorbed bulk of increased profits, but net earnings after all charges were slightly above 1941 level, being equal to $1.14 a share on outstanding common stock as against $1.08 a share in preceding year.

Operating profits for 1942 amounted to $469,860, as compared with $323,643 in 1941. Dominion taxes were more than doubled, at $275,913, leaving net profits at $159,749. The refundable portion of the taxes, $22,359, equal to 16 cents a share, is not included in the total of net profits. Dividends of $84,000 represent a rate of 60 cents a share. The earned surplus of $479,024 at the end of 1941 rose to $576,230 at the end of 1942, after all adjustments, including $21,457 added for income taxes of a prior year.

Working capital increased by $97,470, to $1,133,488, with cash and investments higher among current assets and accounts and taxes payable higher among current liabilities.

BRITISH MANGANESE

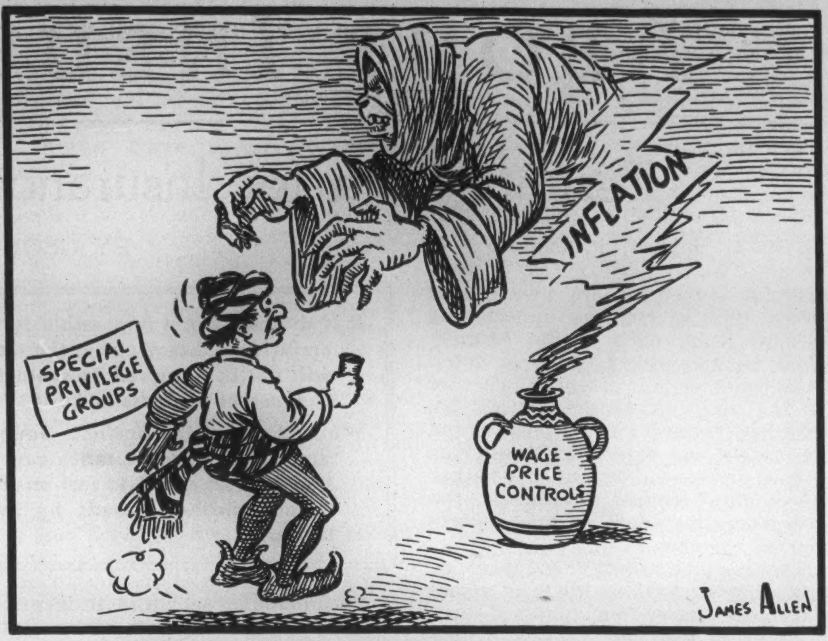
Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have your opinion as a speculation of British Manganese Mines Ltd.

—S. K. F., Kitchener, Ont.

The prospects for British Manganese Mines appear interesting and with the Jordan Mountain property, near Sussex, N.B., now in production the commercial possibilities should shortly be determined. Sufficient ore is reported in sight to keep the mill in operation for several months during which period a reasonable amount of development should make further ore available. There are also good possibilities for finding other orebodies in addition to the known occurrences. The company has another manganese prospect about 40 miles away, where it is believed the chances are promising for finding a large quantity of manganese.

Manganese is one of the most essential war minerals but nearly all the North American consumption is imported. As over 12 pounds of metallic manganese is utilized in the production of every ton of steel it is readily apparent that development of domestic sources of commercial grade material would be highly important. The small amount of manganese ore produced in Canada has come from the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, but chiefly the former, although in recent years no manganese deposits of commercial size and uniform grade have been discovered in the Dominion.



THE MAN WHO WOULD UNLOOSE THE EVIL GENIE!

GENERAL STEEL WARES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I notice that General Steel Wares common is selling higher than it has been in a long time, and I know that this reflects a decided improvement in the company's earnings. I would like to buy some shares for holding, but am doubtful as to the company's financial stability. Could you give me any information on the balance sheet position and record that would help me to make up my mind?

—S. C. W., Trail, B.C.

Yes, at current quotations around 9 General Steel Wares common is selling at its highest level since 1940, reflecting improvement in earnings to 82 cents a common share (in addition to 27 cents a share of refundable excess profits tax) for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1942, as against 70 cents for 1941 and 35 cents for 1940. With an annual dividend rate of 50 cents a common share, the yield is 5½ per cent. An increasingly large proportion of production last year was on war orders, and while wartime restrictions have meant that the company has not been able to fully meet the civilian demand for its products, this should mean an accumulation of deferred demand which should materially help business after the war. This year the company will have to pay excess profits tax over twelve months instead of only six as in 1942, but indications are that it should still be able to cover dividend requirements adequately, and of course the refundable portion of the tax will be correspondingly larger.

Besides initiating common dividends in December, 1941, the company has effected a big improvement in its general balance sheet position. During the three years from December 31, 1939 to the end of 1942 the company added $539,791 (net) to the cost of fixed assets in use, invested $147,573 in its acceptance subsidiary, built up an asset of $94,342 in the form of the refundable portion of excess profits tax (in respect of half of the 1942 earnings), cut its funded debt by $1,211,500 and expanded its net working capital by $508,537. With the addition of $1,575,128 to accumulated depreciation reserve (after application of $150,000 in amortization of the cost of reorganization of funded debt) far more than offsetting the net cost of additions to fixed assets, the improvement in other balance sheet items resulted in the net worth in tangible working assets rising by $508,537. After allowance for the preferred stock, the common stock's equity in net worth jumped 58% from $2.85 to $4.51 per share.

BRALORNE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Could you give me a little information on Bralorne? What is its history in regard to dividends? What is its prospects and has it good ore reserves?

—S. W., Pointe Claire, Que.

Bralorne Mines has stood up well under wartime difficulties. Production in 1942 was down about 10 per cent from 1941, but the grade of ore improved as the tonnage declined. Dividend payments and bonuses last year were $1.20 a share the same as distributed in the previous three years. As to the future, I. B. Joralemon, consulting engineer and a director of the company, expressed the opinion that except for a possible interruption due to the need for labor and materials for war uses, the prosperity of Bralorne should continue for years. Ore reserves are sufficient for about five years' mill requirements and the foresighted action of the management, while labor was available, has prepared the mine for economical operation for years to come, and the financial position is strong. For some time practically the whole effort of the company's exploration department has been directed towards the search for, and development of strategic minerals, and at present two mercury properties, as well as two tungsten prospects, are under development.

LAKE SHORE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some Lake Shore and am thinking of buying more. Before doing so, I would like to have your opinion of it.

—N. R., Toronto, Ont.

With anything like normal times again and a plentitude of labor brighter days should lie ahead for Lake Shore. A substantial improvement in the production rate can then be expected, along with a decline in costs and greater profits for the shareholders. While not likely to reach the high price levels which prevailed when it was the leading gold producer on this continent, or the old milling rate of 2,500 tons daily, or show the large earnings of some years ago, considerable confidence is evident that the mine is over the worst of its troubles, and a somewhat higher tonnage than the recent rate of 1,000 tons and a dividend considerably above the present, if taxes are sufficiently reduced, seems a reasonable expectation.

The mine position has improved and while ore reserve figures are not made public they are huge, possibly the best in its history and reductions in the milling rate have added to the life of the mine. Lake Shore for some time has been on a strictly "planned sequence" basis of mining, in an endeavor to alleviate the effects of possible rock bursts, which necessitates the development of ore ahead of actual mining. As a consequence numerous levels are now developed and available for the future and some of this ore may not be mined for a decade or more.

While work so far on the lowest levels has not indicated widths and values corresponding to those on the upper levels more development may change the situation. In the annual report for the year ended June 30, 1942, A. L. Blomfield, managing director stated that in spite of all handicaps the developed condition of the mine continued to improve. The main breaks below the 5,000-foot level are extending further into the east end of the property, partly compensating for the continued tendency toward narrowing widths and more spotted conditions.

Negus Mines Limited

(No Personal Liability)

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 5

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of two and one-half cents per share in Canadian funds has been declared on the issued capital stock of the Company and will be paid on the 29th day of March, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 10th day of March, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

W. M. McINTYRE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

410 Royal Bank Bldg.,
Toronto, Ontario,
February 26th, 1943.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 225

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Saturday, 1st May next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st March 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 12th March 1943

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable April 1st, 1943 to Shareholders of record at close of business March 15th, 1943.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 211

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two per cent (2%) has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1943, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of May next, to shareholders of record of 31st March, 1943.

By order of the Board.

H. T. JAFFRAY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 10th March, 1943.

Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds

The facilities of our organization are at the disposal of investors for the purchase or sale of securities and for the analysis of investment problems.

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DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending March 31st, 1943, payable April 1st, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board,

E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
February 25th, 1943.

MONETA PORCUPINE MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 19

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of Moneta Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on April 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record March 22nd, 1943.

By order of the Board.

H. B. CLEARIHUE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
March 8th, 1943.

How much is enough
?

THIS is a question you should ask a representative of the Great American and Associated Insurance Companies to answer. Today when property is becoming difficult and more expensive to replace you should know whether or not your insurance protection is adequate. An examination of your policies may reveal that additional protection would be advisable.

Working in group solidarity to give you the protection you need are the undernoted companies of the *Great American Group* — all strong Board companies.

War Risk Insurance — Your agent will be glad to give you full information about the comprehensive scheme of war damage insurance for property.

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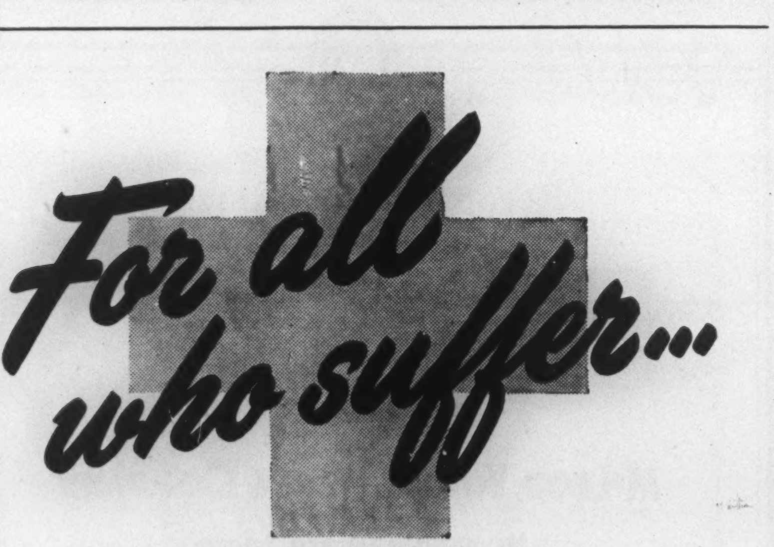
THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM, *President* A. W. EASTMURE, *Managing Director*


For all who suffer...

During this month of March, your Red Cross is asking for ten million dollars.

THE PURPOSE is to carry comfort and relief to suffering humanity. Our sailors, soldiers and airmen on the battlefronts and in hospitals—prisoners of war—shipwrecked sailors—homeless war orphans—the sick and starving victims of war in many lands all rely on food, medicine, comforts and care provided by your generosity through *your* Red Cross.

We all *must* support the Red Cross. Welcome the representative, a busy person giving of his or her time. Do not ask for a second call—have your contribution ready. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA
Established 1832—over a Century of Service

ABOUT INSURANCE

Testing Time for Insurance Methods

BY GEORGE GILBERT

> **It is difficult if not impossible to envisage any new Social Order of an enduring character after the war in which insurance of various kinds will not be required as protection against the hazards, changes and chances of business and life.**
>
> **While those in the business undoubtedly have good grounds for their firm belief that insurance can function best as a private enterprise, they cannot afford to rest on their oars and ignore the present trend towards further inroads by the government into insurance undertakings.**

THOSE engaged in insurance as well as in most forms of commercial enterprise are aware that every type of business undertaking is now being tried in the balance. That is, it is being tested to determine whether it is essential, whether it is being efficiently carried on, whether it renders a real service, and whether it can be operated better as a free private enterprise or whether it should become another of the ever-increasing number of governmental agencies.

There is no question that insurance protection of various kinds is essential to the proper functioning of business. Those who have been employed in the task of furnishing this needed cover in the past have good grounds for their firm belief that insurance can best be carried on as a private enterprise rather than as a government monopoly. But most of them admit that they cannot afford to rest on their oars, as it were, and take it for granted that because they have been permitted to operate as a free enterprise undertaking in the past they will be allowed to continue on that basis without government interference in the future.

However, it is reasonable to expect that they will be permitted to do so as long as they can convince the public that they do their work efficiently, give the best and most prompt service of which they are capable, and at the lowest possible price consistent with the solvency of their undertaking, and that they are ever keenly alert to the needs of business and individuals for protection.

Commission System

Under the existing system of operation in Canada and the United States, insurance business is ordinarily acquired through agents or brokers who are compensated by way of a commission on the premiums paid by the insured. This method of obtaining business has been criticized from time to time, especially by purchasers of insurance in large amounts who want to deal directly with the companies without the intervention of a middleman and get the benefit of a reduced premium for placing the business direct at least to the extent of the percentage paid the agent as commission.

There is no doubt, however, that the commission system of compensation of agents has enabled the companies to spread their connections into every town and hamlet throughout the land and so make insurance facilities available practically everywhere, and in the aggregate to build up a large volume of business. The principle of the commission system is that the company does not have to pay an agent anything unless he produces business, and then only to the extent to which he produces the business.

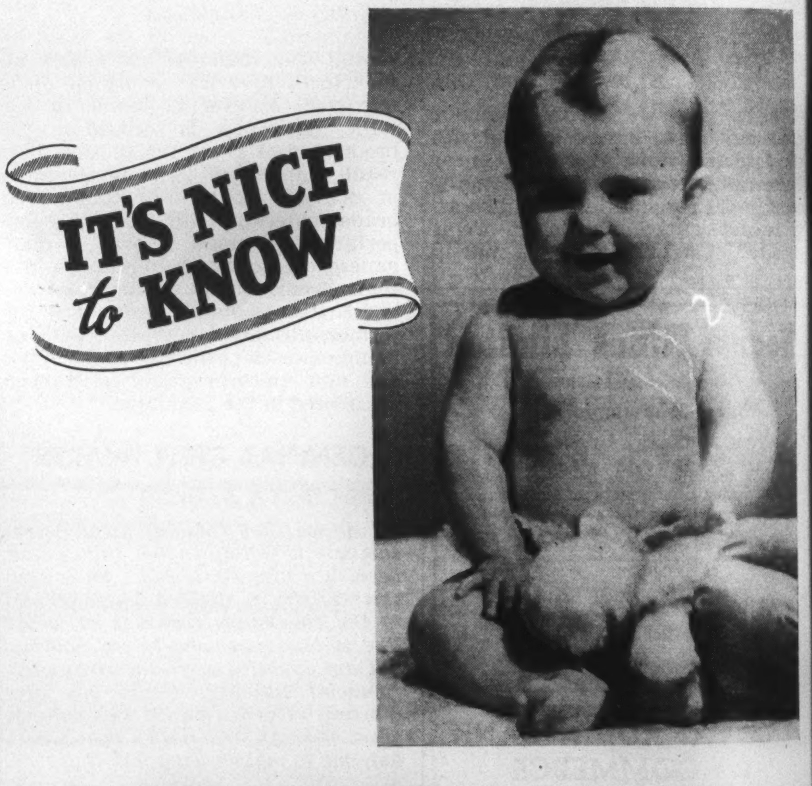
There are a few companies which do not use the agency system to obtain business but deal with the insured through salaried representatives. But these companies as a rule do not do a general business but confine their operations to special classes of risks. Thus the bulk of the business is transacted through insurance agents, and there is accordingly a place in the insurance economy for the qualified agent or broker who knows insurance, can give sound advice on insurance needs, and who can see to it that his customer is properly protected by the right kinds of policies and endorsements.

Proper Remuneration

With respect to the transaction of insurance business through agents, the only question, as has often been pointed out before, is as to what is a proper remuneration for their services. As one commentator has put it, the laborer is worthy of his hire, but how shall the amount of that "hire" be fixed? In manual rates there is a loading for what is known as "acquisition cost" and it is generally on a percentage basis. But what may be regarded as a proper percentage on a small premium may not be regarded by the large purchaser as a proper percentage on a large premium.

That is why some large buyers are attracted to direct-writing companies with the object of saving the agent's commission. However, as has been pointed out, the matter resolves itself into what the purchaser of insurance is willing to pay for the extra advisory and other supervisory services rendered by the agent or broker.

In this connection, reference has been made to what the United States Government has done with respect to insurance placed by the Army and Navy on various projects. In such cases the insurance companies have been asked to quote a net premium with no loading for acquisition cost in it, and the agent or broker who acts as insurance adviser receives



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His future! The protection you give him today may well define his course in life, though you may not be here to guide him. It is your duty as a Father to protect your family with adequate life insurance.

How You Can Secure His Future

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Robert Lynch Stalling, Mgr. for Canada
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a separate fee paid by the government, there being no commission paid by the insurance company. It remains to be seen to what extent this practice will be continued or carried into private business.

In the course of competition for business the time may come, says one observer, when companies will quote a net premium for the services performed by the company itself, such as payment of losses, claim services, safety engineering services, and whatever is furnished by the company itself, to which will be added as an item of cost whatever the agent or broker may be able to prove his services are worth. It is to be noted that already some of the larger agency and brokerage firms across the line are availing themselves of this method of doing business.

But however the agent or broker may be paid, whether by the insurance company in the shape of a commission which is a percentage of the premium paid by the policyholder, or by the insured on a basis agreed upon with the agent or broker, the business man today, it is claimed, must be convinced that the services rendered by the agent or broker are worth the commission or payment demanded.

It is freely admitted that there is a place in the business for the qualified and experienced insurance adviser, and that his services were never more needed than in these days when all business grows more complicated and difficult; and so the only question remaining to be settled is how valuable can the agent or broker prove his services to be worth to the insured. Perhaps in time the matter will be left to the insured and the agent or broker for decision as to the proper remuneration to be paid, especially on large risks, for services rendered, rather than be guided by the regular or conventional rates of commission.

There never was a time when it was so necessary as at present to improve the efficiency of insurance in all its branches, so as to demonstrate to the public that the business is one which can be best and most economically conducted as a free private enterprise.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I understand that in certain States across the line the government exercises control or supervision over fire insurance rates and that any increase in rates must be sanctioned by the supervisory authorities before it goes into effect. Is that supervision general throughout the country, and have rates shown an upward or downward trend over a period of years?

—C. V. S., Winnipeg, Man.

Supervision of fire insurance rates is exercised by the majority of States. In twenty-five States, the government supervisory official known as the Insurance Commissioner has complete supervision of fire insurance rates for the dual purpose of maintaining a rate level which will prevent discrimination and at the same time enable the companies to meet their obligations. In six other States there is partial supervision of rates. Fire insurance rates in the United States have shown a steady downward trend for several decades. In the past twenty years, the average rate per $100 has dropped from $1.05 to 65 cents.

Company Reports

OCCIDENTAL LIFE

ONE of the most energetic and rapidly-growing companies doing business in Canada is the Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, with Canadian head office at London. During 1942 it increased its life insurance in force from $629,258,725 to $733,332,231, showing a gain for the year of $104,073,506, or 16.5 per cent. Assets increased from $79,932,462 to $89,760,401, showing a gain of $9,827,939, or 12.3 per cent. Total premium income increased from $16,599,897 to $18,691,541, showing an increase of $2,091,644, or 12.6 per cent. Accident and health premiums increased from $1,513,223 to $2,409,455, showing an increase of $896,232, or 52.5 per cent. Payments to policyholders increased from $8,047,898 to $8,964,163, showing an increase of $916,265, or 11.4 per cent. The number of persons insured under the life, annuity and accident and health contracts of the Occidental Life is now over 650,000.

METROPOLITAN LIFE

A FEATURE of the annual report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for year 1942 is an increase of more than $450,000,000 during the year in the company's investment in obligations of the Canadian and United States governments. This increases the amount now held in such securities to more than $1,750,000,000.

Other features of the report include a new high total of more than $26,800,000,000 in life insurance in force held by almost 30,000,000 policyholders in Canada and the United States, and increased assets which are now nearly $6 000,000.000.

The report for 1942 also brings out the fact that payments to policyholders and their beneficiaries amounted to more than $533,000,000 during 1942—the eleventh successive year in which such payments have exceeded a half-billion dollars. These payments were at the rate of about $2,000,000 each working day.

For the seventh successive year the Metropolitan declared more than $100,000,000 in dividends to policyholders — almost $103,000,000 for 1943. Since its incorporation the Company has paid to its policyholders almost $1,900,000,000 in dividends and bonuses, including those set aside for payment in 1943.

Commenting on the Canadian operations of the company, Mr. McDonald pointed out that payments to Metropolitan Canadian policyholders and their beneficiaries in 1942 were nearly $27,000,000. Since the company entered Canada in 1872, the total of payments to policyholders plus the amount now invested here, exceeds the premiums received from Canadians by close to $200,000,000.

Essential services of the Metropolitan Welfare Division were also reported as continuing during the year. The company's visiting nursing service was maintained and holders of industrial, group and other policies received nursing care.

ROYAL-LIVERPOOL

THE results of the operations of the Royal Insurance Company, The Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company, and associated companies in Canada for the year 1942 were: premiums written (less licensed reinsurance) for fire and associated lines $3,164,000, automobile $582,000, casualty $746,000.

The underwriting profit, after adjusting reserves and after paying premium taxes, licenses, fees, etc., but before payment of income and excess profits taxes, was $465,000; and the profit, after income and excess profits taxes, was $242,000.

The total taxes incurred, comprising Income and Excess Profits Tax, 2% Premium Tax, and licenses, fees, etc., amount to $351,000.

The total Canadian assets amount to $18,750,000, of which approximately $10,500,000 represent the fire, casualty and automobile assets and $8,250,000 the life assets.

Is this "vacant chair" costing you money?

IF YOU are a busy doctor, lawyer, sales agent, or in any type of business where your *Continued* earnings depend mostly upon your ability to keep "on the job" .. it will pay to pause and consider that—

. . . in Canada nearly 2000 people suffer accidental injury each day . . . Over 7% of adult deaths result from injuries.

Balance this against the known fact that in the British Northwestern "STAR" Personal Accident Policy, you can be protected at low cost against lost income, as well as the drain on savings that surgeon's, hospital, nurse's and other bills can make . . . and there is just one conclusion you can reach.

Many foresighted Canadian professional and business men have found in this "STAR" policy the answer to their needs for broad yet *economical* protection. Extremely flexible, to fit *your* needs, the "STAR" policy definitely offers the *utmost* in protection—at *lowest* cost.

Consult your British Northwestern agent—or write us today for full details.

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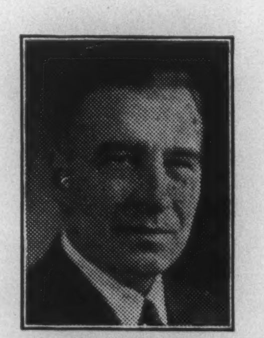
"My National Life Policies Provide Protection and Security"
. . . says Mr. James McGavin



James McGavin
President McGavin Limited, Wholesale Bakers, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver. President Barbara Ann Baking Company Los Angeles, California. President Edmonton Credit Company, Calgary, Alberta.

A successful business man of Western Canada, Mr. McGavin firmly believes that life insurance is today, more than ever, a key to financial stability and security.

"In a world of uncertainty," says Mr. McGavin, "life insurance is a certain investment which provides a sense of security and protection and enables holders of life insurance policies to look to the future with confidence. That's why I consider my National Life policies sound investments."

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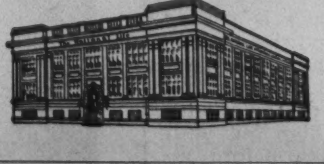

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Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

TECK-HUGHES Gold Mines made a net profit of $725,783 during 1942 in the operation of the original mine at Kirkland Lake. Output for the year was $1,365,513, thereby showing that more than fifty per cent of gross production was profit. In addition, Teck-Hughes, as chief holder of Lamaque Gold Mines, received $1,231,916 in dividends from that source. Added to this was other income of $30,370, making a total income of $1,988,069. After tax reserve, the net profit for the year was $1,922,859 or 40 cents per share. The reason for the shorter life of Teck-Hughes than other leading mines in the Kirkland Lake field may be attributed to the fact that the company's property is limited to the width of just one mining claim at the point where the ore zone courses its way through.

•

Preston East Dome Mines milled 306,687 tons of ore during 1942 for an output of $2,791,800. This compared with 194,817 tons in 1941 for an output of $2,399,270. The net profit during 1942 declined to $620,162 compared with $854,735 in 1941. The decline in profit may be attributed largely to the fact that recovery throughout 1942 averaged $9.10 per ton compared with $12.32 during the preceding year. Surplus remained remarkably steady at $1,587,830 at the close of 1942 as compared with $1,558,471 at the close of 1941. The higher grade shoots in the upper levels have been pretty well mined out, and milling is now confined largely to the general average in the mine which appears to be around $8 and $9 to the ton. Ore reserves at the end of 1942 were estimated at 860,100 tons containing .223 ounces gold to the ton. This compared with an estimate of 919,700 tons containing .24 ounces at the close of 1941.

•

Central Patricia Gold Mines produced $1,720,633 during 1942 compared with $1,950,549 in 1941. Grade of ore was lower at $12.40 per ton compared with $13.67. Net profit during 1942 was $481,247 compared with $618,176 in 1941. A favorable feature was an increase in working capital to $1,154,297 at the close of 1942 compared with $925,984 at the end of 1941. Ore reserves were maintained at 437,739 tons of .39 oz. grade, compared with 442,499 tons of .407 grade the year before.

•

Siscoe Gold Mines produced $1,792,291 during 1942 compared with $1,729,686 in 1941. Profit before deductions for taxes and depreciation was $642,740 in 1942 compared with $628,699 during 1941. Grade of ore continues to decline, averaging $4.93 per ton in 1942 compared with $5.13 in 1941.

•

Toburn Gold Mines made a net profit of $149,645 during 1942 compared with $309,064 in 1941.

•

Tin mining is to be explored aggressively in the Bird River and Shatford Lake areas in Manitoba. Playing leading parts in the effort are God's Lake Gold Mines, Moneta Porcupine, Bobjo Mines, Sand River Gold Mines, and possibly other interests. The leading participant at this time is God's Lake. The deposits in question are only in the prospect stage and a final verdict will come only as a result of systematic exploration.

•

Dominion Magnesium Company is producing ten tons of magnesium daily with its plant at Haley's Station. This is vital to the production of incendiaries, flares, and airplanes, and is playing an important part in the work of laying waste to the industrial centres of Germany.

•

Buffalo Ankerite Mines is milling 800 tons of ore daily and the ore carries around $7.50 to the ton. Work at the 3100 and 3250 ft. levels has recently disclosed new orebodies with early assays running high but with further work necessary before estimating tonnage.

150,000 RAILWAY WORKERS

REPORT

TO CANADA AT WAR!

Last year, we hauled 150 million tons of materials, foods and munitions . . . double the pre-war traffic.

We carried Twenty Million NEW passengers . . . fighting men and war workers.

We built tanks, guns, shells, ships.

Twenty-two thousand of us were with the armed forces of our country.

Now, we are busier than ever providing the mass transportation that only the railways can furnish.

The country depends upon us to do this job. We must move the troops. We must handle freight. And, with your cooperation, it will be done.

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